Unbroken:
A Life Rebuilt From Within

2016, 42-years old

2017, 43-years old
Cancer diagnosis

2017, 43-years old
Iminent organ failures

2025, 51-years old
Fully recovered

Surviving the Unsurvivable Through Ancestral Biology

Joachim Bartoll

Exploring Biology, The Biological Terrain, German New Medicine, Human Physiology, Endocrinology, Biochemistry, And Our Natural Species-Specific Hypercarnivore Diet.

This is My Story

By Joachim Bartoll

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Foreword

This is my story, the unvarnished, sometimes brutal chronicle of the darkest, most punishing years of my life, and the improbable, hard-won journey back from a precipice I once believed was final.

I reversed tumors that had taken root in places doctors said were untreatable. I mended organs that had been pushed to the edge of total failure. I banished lifelong asthma and allergies that had shadowed me since early childhood, robbing me of breath and ease. I reclaimed a vitality I had mourned as lost forever, a clarity, strength, and quiet joy I had assumed were gone for good. Along the way, every pillar I had built my life upon, diet, nutrition, disease, health, even the very meaning of living, was shattered and rebuilt from the ground up.

The process was not gentle. It demanded that I unlearn nearly everything I had once held as sacred. I threw out stacks of books on nutrition, medical science, and wellness that I had once studied like scripture. I had to confront the uncomfortable truth that much of what I had absorbed, from coaches, courses, seminars, certifications, and even my own decades of work with thousands of clients, was little more than polished pseudoscience: a steaming heap of well-intentioned misinformation dressed up as authority. Some fragments of wisdom endured, especially the practical, hands-on insights gained from real people in real bodies. But in the most critical areas, how the human body actually functions, what truly causes disease, and what truly restores health, I had to wipe the slate clean and begin again.

This time, I turned to the genuine established sciences: biology in its raw form, human physiology as it actually operates, anthropology to understand what our ancestors ate and how they lived for hundreds of thousands of years shaping our physiology, biochemistry to see what happens at the cellular level when we nourish or poison ourselves, and endocrinology to understand how nutrients and toxic compounds affects our hormones. Piece by piece, the puzzle came together. The reasons for my lifelong health battles, asthma, allergies, recurrent infections, organ strain, tumors, finally made sense. The revelation was equal parts humbling and liberating. I had not been cursed by bad luck or weak genes. I had been systematically misled, and so had millions of others.

What you hold in your hands is the record of that personal odyssey: the discoveries that broke me open, the epiphanies that rebuilt me, and the hard-won lessons distilled from years of trial, error, and relentless inquiry. It is anchored in my beliefs, knowledge, and lived experience as they stand today, though, like all of us, I remain a work in progress, learning and refining with every sunrise. The information presented here is battle-tested, drawn from real-world application and grounded in

solid, often suppressed, scientific principles. Yet I offer it not as gospel, not as a one-size-fits-all prescription, but as my perspective: thoughts, observations, and conclusions forged in the crucible of my own life. Think of this book as a map, not the only map, but one drawn by someone who has walked a particularly treacherous path and lived to tell of it. Use it to explore, question, challenge, and perhaps to chart a course more suited to your own terrain.

To fully understand the context of this journey, the passions that fueled me, the choices that shaped me, the worldview that emerged from the ashes, the opening section unfolds as a chronological biography. If you have not followed my work as a writer, coach, and independent researcher since the 1990s, or if you have not read my earlier books, I urge you to linger here. This part of the book will show you who I was, how I arrived at the crossroads of 2017–2018, and why the path I ultimately chose was not a detour but a return to something ancient, essential, and true.

This is the expanded, thoroughly revised edition of my tale. An earlier, rawer version, a shorter, unedited account I rushed out in early 2020 simply to get the word out, still circulates on some hard drives and file-sharing corners of the internet. That first edition was a cry from the edge. This one is something different: deeper, richer, more reflective. It contains far more exploration of disease, healing, the biological terrain, German New Medicine, human physiology, biochemistry, and the profound implications of our species-specific, hypercarnivore diet. At almost triple the length of the original, it is the full, unfiltered download, offered freely, with the option to donate if you feel so inclined.

This book is not a self-help manual, not a quick-fix protocol, not a sales pitch for any product or ideology. It is the honest record of one man's descent into darkness and his slow, stubborn climb back into the light. It is proof that the body, when given what it truly needs and spared what harms it, can accomplish what most modern medicine deems impossible. It is a reminder that health is not a commodity to be purchased, but a birthright to be reclaimed. And it is an invitation to question everything you have been taught about food, medicine, and the nature of disease; to listen to your own body's quiet wisdom; and to consider that perhaps the simplest, most ancient truths are the ones we have been conditioned most thoroughly to forget.

Like a traveler who has wandered far from the old paths, endured storms and false guides, and finally found the trail home, I offer you these pages not as doctrine, but as a lantern in the dark. Walk with me for a while. See what I have seen. And perhaps, in the end, you will find your own way forward, stronger, clearer, and more fully alive than you ever believed possible.

Disclaimer

Ah, the inevitable disclaimer, the legal speed bump every author must navigate, tiptoeing through the minefield of liability like a barefoot tightrope walker over a pit of very expensive lawyers. But let's skip the stiff, soul-crushing legalese and get real for a moment, shall we? I'm no white-coated false authority figure pushing drugs, no licensed physician (any longer,) no credentialed puppet repeating the food industry's "nutritional advice." In fact, I'm openly skeptical of much of what passes for modern medicine these days, a towering house of cards built on shaky pseudoscience, profit-driven research, and a business model that seems far more interested in managing subscriptions for symptom suppression than in actually solving root causes. Instead, consider me a fellow traveler who's been down some very rough roads and lived to tell the tale, not a registered doctor, not a therapist, not your nutritionist, and definitely not your liability sponge.

Nothing in these pages should be construed as medical advice, diagnosis, treatment recommendation, or a substitute for professional care. I am not prescribing diets, protocols, fasting regimens, raw meat feasts, organ eating adventures, or any other practice as a cure, remedy, or treatment for any physical, mental, emotional, or spiritual condition (yes, even those pesky "health problems" that are usually just the body's polite way of screaming, "Please stop poisoning me!"). If you choose to experiment with any idea, concept, food, fasting schedule, lifestyle tweak, or wild philosophical musing presented here, whether it's embracing our true hypercarnivore heritage, diving into prolonged dry fasting, ditching toxic plant-based foods like yesterday's leftovers, or simply questioning everything you've been told about health, then that decision, and every consequence that follows, belongs entirely to you.

I, Joachim Bartoll, author of this book, my publishers, distributors, website hosts, internet service providers, ancestors, future descendants, dogs (past, present, and future), and anyone even tangentially associated with this work, hereby disclaim all responsibility, liability, accountability, and cosmic karma points for your adventures, misadventures, triumphs, face-plants, sudden bursts of vitality, unexpected detox reactions, spontaneous healings, increased lifespan, or any other outcome, desired, undesired, or hilariously unanticipated, that may arise from reading, pondering, applying, ignoring, arguing with, or accidentally spilling raw eggs on these pages (or your electronic reading device.)

Think of this book as a long, candid fireside yarn from someone who's walked through fire, who came out the other side, and decided to tell everyone about it. It's entertaining (I hope,) eye-opening (if you let it be,) occasionally provocative, and entirely optional. It is offered in the spirit of shared experience and radical raw honesty, not as a directive, mandate, or legally binding health plan. Proceed with curiosity, a healthy dose of skepticism, your own common sense, and perhaps a nice

raw steak for courage. You've been warned… wittily, thoroughly, and with just a touch of dramatic flair.

If you feel moved to support this work financially, a voluntary donation is always appreciated (and deeply humbling,) but it buys you nothing more than my gratitude, no guarantees, no refunds, no secret handshake. Your journey, your rules, your responsibility.

Safe travels, my fellow explorer. May your path be well-nourished, your terrain clean, and your sense of humor intact.

You've been lied to. Not through any deliberate cruelty or malice, but through a deep, widespread misunderstanding that has been passed down for generations. You were taught that real change in life happens slowly, that meaningful transformation demands patience and time, that you must grind through months or even years of effort before anything truly shifts. That idea has become so ingrained, so accepted as common wisdom, that it feels almost unquestionable. But it simply isn't true.

Your life does not change gradually over time. Your life changes in a single, decisive moment. And that moment is always, without exception, right now. The present is not merely a fleeting instant you pass through on your way from yesterday to tomorrow. It is far more than the thin line separating what was from what might be. The present moment is the control panel of your entire existence, the living interface where every decision, every feeling, every possibility actually takes place. Everything you have ever experienced has only ever happened right here, right now.

Every ache of regret you have ever carried? It was felt now.

Every burst of genuine joy that has ever lit you up? It was felt now.

Every breakthrough, every quiet realization, every sudden shift in perspective that altered the course of your path? They were only ever possible in this exact moment. Yet most of us spend our days living in two places that do not, and cannot, exist: we dwell in a past we can no longer touch or alter, replaying old scenes, nursing old wounds, or clinging to faded triumphs. Or we live in a future we have not yet reached, endlessly worrying about what might go wrong, anxiously trying to control outcomes that are still only imagination. In doing so, we miss the doorway entirely. We stand right in front of the one place where real power resides, and we turn away from it. This moment is not small or insignificant. It is everything.

If you truly understood the staggering power contained within now, you would stop running from it. You would stop numbing it with distractions, postponing it with endless planning, or burying it under layers of old stories and future fears. Instead, you would dive in fully. You would claim it completely. You would stand tall in the center of this living instant and reshape yourself from the inside out. The present is not just a moment. It is a portal. Step through it, and everything becomes possible. Stay outside of it, and nothing ever truly changes.

That single, courageous choice — to be fully here, fully awake, fully present — is the only thing that has ever moved anyone from where they were to where they truly want to be. And the beautiful, almost miraculous truth is that the door is always open. The portal is always right in front of you.

It is now.

And now is all you will ever need.

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Thank You for Reading

Introduction: A View in the Rear Mirror

I came into this world on April 7, 1974, at exactly 1:47 in the morning. That date and time carry a curious pattern, filled with repeating 47s and 74s that almost seem orchestrated. My middle names are Mathias, which breaks down to numbers like 71, 26, 118, and 46 in certain ciphers, and Emanuel, aligning with 71, 26, and 118. Then there is my last name, Bartoll, hitting 80, 26, and 46. When you add up Joachim using the four most common gematria methods, it totals 261, and remarkably, so do Mathias and Bartoll. For those who know the ancient practice of gematria, where numbers weave hidden meanings into words, these alignments feel like more than random chance. They suggest a kind of perfect synchronization, whether born from nature or something deeper. My parents selected Joachim as my first name, but my maternal grandfather proposed the middle names (which added to the perfect synchronicity of our last name.) We will revisit him later, along with his hidden influences and the role he played as my early years took shape.

You could describe me as an explorer and teacher in the truest sense: someone who is always learning and sharing knowledge, a free thinker who questions everything, and a stubborn seeker of truth who refuses to be boxed in or governed. That part of my character will reveal itself more as the story progresses. For the moment, though, let us step back to the very beginning and trace the path from there.

My childhood unfolded on a vast farmstead nestled along the edge of Lake Hjälmaren, roughly 14 kilometers, or about 8 miles, from the town of Arboga in Sweden. This homestead remains in the family to this day, with my younger brother Mathias now at the helm, managing its operations. It features two spacious main houses and a quaint summer cottage, all encircled by an array of practical outbuildings: tool sheds, wood storage, garages, barns, and stables.

During my upbringing, our immediate family occupied one of the houses, while my mother's parents settled into the other. Her brother would come and go, staying there from time to time. The summer cottage, which you might picture as a simple, inviting retreat, served a different purpose in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Back then, it provided living quarters for the workers hired to tend the farm.

Not far away stood a smaller, separate homestead with its own pair of summer cottages and a barn. For years, we rented it out during the warmer months to a family who shared a close bond with my grandfather. That arrangement continued until quite recently as my brother is now renovating the houses and looking for new guests with a different setup.

My parents poured their energy into running the farm. My mother stayed home full-time, handling the daily rhythm of chores and care. My father balanced the farm work with a job as a postman, rising before dawn at 5 in the morning and delivering mail

by car throughout the neighboring parish until 4 in the afternoon. Weekends brought reinforcement from my paternal grandparents, who traveled from their home in nearby Arboga. My paternal grandfather would join my parents out in the fields, lending his hands to the labor. Meanwhile, my paternal grandmother focused on looking after me and my brother, and ensuring that everyone was fed both in the field and when returning for the day.

The Farm: A Living, Breathing World of Wonder and Lessons

The farm where I grew up was more than a piece of land, it was a large self-contained universe, teeming with the pulse of life in every corner. It felt like a bustling village unto itself, where every creature, every season, and every task contributed to a larger rhythm that shaped the days. We raised around 300 to 400 sheep, their gentle bleating and shiny wool a constant presence across the pastures. A lively flock of chickens scratched and clucked through the yard, while a pair of ostriches, strange, towering birds that seemed almost prehistoric, added an unexpected touch of the exotic to the landscape. A few sturdy horses grazed contentedly, their strength a quiet promise of work yet to be done, and an ever-shifting assortment of cats and dogs wove through it all, each with their own small territories and unspoken alliances.

1976, my mother taking our horses to new pastures while pushing 2-year-old me along in the typical 70's baby carriage. Bordie leading the pack.

For about five years, we also kept pigs, a brief but memorable experiment. Those animals were far more challenging than we ever anticipated. They were clever, stubborn, and possessed an almost uncanny determination to escape. With their powerful snouts, they could dig beneath fences, pry open gates, and turn even the sturdiest enclosure into a temporary obstacle. It was like trying to contain a band of mischievous adventurers who viewed every barrier as a puzzle to solve, every locked gate as a personal challenge. My grandparents, whose garden sat just beside the barn and stables, learned this the hard way. One morning they found the pigs happily rooting through their carefully tended rows of vegetables, leaving behind a trail of upturned earth and half-eaten carrots. The pigs did not stay long after that. Their departure was a lesson in humility: some creatures are simply too resourceful for confinement, a quiet reminder that true freedom cannot be forced.

1979, 5-year-old me and my 2-year-old brother Mathias helped out with forestry work, while Bordie kept an eye on us.

My mother often spoke of how curious I was as a child, restless, always wandering, drawn to explore the moment her back was turned. The instant she became absorbed in chores, I would slip away from the safety of the courtyard. She would find me knee-deep in a muddy ditch, perched on a fence rail watching the sheep, or deep in the woods with one of our dogs trotting faithfully at my side. Our border collie, whom we named Bordie, a clever play on her breed, became my constant companion and unofficial guardian. She shadowed me everywhere, her sharp eyes and quick instincts steering me away from real danger. I can still picture her clearly:

the way she trotted with purpose, ears alert, always scanning the horizon, always one step ahead of trouble.

The memory of her passing still cuts deeply, even now. I was six years old. That morning at school, during lunch break, a sudden, overwhelming wave of sadness crashed over me, unexplained, almost otherworldly. I sat there, tears streaming, unable to shake the feeling that something precious had been lost. When I returned home that afternoon, still crying, my parents gently confirmed what I had somehow already known: Bordie, old and ill, had been taken to the vet during the lunch hour. They had made the compassionate choice to ease her suffering. I had felt her leaving, across miles and walls, in a way that defies explanation.

Animals have always held a sacred place in my heart, dogs especially. They offer a kind of love that is pure, unconditional, and utterly without pretense. They ask for little beyond presence, loyalty, and care, and in return give everything they have. Bordie was my first great teacher in that bond. She showed me what it means to be seen, protected, and truly accompanied. That lesson has never left me, and as this story unfolds, the thread of dogs, those quiet, steadfast companions, will weave through many chapters, reminding me that healing, connection, and homecoming often arrive on four paws.

The farm was not merely a backdrop to my childhood; it was the first classroom, the first laboratory, the first sanctuary. Every day brought lessons in life and death, in care and responsibility, in the simple miracle of creatures living together in harmony. It taught me that nature does not negotiate, its laws are clear, its consequences immediate, its rewards abundant when respected. Those early years, surrounded by sheep and horses, cats and dogs, the smell of hay and earth, the sound of wind through the trees, planted seeds that would take decades to fully germinate. They shaped a boy who would one day look back and understand that everything he needed to know about health, vitality, and survival had been there all along, whispering in the fields and barns of a small Swedish farmstead.

On February 2, 1977, my brother Mathias was born, echoing my second name. That year we got more than 50 cm of snow and the snowdrifts were like towering mountains for a soon-to-be 3-year-old. My brother was very active as a kid, always inventing his own kind of sports and activities, and he would also grow up to become a man of few words unless you really got to know him. Yet we shared the same humor, unfiltered and raw at times, with a lot of sarcasm where anything was game, not like today’s tip-toeing and enforced political correctness. He also shared my creativity and a very logical and rational mind that we got from our mother. And while I could go seeking adventures and challenges, he was more the laidback guy, building his foundation and staying within his boundaries, stable as a rock.

Like two saplings growing side by side in the same soil, Mathias and I were shaped by the same roots yet reached in different directions. The farm had given us both the same lessons in endurance, loyalty, and the quiet strength of living close to the

earth. In his steady presence, I found a mirror of balance to my own restless exploration, a reminder that family is the first true pack, the foundation from which we venture out and to which we always return. Those childhood years, rich with the sights, sounds, and smells of a living world, laid the groundwork for everything that followed, even the darkest valleys and the most triumphant returns.

October, 1978, my little brother at 1.5-years old and me at 4.5-years old hanging out in the bed, likely watching television.

The Onset of Illness: A Childhood Under Siege

When I was about five years old, a seemingly routine medical procedure became the first domino in a long chain of suffering. I underwent an appendectomy, appendix removal under general anesthesia. In those days, sedation was heavy-handed, and the body of a small child did not always recover cleanly from such interventions. Shortly afterward, a serious illness took hold of me with ferocious intensity. The doctors, after a battery of tests, declared it asthma combined with severe allergies. Their skin-prick allergen and blood tests revealed sensitivities to almost everything imaginable: pollen, dust, animal dander, certain foods, and even some substances that seemed beyond reason. My world, once wide and full of wonder, shrank dramatically.

My diet was reduced to a punishingly narrow list: salted pork, small portions of potatoes, and homemade fermented bread. Cats and dogs were banished outdoors permanently. The house had to be kept in a state of obsessive cleanliness, every surface wiped, every corner vacuumed, because the tiniest particle of dust or a fleeting brush against a cat's fur could trigger a full-blown respiratory crisis. Breathing became a battle; each gasp felt like pulling air through a narrowing straw. Looking back, so much of this suffering appears rooted in deep-seated trauma from the surgery itself, the fear, the separation from parents, the chemical assault of anesthesia, coupled with the misguided beliefs that followed and the pseudo-science and nonsense spewed out by the doctors and mirrored by my parents. As a child, you do not question authority. When doctors in white coats speak with certainty, and parents echo their words in worried tones, those pronouncements take root like seeds planted in fertile soil. Fear, once sown, grows into physical barriers: the body learns to react as though danger is ever-present, and even more so if the terrain is compromised by toxic foods and lack of real nutrients.

From ages five to ten, I spent more time in hospital rooms than I did at home or in school. Entire seasons of childhood vanished into sterile corridors and white walls. Despite the absences, I remained academically ahead, earning top marks on every report card. Tutoring was provided during hospital stays, but those lessons blur into nothingness in my memory. Vast swaths of those years are simply gone, blank spaces in the mind, interrupted only by vivid, disjointed fragments: the cold, impersonal walls of the wards, the eerie sensation of being wheeled through dimly lit underground tunnels that connected different parts of the hospital like secret passages in a nightmare, wild hallucinations born from dangerously high fevers that made the world twist and melt, and moments of innocent play in the hallways that always ended the same way, curling into a fetal position in a corner, overwhelmed by excruciating pain from the barrage of medications and drugs they forced upon me.

Those pharmaceuticals were not healing; they were toxic burdens simply dampening the symptoms of a body trying to tell me something. Antibiotics, steroids, bronchodilators, antihistamines, a chemical cocktail administered with the best intentions but devastating consequences. At my lowest point, around seven years old, I endured thirteen bouts of pneumonia and eleven ear infections in a single year. The doctors pulled my mother aside and delivered a verdict that still echoes with cruelty: she should consider herself fortunate if I lived to see my tenth birthday. What a devastating thing to say to a parent, planting seeds of doubt and despair where hope should have been nurtured. Yet I did live to see ten. And by eleven, as puberty began its hormonal shift, the allergies began to recede. My mother had always assured me that things would get better as I grew older, and that simple promise, repeated often, planted a small seed of possibility that helped loosen the grip of fear just enough.

The asthma, however, refused to release its hold. It flared whenever I became "sick," which, in retrospect, was my body desperately attempting to detoxify from the

accumulated poisons they called treatments, as well as the so-called “nutritional supplements” and artificial vitamins forced upon me in misguided efforts to bolster my health. They labeled these episodes infection-triggered asthma. It also struck during any sustained physical effort, earning the tag of effort-based asthma. Both classifications were built on misconceptions, on a model of disease that looked outward for invaders rather than inward at the terrain. The real understanding of my condition would not arrive until three decades later, when the veil of conventional medicine finally lifted and I began to see health and disease through the lens of the biological terrain.

Those early hospital years were not merely a medical ordeal; they were a formative crucible. They taught me, long before I could articulate it, that authority is not infallible and usually clueless, that the body speaks its own language, and that true healing often requires looking beyond the surface to the deeper causes. Like a young tree bent by relentless wind, I grew crooked for a time, shaped by fear, limitation, and chemical interference, but the roots remained, waiting for the day when the gales would ease and the soil would be restored. That day came slowly, painfully, but it came. And when it did, the tree straightened, reached upward, and began to thrive in ways I had never dared imagine.

As my health gained some ground, I threw myself into sports to reclaim a sense of normalcy. I tried judo, table tennis, and badminton. I even played soccer, mostly sticking to the goalie position, and dabbled in field hockey. Activities with quick, intense bursts suited me best, as anything requiring sustained endurance, like long-distance running, would leave me gasping and trigger an asthma attack. That sensation of suffocation was like drowning on dry land, and it dragged up buried memories of frantic hospital rushes and heavy medications. Your mind is a powerful thing and it would take me many more years to escape that self-imprisonment.

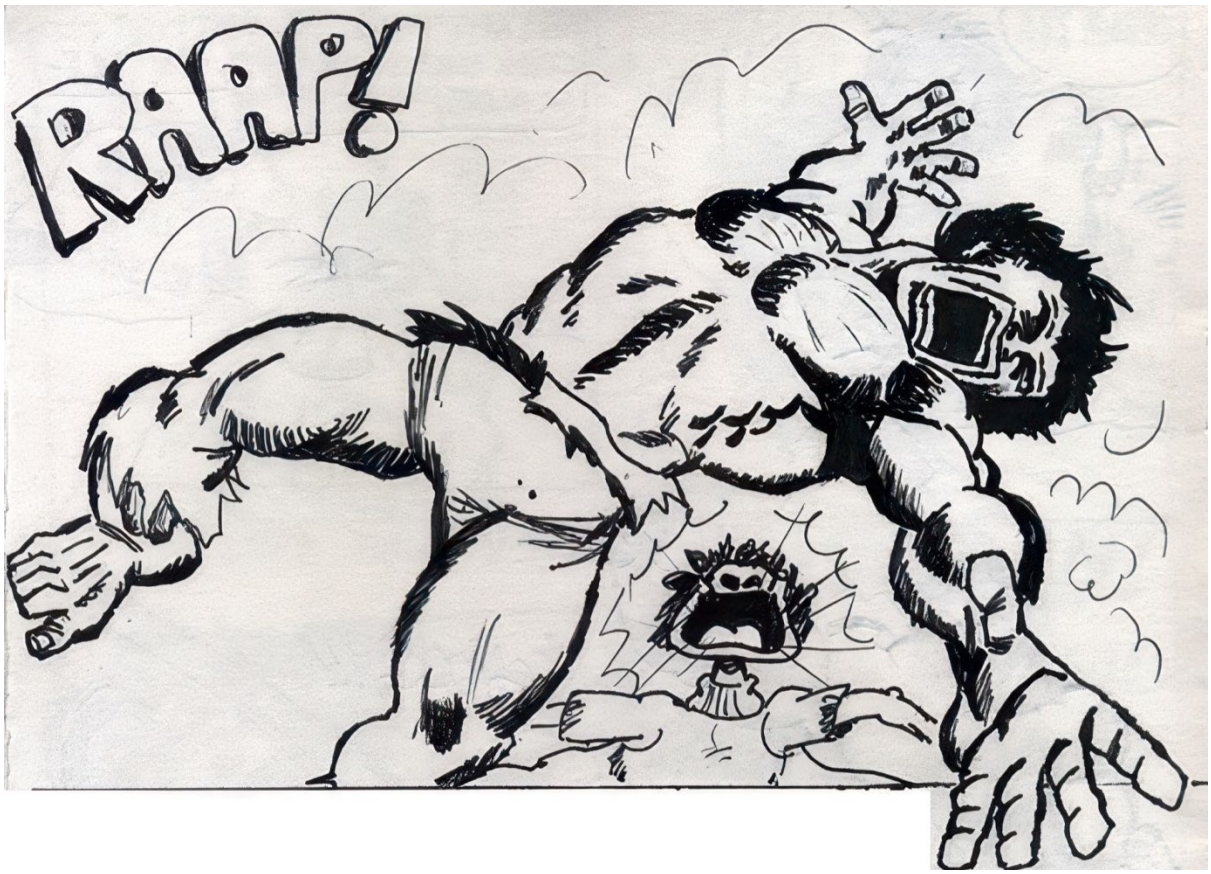
Even as I improved, the toll from years of antibiotics and other harmful treatments lingered. My body and its natural functions were compromised, leading to illnesses nearly every month. The doctors, in their limited wisdom, attributed it to a weakened immune system and irreversible lung damage. They predicted annual bouts of pneumonia or sinusitis and insisted on daily asthma medications. I carried that belief system like a heavy chain for far too long, one that restricted my choices and dimmed my horizons in countless ways.

The Creative Spark That Lit the Way

During those long, often interminable stretches confined to hospital beds or recovering at home, days that blurred into weeks and months, I discovered something that would become a lifelong lifeline: drawing. In a world of sterile white walls, beeping machines, and the constant threat of pain, a pencil and a blank sheet of paper became my quiet rebellion, my way of claiming a small piece of freedom.

What began as idle scribbles to pass the time soon grew into a genuine passion. I pursued it with a fervor that surprised even me, honing my skills until drawing became not just an escape, but a language I spoke fluently.

My grandmother on my mother's side played a pivotal role in this awakening. She was an accomplished painter herself, with a deep appreciation for the power of art to capture and transform experience. Seeing my interest, she nurtured it generously, bringing me books filled with techniques, anatomy studies, and the works of masters; enrolling me in structured drawing courses delivered by mail; and encouraging me to experiment without fear of failure. I absorbed it all like dry earth drinking in the rain. By the age of nine, I was no longer simply copying, I was creating. I began making my own comics, filling page after page with hand-drawn panels that told stories of adventure, mystery, and imagination. Those early comics were rough, of course, but they were mine: worlds I built from nothing, characters I breathed life into, narratives I controlled completely. In a life so often dictated by doctors, nurses, and illness, that creative control was intoxicating. Drawing gave me agency when so much else had been taken away.



From a comic I did in 1987 at 13-years-old. The fat boy Fredrik is burping the Hulk into submission. Quality stuff.

That initial spark did not fade, it evolved. As technology advanced and personal computers entered the home, my passion found a new medium. I transitioned from paper and pencil to pixels, beginning with the Commodore 64 in the mid-1980s. The limitations of that machine — its blocky graphics and 16-color palette, only fueled my

determination. I learned to coax vivid scenes and fluid motion from its constraints. Then came the Amiga 500 in 1986, a revelation: 4096 colors, multitasking, and a power that felt almost magical at the time. In standard modes, the number of simultaneously displayed colors was limited: 32 colors in the 320x200 resolution mode, and 16 colors in the 640x200 and 640x400 modes. Suddenly, I could create animations, intricate illustrations, and effects that had once seemed impossible on home equipment. Later still, I moved to more advanced personal computers, each upgrade expanding the canvas.

This shift into the digital realm was like stepping through a doorway into an entirely new landscape, vast, uncharted, and brimming with possibility. I became deeply involved in the thriving computer demo scene of the late 1980s and early 1990s, a vibrant underground community of young creators pushing the boundaries of what these machines could do. Under aliases like Sauron and Thorax, I joined several demo groups, collaborating on elaborate audiovisual presentations that combined stunning graphics, original music, and clever programming. The demo scene was more than a hobby; it was a movement, part art, part engineering, and part rebellion against the limitations of commercial software. Through these groups, I forged lasting friendships with other like-minded misfits, many of whom remain part of my life to this day.

A martial art inspired handstand, one of many pictures I made in Deluxe Paint on the Amiga 500 in 1992. 32 colors in the 320x200 resolution mode. However, here I only used 16 colors for a special demo.

My primary focus was graphics, pixel art, animations, 3D effects rendered in real time on hardware that, by today's standards, was astonishingly slow, lackluster and primitive. I also dabbled in music composition, creating chiptunes and soundtracks (modules) that accompanied the visual spectacles. Those years were electric with

creativity: late nights in front of glowing monitors, the soft whir of floppy drives, the shared thrill of unveiling a new demo at a party and watching it captivate an audience of fellow enthusiasts. The demo scene taught me the power of collaboration, the joy of technical mastery, and the satisfaction of creating something beautiful from almost nothing but your imagination.

My interpretation of Arnold as the Terminator on Amiga in 1993. 32 colors in the 320x200 resolution mode.

Looking back, that period was more than a creative outlet, it was a lifeline. When illness confined my body, drawing and digital art freed my mind. When the medical world told me what I could not do, the screen and the page told me what I could imagine. Like a bird kept in a cage that learns to sing through the bars, I found ways to soar even when the world tried to clip my wings. Those early passions, born in hospital rooms and quiet bedrooms, would later shape everything from my career in graphics and design to the way I approach problem-solving, storytelling, and even healing. They were the first proof that creativity is not a luxury; it is a necessity, a fundamental human need that can sustain us when all else fails.

The experiences of those years, and the friendships forged in the glow of CRT monitors, deserve their own chapter. We will return to them shortly, exploring the demo scene, the aliases, the parties, and the lessons that still echo in my work today. For now, it is enough to recognize that even in the darkest seasons, a single spark of imagination can become a flame that lights the way forward. That flame never went out. It still burns. And it continues to guide me.

The Allure of Freedom and the First Steps Toward Strength

Once the allergies finally lifted, a door that had been locked for six long years swung wide open. At eleven years old, I suddenly found myself able to eat anything I wanted. Sweets, soft drinks, candy, cakes, chips, all the colorful, sugary treats I had only watched my friends enjoy from the sidelines became mine to claim. For a child who had spent years on a strict, limited diet, this newfound freedom felt like liberation. Every forbidden food was now within reach, and I dove in with the unrestrained enthusiasm that only a young boy can muster.

Children at that age rarely understand nutrition. If it tastes good and can be eaten, it seems fair game. Quality rarely enters the picture. Many adults still carry this same innocent illusion, chasing pleasure over purpose, but that is a story for another time. Add to the mix doting grandparents who delighted in spoiling me, pressing second helpings on my plate and making me feel guilty for leaving even a crumb behind, and the result was inevitable. My weight climbed rapidly. The body that had once been frail and restricted now carried the soft evidence of excess.

Fortunately, the very health struggles that had once confined me also planted the seeds of something different. Those early years of limitation had sparked a deep curiosity about strength, control, and the human body's potential. I discovered bodybuilding magazines and martial arts, worlds that promised power over fragility. At eleven, I began judo, stepping onto the mat with wide-eyed determination. For a while, it felt like the answer. But as my friends gradually dropped out, I found myself training alongside older kids, and the gap in age and experience slowly eroded my enthusiasm. After two years, I quietly stepped away.

Around the same time, something else took hold. I started lifting with a modest set of dumbbells at home. My parents noticed the spark in my eyes and supported it without hesitation. By thirteen, their encouragement led to a small home gym. I committed to training six days a week, a ritual that felt as natural as breathing. I devoured every scrap of information I could find on weight training: books, articles, and especially the glossy international magazines that arrived by mail. In 1987, I was likely the only kid in Sweden subscribing to Flex, Muscle & Fitness, and Muscle Mag International. My parents covered the subscription costs without complaint, reasoning that it was a worthwhile investment. At the very least, they said, it would help me learn English.

Those magazines became my window to a larger world. The pages were filled with images of men who had sculpted their bodies through discipline and sweat, bodies that seemed to defy limitation. I studied the routines, memorized the exercises, and dreamed of one day standing on a stage like they did. It was during these early years that I first tried a protein powder. Around 1987 or 1988, brands like Skip's Olympic Protein 90 arrived, a whey-based, unflavored powder that tasted unmistakably like

sawdust. Even mixed with chocolate milk, it remained a gritty ordeal, but I drank it faithfully, convinced it was the secret to growth.

My mother, ever well-meaning, also introduced a morning ritual of synthetic vitamins. She believed, as many did in the 1980s, that pills were the key to health and vitality. The health industry of that era promoted them enthusiastically, and she wanted only the best for me. While her intentions were pure, those daily supplements quietly shaped a belief I carried for years: that pills were necessary, that the body needed external crutches to thrive. It would take decades before I understood the deeper truth, that those synthetic additions only did harm through accumulated toxicity, silently burdening a system that was already learning to trust its own wisdom.

In those early days of lifting and dreaming, I was building more than muscle. I was laying the foundation for a lifelong pursuit of strength, not just physical, but mental and emotional as well. Like a young sapling pushing through rocky soil, I grew toward the light I could see, even when the path was unclear. The excesses of freedom taught me the cost of imbalance. The iron taught me the reward of discipline. Together, they began to shape the man I would become, one rep, one lesson, one quiet realization at a time.

The Seeds of Curiosity: Childhood Friendships and the World Beyond the Farm

Computers entered my life early, not as a luxury, but as a quiet necessity. As a sickly child often confined indoors, my parents recognized that these machines represented the future. They believed understanding them would open doors that illness might otherwise close. We brought home our first gaming console in 1979, followed by the Commodore 64 in 1982, a magical box of glowing pixels and endless possibilities that felt like a portal to another universe. For me, those devices were mostly reserved for days when sickness kept me inside or when rain turned the world gray and muddy. But whenever the sun broke through or the weather offered even the slightest invitation, the real adventure waited outside. The digital world could wait. The living, breathing one was too vivid, too immediate to ignore.

My closest companions during those formative years were Bengt Johansson and Fredrik Blomquist. We all lived within a kilometer of one another, about 0.6 miles, close enough that our paths crossed daily, naturally, inevitably. Our shared interests wove us together like an invisible thread: a love of movement, competition, exploration, and the simple, boundless joy of being boys with energy to burn and imagination to spare. We were together almost every day, through every season. Summer meant long swims in the lake, autumn brought bonfires under crisp skies, winter turned into epic snowball battles and skating on a frozen Hjälmaren, and spring unleashed races across muddy fields. Those friendships held steady until

college and life's diverging roads finally pulled us apart. Yet the mark they left remained indelible.

Bengt, in particular, went on to achieve something extraordinary. Between 2000 and 2006, he claimed the Swedish national championship in hammer throwing seven times, a testament to strength, precision, and unrelenting dedication. He also dominated the weight throw, securing that title six times from 2002 to 2007. Looking back, it feels almost poetic. Our small village of Järnäs, tucked just outside Arboga, seemed to possess some quiet magic. It had a gift for nurturing hidden talents, for taking ordinary children and coaxing out something remarkable, like seeds scattered on unexpectedly fertile soil that bloom into flowers no one could have predicted.

In our teenage years, when mopeds gave us new freedom, Jens Larsson, who lived about five kilometers away, would occasionally join us. He appeared most often when we gathered around computers, sharing long sessions of gaming and discovery. Those moments blended the digital world with the physical one, reminding me that connection could span distances and interests alike.

Another friendship from those school years holds its own special place in the story: Tomas Cedvén. On the surface, we could hardly have been more different. In any typical crowd, two boys like us might never have noticed each other. Yet beneath that surface ran a current of shared curiosity that drew us together like iron to a magnet. While most classmates buzzed with excitement over the latest episode of Baywatch, celebrity gossip, or weekend plans, Tomas and I would lose ourselves for hours in conversations that reached far beyond the ordinary. We talked about history, independent films, politics, and emerging technologies. We questioned everything, dissected ideas, challenged assumptions. Both of us were natural free thinkers, unafraid to poke holes in the status quo or follow a thread of inquiry wherever it led. That intellectual kinship made Tomas one of my closest friends throughout junior high and senior high school, a steady presence who reminded me that real connection often begins with a shared willingness to ask "why."

These early friendships were far more than childhood bonds. They were the first evidence of a pattern that would repeat throughout my life. I have always been drawn to people who think deeply, question boldly, and refuse easy answers, whether they were throwing hammers with world-class precision, debating philosophy late into the night, or later, exploring the truths of health, biology, and the world stage. Like the first stars appearing in a clearing sky, Bengt, Fredrik, Tomas, and even Jens showed me that the world is full of kindred spirits if you are willing to look beyond the surface. They planted in me an early trust in the power of connection, not just to endure the ordinary days, but to illuminate the extraordinary ones that would come later.

Those years in Järnäs formed the soil in which everything else would grow. The farm, the animals, the endless outdoor play, the first computers humming quietly in the background, the friends who challenged and inspired me, they were the quiet

beginnings of a life that would eventually turn toward questioning everything, seeking truth, and sharing what I found. Even then, without knowing it, I was being prepared for the journey ahead, a path that would demand resilience, curiosity, and the courage to follow where the questions led. The seeds had been planted. The ground was rich. And the growth, though slow at first, would one day reach for the sky.

The Digital Frontier: The Demo Scene and the Birth of Creation

Looking back a little further, my true immersion in the world of computers ignited in the late 1980s with the explosive rise of something known as the “demo scene.” For those unfamiliar, the demo scene was a vibrant, underground subculture, a creative rebellion of children, teenagers, and young adults who banded together into groups to showcase their technical mastery over home computers. These “demos” were never just programs. They were digital showpieces, elaborate audiovisual experiences that combined breathtaking graphics, original music composed in trackers, and mind-bending programming tricks that pushed the hardware far beyond what its designers ever intended. It was a playground where art and code collided, part fierce competition, part joyful collaboration, where young minds turned silicon and code into something almost magical, art that moved, sang, and astonished.

I had already dabbled with simple demos on the early Commodore 64, creating basic effects and small animations in my spare time while hanging out with one of my best childhood friends at that time, Henrik Axén. One of the most famous demo groups on the Commodore 64 during those years was the Coca Cola Crackers, and several of its members, including some lead programmers, lived right in Arboga. That proximity meant we always had access to the freshest demos and games, often seeing their creative work in action before it spread further. Those early glimpses fueled our curiosity and set the stage for what was to come.

Everything changed in 1986 when we upgraded to the Amiga 500. That machine was a revelation, a quantum leap forward, powerful, versatile, and light-years ahead of anything that had come before. It felt like trading a bicycle for a sports car: suddenly the possibilities seemed limitless. Within weeks, my friend Martin Engberg and I formed our first demo group, pooling our skills to create something bigger than either of us could have done alone. A few months later, at a local demo party held at Gäddgårdsskolan in Arboga, my graphics work caught the eye of more established creators. I was recruited into larger groups, and the cycle continued, each new connection pulling me deeper into the scene’s vibrant ecosystem.

Martin’s own path would later prove almost poetic. He, too, followed a creative trajectory, eventually evolving from programmer to respected novelist. Today he lives in Gothenburg, Sweden, crafting intricate stories that captivate readers in much the

same way our old demos once captivated audiences on flickering monitors. It is a beautiful reminder that creativity, once ignited, finds its way into many forms, shifting shape but never fading.

By 1987, at just thirteen years old, I traveled to Motala, Sweden, to help organize one of these gatherings, what we called “demo scene parties” or, more commonly back then, “copy parties.” The name reflected their dual nature: yes, we competed fiercely in programming, graphics, and music, but the real heart of the event was connection. Hundreds of kids and teenagers converged to swap software, games, applications, and ideas; to make friends that would last years, even decades; and to marvel at what could be achieved when passion met limited hardware. I threw myself into the competitions, contributing pixelated artwork to group demos, entering standalone graphics pieces, and sometimes, as my reputation grew, even being invited to judge the graphics contests, a quiet validation that my name had begun to mean something in those circles.

The following year, 1988, my younger brother Mathias, only eleven at the time, joined the adventure going by the alias Darkman (yes, inspired by the movie.) He began competing in the music categories, creating chiptunes and tracker tunes (ProTracker and OctaMED) that still hold up today. Our shared interest in music led us to acquire the Yamaha SY22 in 1990, which we used for samples to enrich our tracker music. A simple drum machine and a mixer table followed. A few years later, Mathias bought the sampler Ensoniq EPS from the Swedish body-band Punch & Judy and received a collection of interesting sample disks that found their way into XM modules on the PC.

1996. My brother Mathis in his “boys’ room”, composing on the PC in Fasttracker 2 using the Gravis UltraSound 16-bit, 32 audio channels, soundcard.

From 1988 until 1993, Mathias accompanied me to nearly every demo party we could find. These events were almost always held in schools, rented out and run entirely by kids aged thirteen to fifteen, with a few younger ones and the occasional sixteen- or seventeen-year-old sibling helping with logistics. Parents appeared only at the end, arriving for cleanup duty to haul tables, chairs, and monitors back into place. If the party was close, our families would drive us, allowing us to bring full computer setups, monitors, keyboards, floppy drives, and the works. For longer trips, we traveled light: just the computer itself, sharing monitors on-site, or sometimes only a stack of floppy disks containing our entries, borrowing hardware from friends once we arrived. Luxury was bringing a sleeping bag; most nights we made do with borrowed mats or blankets for a few hours of rest on the cold school floor.

Reflecting on those times now, they feel almost mythical, a bygone era of youthful independence that seems impossible in today's world. We were children, barely teenagers, crisscrossing Sweden for two- or three-day gatherings, armed with nothing more than pocket money, a handful of floppy disks, and the location of the nearest payphone (usually by the train station) to call home and confirm we had arrived safely. Our parents trusted us completely, not out of negligence, but out of faith that these experiences would teach us responsibility, adaptability, and self-reliance in ways no classroom ever could. They were right.

Those demo parties were more than events. They were crucibles. They taught me collaboration, creativity under constraint, the thrill of pushing technical boundaries, and the joy of being part of something larger than oneself. They showed me that true innovation often comes from the edges, from kids in basements and school gyms who refuse to accept "that's impossible." Like a band of young explorers charting unknown territory with nothing but curiosity and courage, we created worlds from code and sound, shared them with wonder, and left our mark on a digital frontier that few adults even knew existed.

Those years shaped me in ways I am still discovering. They instilled a love for creation and sharing, a respect for community, and an understanding that the most meaningful progress often happens outside the spotlight, in the hands of those who dare to dream beyond the given limits. The demo scene was my first true creative home, and its spirit, of ingenuity, friendship, and fearless experimentation, has never left me. It lives on in my writing, my research, and my refusal to accept easy answers.

Now, Mathias's early forays into music on the Amiga and later PC laid a strong foundation. In 2015, he reignited that passion with the release of the Eurotechno-like instrumental song White Lights, which led to building a home studio that same year and the release of I'm Alive feat Addie Nicole in 2017. Since then, he has produced an impressive array of tracks and collaborations within the genres of house, future bass, and pop, available on platforms like YouTube, Soundcloud, and Spotify. Those demo scene days honed skills that endure, proving once again that the fire kindled in youth can burn brightly for a lifetime.

Junior High: Hidden Struggles, Quiet Defiance, and the First Taste of Independence

My junior high years at Gäddgårdsskolan in Arboga, spanning 1987 to 1990, were a strange and often contradictory blend of intellectual triumph and persistent physical limitation. Health challenges continued to cast a long, unyielding shadow. Persistent asthma could flare without warning, allergies turned every spring into an exhausting ordeal, and illnesses arrived almost monthly, as reliable as the changing seasons. I missed countless classes, sometimes entire weeks at a time, because my body simply refused to cooperate. Breathing became a conscious effort, energy ebbed unpredictably, and the simplest cold could spiral into days of fever and exhaustion. Yet whenever I was present in the classroom, my mind remained sharp. Exams were my stronghold. I consistently aced them, earning the top mark of 5 across nearly every subject.

The system, however, did not reward results alone. Grades were heavily weighted by attendance, a policy that felt like running a race with weights tied to your ankles. No matter how brilliantly I performed on tests, my final term marks were dragged down by absences I could not control. I often ended semesters with 3s or 4s despite never receiving lower than a 4 on any individual exam. Physical education was the cruelest blow: attendance was nearly impossible on most days, and I scraped by with a 2. My overall average upon completing junior high stood at 3.2 out of 5, a number that felt like a quiet betrayal of everything I had worked for. It was deeply frustrating, a subtle injustice that planted the first seeds of disillusionment with the education system and those who enforced its rigid rules. I began to see that institutions, however well-intentioned, could be blind to individual reality, rewarding conformity over capability.

Then came 1989, and another blow: my parents separated. The news landed like a stone in still water, ripples spreading outward and touching everything. I was fourteen, going on fifteen, already navigating a body that betrayed me regularly, and now the emotional ground beneath me shifted. I responded the only way I knew how: I put on a tough exterior, assuring everyone it was fine, that I was fine, because admitting otherwise felt impossible. I did not know how to process the confusion, the hurt, the sudden sense of instability. So I pushed it all down, deep inside, telling myself that life marched forward regardless of sorrow or anger. Dwelling would change nothing. I buried the emotions like sealing a letter and tucking it away in a drawer, unread, hoping time would dull its hidden words.

In retrospect, that suppression was both a survival strategy and a quiet wound. I had learned early, through hospitals, through illness, through authority, that showing weakness invited pity or dismissal. Better to appear strong, even if the strength was brittle. But emotions do not vanish when ignored. They wait. They simmer. And in the years that followed, they would resurface in unexpected ways, reminding me that what we refuse to feel does not disappear, it merely finds another path.

Those junior high years were not without light. Despite the absences and the weighted grades, I proved to myself that my mind could soar even when my body faltered. I learned resilience in the face of systems that could not bend. I discovered that true measurement of worth is not always reflected in report cards or attendance sheets. And I began, unconsciously, to question authority, not yet with rebellion, but with a quiet, persistent curiosity that would one day become a defining force in my life.

Like a young tree growing on a windswept cliff, I bent under pressure but did not break. The storms of illness and family upheaval shaped me, toughened me, and taught me that strength is not the absence of struggle, but the ability to keep reaching toward the sun even when the roots are battered. That lesson, planted in those difficult years, would carry me through far darker times ahead, and would one day help me stand tall again, stronger than I had ever been.

Friendships provided steady anchors during those turbulent years. Henrik Wiman and I connected deeply during French classes through our shared passion for computers and music, especially the synthpop genre. Together we attended several concerts featuring Depeche Mode and Erasure, experiences that felt like rare escapes into a larger, more colorful world. Whenever we had an extended free period at school, we often ended up at his house with friends like Mikaela Langeblad and Cecilia Holm, listening to music, relaxing, and simply being present in a way that felt restorative.

During shorter free periods, Tomas Cedvén and I frequently roamed the small city, playing arcade games or visiting my grandparents for a warm, hearty meal. Those simple outings offered brief moments of normalcy and joy amid the uncertainty.

That summer of 1989, before my final junior high year, a family friend arranged a two-month construction summer job for me while being away travelling. At just fifteen years old, I lived alone in their house on Lidingö, an island in Stockholm, tending to the place while working. I thrived in that independence, relishing the responsibility and the welcome escape from the tensions at home. I navigated Stockholm's metro and buses to explore the city, spent evenings cycling around Lidingö, or sketching comics in quiet solitude. I still vividly recall receiving my first monthly paycheck of about 7,000 SEK (roughly 1,000 USD at the time) and splurging the next day on a high-quality Moser 1400 hair clipper for 700 SEK. I taught myself to cut my own hair that very same day, a habit I have maintained ever since. That clipper served faithfully for twenty-six years until its motor finally gave out in 2015. It was a smart, practical buy, sparing me barber visits and saving around 2,400 SEK annually, or approximately 62,400 SEK (equivalent to about 6,300 USD) over the decades.

The Fork in the Road: Choices, Determination, and the First Taste of Transformation

As late summer 1990 arrived, I stood at a crossroads that felt monumental for a sixteen-year-old. I had applied for the Natural Science Program in senior high school, the path that aligned most closely with my growing fascination with biology, physiology, and the intricate workings of the human body. My grades, dragged down by years of illness and absences, hovered just at the threshold of what was usually required. Competition that year was fierce. I fell short by a margin so narrow it stung: less than 0.1 points on the average score. The rejection felt like a door slamming shut on a future I had already begun to envision. With few other options, I settled for my second choice: Commerce and Economics.

Within a few months, the mismatch became unmistakable. The curriculum focused on employee roles, sales techniques, retail management, office hierarchies, when my ambitions had always leaned toward independence, entrepreneurship, and self-direction. The idea of working for someone else, following orders, and climbing someone else's ladder felt suffocating, like wearing a suit tailored for another man. At sixteen, after the first semester going into 1991, I made a decision that raised eyebrows among family and teachers: I dropped out of senior high.

It was not an act of rebellion so much as a refusal to waste time on a path that did not fit. I chose honesty over convention, knowing that continuing would only prolong the inevitable.

Fortunately, opportunity arrived through family connections. My grandfather, who held a high rank in the Swedish Army, reached out to colleagues and secured me a straightforward warehouse job at the Swedish Defense Materiel Administration. The work was simple: moving boxes, organizing inventory, learning the rhythm of logistics. It paid steadily, giving me financial independence and breathing room to think. If Natural Science remained out of reach the following autumn, I would need another plan. That job provided stability, a chance to reflect, and, perhaps most importantly, a first taste of self-reliance.

In early 1991, I tipped the scales at a pudgy 84 kilograms (185 pounds.) The weight had crept on gradually, first from being able to eat anything again after years of restriction, then constantly fueled by my grandparents' generous, well-meaning spoiling. Looking in the mirror, I saw softness where I wanted definition, and I decided it was time to take control. I wanted chiseled abs before returning to senior high, a visible symbol of discipline and renewal. A coworker at the warehouse, a former cyclist for the Swedish National Team, became my informal mentor. He helped me select a racing bike for "cardio" to complement our modest home gym, and I adopted what was then considered the gold standard of that era: a "low-fat" diet built around lean meats, egg whites, bread, and white rice. The philosophy was simple: cut fat, burn calories, reveal muscle.

I threw myself into the regimen with characteristic intensity. Weight training five days a week for forty-five minutes per session, followed by daily cycling of 40 to 60 kilometers (25 to 37 miles). The bike rides were grueling: hills, wind, rain, but they became meditative, a moving meditation that cleared my mind as much as it conditioned my legs. In just four months, the transformation was dramatic. I dropped 24 kilograms (53 pounds,) reaching a lean 60 kilograms (132 pounds.) Yes, I lost a significant amount of muscle along the way, as I did not truly understand how to preserve it. My novice approach to fat loss, mostly drawn from bodybuilding magazines, lacked the nuance I would later develop, but the mirror at least told a story of some success. Visible abs had emerged, sharp and defined, along with some vascularity on my upper and lower arms, a badge of honor in the high school hallways. Strength held up remarkably well: at 60 kilograms, I could bench press just about 90 kilograms (200 pounds,) a ratio that turned heads among my peers. In the world of teenage boys, where bulk sometimes trumped leanness, I had chosen the path of the carved statue over the bulldozer. And for that moment, it felt like victory.

Post-weight loss, with refined eating habits, my health surged forward in ways I had not anticipated. I cut out most sweets, pastries, and other things people already knew were unhealthy back then, while increasing eggs and meat. Unfortunately, I still clung to the low-fat dogma of the era and overloaded on carbohydrates, the misguided trend that dominated 1990s nutrition advice. Still, the changes were enough for my health to improve dramatically. Illnesses, once striking every other month, retreated to mainly winter flare-ups triggered by cold air. While it was a major victory, I still battled sickness a few times a year and relied on daily asthma medications: two long-acting cortisone inhalers and three quick-relief Ventoline doses. That regimen would persist for years, a chemical tether I accepted as necessary.

Looking back, that first serious body transformation was both a triumph and a lesson. It proved the body's remarkable responsiveness to disciplined change, even when the methods were flawed. It taught me that willpower and consistency can move mountains, or at least reshape them. But it also planted the first quiet doubts about the prevailing nutritional wisdom. The "low-fat" gospel, the carb-heavy fuel, the reliance on medication, they worked on the surface, but beneath, the foundation still trembled. Like a house painted beautifully on the outside while termites eat the beams within, my early victories were real, yet incomplete. The deeper healing, the kind that reaches the roots, would come later, when I finally turned away from convention and toward something far older, far simpler, and far more powerful: the truth of how the human body is designed to eat, live, and thrive.

Those months of transformation were not just about aesthetics. They were the first conscious step toward agency, toward understanding that the body could be shaped, not just endured. And though I did not know it then, they were also preparation for the battles ahead: a prelude to the day when I would need every ounce of that discipline, resilience, and willingness to question authority in order to save my own

life. The road from pudgy teenager to lean sixteen-year-old was short. The road from there to true health would take decades more, but the first footprints had been laid.

Returning to Senior High: Passion, Quiet Rebellion, and the Quiet Birth of a Calling

When the time came to re-enroll in senior high school, the Natural Science Program eluded me once again. The margin was razor-thin, a mere whisper of points, but the door remained closed. I chose instead a program in electricity, microelectronics, and computers, a practical decision that aligned closely with my longstanding hobbies and the booming field of electronics in the early 1990s. The world was digitizing rapidly, and this path promised abundant job opportunities and technical skills that would open doors. It was a sensible choice, one that would equip me for the emerging tech landscape. Yet even as I attended classes and completed assignments, my heart and mind were already drifting elsewhere.

My spare time became a private sanctuary of study. I devoured books and manuals on weight training, nutrition, exercise science, endocrinology, human physiology, and anatomy, subjects that felt far more alive and urgent to me than circuit diagrams or programming syntax. While computers had once sparked my childhood creativity and drawn me into the demo scene, my true calling had shifted. It now lay unmistakably in the realm of the human body: how it could be strengthened, nourished, optimized, and, when necessary, healed. That interest deepened further into the broader domains of health, healing, and wellness, especially as I began to notice clear, undeniable links between better eating and vastly improved vitality. The connection was not theoretical; it was visceral. I could feel it in my own energy levels, my recovery, my clarity of mind. A new path was emerging; one I would follow for the rest of my life. More on that transformation lies ahead.

As classmates began to notice the changes in my physique, the leaner frame, the emerging definition, the quiet confidence that comes from disciplined training, they started approaching me for advice. School athletes in particular, wrestlers, hockey players, and others who needed strength, power, or weight control, sought me out. At sixteen, I found myself writing personalized training programs and nutrition plans: cycles for building muscle, strategies for cutting fat, meal structures to fuel performance without excess bulk. I outpaced the local coaches by a wide margin, not because I was louder or more charismatic, but because my knowledge was deeper, more current, and grounded in relentless self-experimentation. The available coaches at that time simply handled sport-specific training and had little to no understanding of nutrition or the principles of using weight training to improve explosiveness, absolute strength, or overall performance. Word spread quickly. I became the unofficial go-to guy for anyone serious about transforming their body, a role that felt both humbling and exhilarating. Between classes, school athletes

approached me in the hallways or locker rooms, asking for help or programs. It was the first real taste of what would become a lifelong calling: guiding others toward their own potential.

Like many teenagers, I was also drawn into the vivid world of music and live performances. There was something electric about the energy of a crowd, the pulse of a beat that seemed to resonate directly with the rhythm of life itself. While I never cared for wild parties or heavy drinking, I made it a point to attend nearly every festival and concert in Sweden between 1991 and 1997 that matched my tastes, often together with Tomas Cedvén, Henrik Löb, Fredrik Astlid, and a few other friends. My preferences, rooted in exploring music myself on computers and synthesizers, ran toward the electronic underground: synth pop with its shimmering melodies, future pop with its forward-leaning optimism, industrial with its raw mechanical edge, and electronic body music (EBM) with its driving, deep, harsh, hypnotic rhythms. Those independent genres still hold a special place in my heart today. I tuned out mainstream radio and commercial pop back in 1993 and have never looked back. The polished, formulaic noise of the charts always felt like sonic fast food, empty calories for the ears, especially hip-hop, gangsta rap, crunk, boom bap, trap music, and R&B that were pushed by powerful influences to separate and program the younger generation. I could clearly hear the misuse of sounds, rhythms, and the programming embedded in the lyrics, akin to pure physical torture. I sought something deeper, something that stirred both the mind and the body, music that could move you even when standing still.

1992 and what we did every weekend, played floorball outside. My brother, myself, Bengt, and Fredrik.

Those years of late teens were a time of parallel awakenings. On one hand, I was mastering technical and digital knowledge in school and beginning to apply it to real-world problems. On the other, I was quietly building a parallel education, one driven by curiosity, self-experimentation, and an instinctive rejection of conventional limits. The gym became my laboratory, nutrition my science, and music my release. Together, they formed the foundation of who I would become: someone who questions authority, trusts direct experience, and believes that true power lies not in following the crowd, but in forging your own path.

And, of course, I remained active as a graphic artist (and a little bit in music) in the demo scene on the Amiga 500, working actively in the group Enigma with old friends like Mikko Täthinen while also helping groups like Phenomena (a few members resided in Arboga) and Fairlight. While I still drew on paper, I mostly made simple one-page comics for my friends, often reflecting current events and simply making fun of them in a very non-political manner. That was the natural way of the late 80s and early 90s, before everyone began wearing panties and identified as snowflakes.

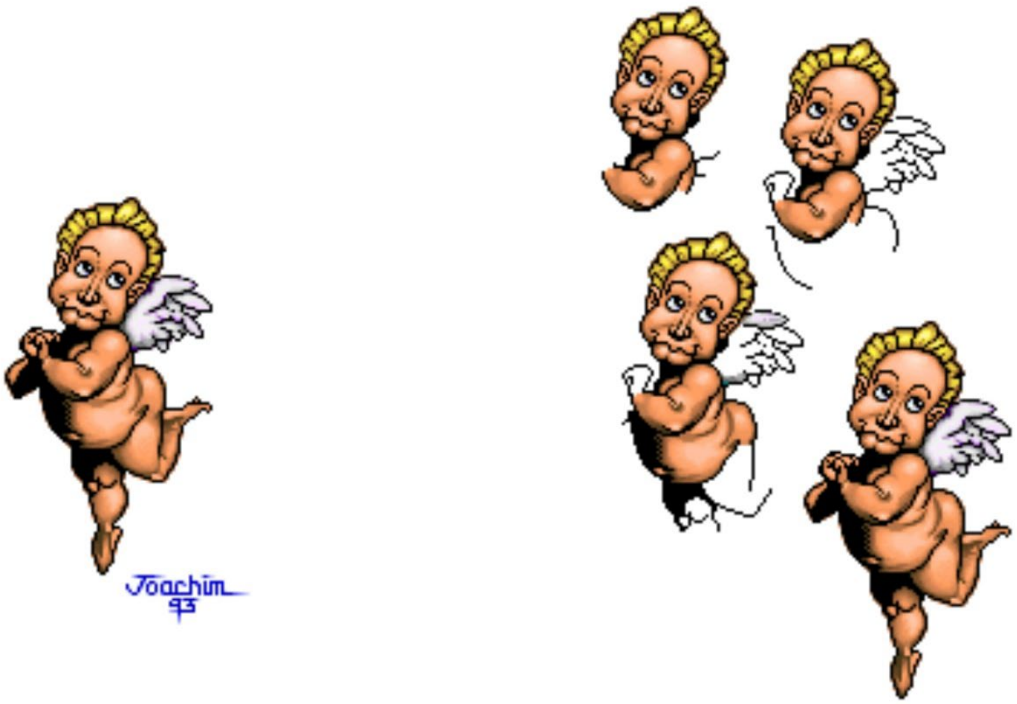
Looking back, that period was like the quiet hours before a storm, gathering energy, testing limits, collecting tools. The real tempests lay ahead: health crises, personal losses, and the unraveling of long-held beliefs. But even then, the seeds were being sown. The boy who once wandered the farm with a border collie at his heels, who built digital worlds on flickering screens, who lifted weights to reclaim his body, was already becoming the man who would one day challenge everything he had been taught about health, disease, and human potential. The journey was just beginning, and though I could not yet see the full map, the compass was already pointing true north.

The Digital Revolution: Joining Triton and Chasing Game Development Dreams

As the autumn of 1993 swept in with its crisp air and golden leaves, my life took a thrilling turn that would mark one of the most exhilarating chapters of my youth. My friend Mikko Tähtinen, a fellow creator from the vibrant Amiga demo scene, reached out with an opportunity that felt like a lightning bolt from the clear sky. He connected me with Magnus Högdahl (alias Vogue,) a luminary in Sweden’s burgeoning PC demo community and founder of Triton, the country’s top demo group on the platform. Triton had just released their groundbreaking demo “Crystal Dream II,” followed by the first version of Fasttracker, a revolutionary music editor that would redefine digital composition for a generation. They were now channeling their collective genius into an ambitious new demo, set to debut that winter, a project designed not only to showcase their unparalleled skills but also to promote the Gravis Ultrasound, the premier sound card of the era, renowned for its crystal-clear audio and unmatched versatility, which we used exclusively for FastTracker.

Our conversations buzzed with shared ambition and the raw thrill of pushing technology to its absolute limits. It was clear that the Amiga 500, which had been my creative home for years, could no longer keep pace with the demands of this new frontier. The PC platform was rapidly overtaking everything else, offering raw power and flexibility that the Amiga’s aging hardware simply could not match. A few days after those discussions, I made a pivotal decision: I acquired my first PC, an i486 DX33 with 4MB RAM and a 14-inch monitor. It was a modest but capable setup. As a student with limited savings, the 17,000 SEK (about $1,700) price tag loomed large, but my mother, ever supportive of my passions, covered half the cost, a gesture of faith I carry with deep gratitude to this day.

That machine was more than a purchase. It was a declaration of intent, a bridge to the future I was determined to build. I immediately set about overclocking it to 40 MHz, not out of necessity, but because the challenge itself called to me like a siren's song. Overclocking in those days was no user-friendly affair, with no sleek BIOS menus or software sliders. It required physically bridging pins on the motherboard, tweaking voltages with the precision of a watchmaker, and crossing fingers that the system would not fry. It was like tuning the delicate inner workings of a vintage engine, coaxing just a bit more horsepower from the heart without shattering the whole contraption. A few months later, as I worked relentlessly with Deluxe Paint II, I expanded the memory to 8MB. That hands-on tinkering, that willingness to push boundaries, became a metaphor for how I approached not just computers, but life itself: test the limits, adapt, and thrive.



1993, my first Deluxe Paint II picture on the PC, still drawn pixel by pixel. 800x600 pixels with 256 colors.

Late December 1993 brought an adventure that still sparkles vividly in my memory: a trip to “The Party” at Herning Messecenter in Herning, Denmark, one of the largest demo scene gatherings in Europe. The Triton crew, Mikko, Magnus, Fredrik Huss (Mr. H,) Gustaf Grefberg (Lizardking) and I flew in, buzzing with anticipation. Our mission was twofold: to network with other creators and to meet representatives from Scavenger, an American game developer eyeing partnerships with talented demo groups. The event unfolded in a cavernous stadium, alive with the hum of around 2,863 enthusiasts, making it the largest such gathering at that time with mostly nerdy kids and teenagers like us, united by a shared obsession with code, art, and sound. The air crackled with energy: screens glowed with dazzling demos, speakers pulsed with chiptunes and synthesized beats, and the chatter of excited voices filled every corner. It was chaotic, exhilarating, and utterly exhausting. I stayed awake for a full seventy-two hours, a personal record that stands unbroken to this day, fueled by pure adrenaline, passion, and the occasional caffeinated soda, without even a moment for a nap.

1993, The Party, Denmark. Magnus is showing members of Future Crew our new demo. Fredrik Huss behind him and musician Gustaf “Lizardking” Grefberg to the right

Amid the whirlwind, we achieved something extraordinary: Triton clinched its first contract as game developers with Scavenger. It was a dream realized, the kind countless computer-loving kids in the early 1990s fantasized about nightly. Breaking into the gaming industry, creating worlds, and earning a living from what set our souls alight felt like stepping into the pages of a story we had only dared imagine.

That moment in Denmark was a spark, a glimpse of a future where creativity and technology could converge into something truly meaningful.

In January 1994, at the tender age of nineteen, I relocated to Linköping to formally establish Triton as a registered company alongside Magnus, Mikko, and Fredrik. Our flagship project was ambitious: a first-person shooter for PC called Into the Shadows, designed to outshine Id Software's recent blockbuster Doom and even their highly anticipated Quake. We transformed my modest living room into a makeshift office: monitors humming, cables snaking across the floor, sketchpads and floppy disks scattered like autumn leaves. I had paused my senior high studies, uprooted my life, and opened my home as our base of operations. The others juggled university classes and dorm living, splitting their time between academic demands and our shared dream.

In early 1994, in my spare time I did this funny pixelated picture for our friends at Future Crew and an upcoming production. 800x600 pixels with 256 colors.

While working on the game, we made sure to stay several steps ahead of Id Software's tech demos. For the time, we introduced revolutionary features: the ability to play in an open-world environment across multiple layers, like floors, with seamless crossing between them. We implemented dynamic lights on walls casting real-time shadows, including the player's own. In 1994, that was groundbreaking. We also planned "sticky foot" technology, ensuring characters' feet planted realistically during movement for enhanced animation realism, a novelty for the era. The goal was a high character count, rendering up to 20 or even 30 characters on screen simultaneously, which would have been astonishing for mid-90s PC hardware.

All this was showcased in tech demos at E3 1995 and 1996, the annual trade fair for the computer and video games industry presented by the Entertainment Software Association (ESA).

While we initially had a blast, filled with laughter and breakthroughs, mismatched schedules soon bred tension. I thrived in the mornings, waking early to tackle textures, concept art, and level designs with fresh energy. They preferred evenings and late nights, often rolling in after dark to code and brainstorm. The disconnect led to friction, small at first, then simmering steadily. After seven months, I made the difficult decision to step away. I transferred the apartment lease to Mikko and left the project, not out of anger, but from a growing realization that my path was diverging.

Despite the challenges, those months were a whirlwind of creativity and learning that shaped me profoundly. Working on Into the Shadows taught me the nuts and bolts of game development: crafting immersive worlds, meeting deadlines, balancing collaboration with individual vision. I poured myself into hundreds of textures and concept art pieces, each a labor of love created in Deluxe Paint II, that clunky yet magical pixel art program. Those digital relics remain safely backed up on my current computer, like artifacts from a formative quest, each carrying the scent of late-night coffee and the hum of a cooling fan.

As for Triton, their first version of FastTracker released in 1993 supported extended MOD files with up to eight channels. FastTracker 2, in 1994, became highly influential, supporting up to 32 channels with the XM file format and one of the most widely used trackers worldwide. Written in Pascal using Borland Pascal 7 and TASM, it ran natively under MS-DOS. My brother and I used it exclusively for PC music throughout most of the 90s. In 1995 and 1996, Triton released impressive tech demos of Into the Shadows, building a cult following, though development ceased after Scavenger went bankrupt in 1997 due to unpaid royalties. In 1998, several Triton members, including Magnus and Mikko, founded Starbreeze Studios, which merged with O3 Games in 2001. Magnus served as founder and Chief Technical Director before leaving in 2009 to establish MachineGames.

That period was like panning for gold in a rushing river: messy, unpredictable, sometimes frustrating, but ultimately rich with nuggets of treasure. The lessons I carried forward, resilience amid setbacks, the joy of creation under pressure, the

value of trusting instincts when paths diverge, proved invaluable. Triton was not my final destination, but a crucible, forging skills and perspectives that informed everything from my approach to health and nutrition to my refusal to accept conventional limits. The dream we chased in Linköping did not end; it evolved, like a seed planted in one season that blooms in another, unexpected field.

A Return to Arboga: Balancing Dreams, Duty, and the Quiet Forge of Purpose

After parting ways with Triton in the mid-summer of 1994, I returned to my hometown of Arboga, one year older at twenty, carrying the lessons of those intense months in Linköping like a well-worn backpack. I settled into my own modest apartment, a small but deeply symbolic declaration of independence. The space was simple, but it was mine, a quiet refuge after the whirlwind of shared dreams and mismatched schedules. That late summer became a much-needed pause, a chance to exhale, to let the dust settle after months of relentless creation. I spent those weeks reconnecting with my old friend Fredrik Astlid, a kindred spirit from childhood whose love for music and adventure had always mirrored my own. Together, often with Tomas Cedvén joining us, we roamed Sweden chasing music festivals and live performances that pulsed with the raw, hypnotic energy of electronic genres: synth pop with its shimmering melodies, industrial with its mechanical edge, and EBM with its deep, driving rhythms. Those carefree days were a balm, filled with laughter, long conversations under open skies, and the kind of unburdened freedom of long road trips only a twenty-year-old can fully savor. It was like a weary traveler pausing at a lush oasis, drinking deeply from clear springs before setting out again on a long journey. The festivals reminded me that joy exists in the moment, in letting the music and the crowd carry you without overthinking what comes next.

1994, one of many concerts. Swedish synth-pop band S.P.O.C.K. on stage.

Then, in August, as I prepared to return to senior high to finish my electronics and computer education, an unexpected call arrived, stirring the calm waters of that interlude. It came from Funcom, a promising video game contract developer founded in 1993 and based in Oslo, Norway. In 1994, they focused exclusively on console games for Sega Mega Drive, Super Nintendo Entertainment System (SNES) and PlayStation, carving out a niche in an industry on the verge of explosive growth. Word had spread through the tight-knit demo scene about my departure from Triton, and my reputation as a skilled graphic artist had reached their ears. Intrigued, I accepted an invitation to visit their studio that autumn. The trip was a whirlwind: I traveled by train, met the team, toured their offices, previewed early builds of their projects, and faced a thorough interview that tested both my technical knowledge and creative instincts. To seal the deal, they asked me to produce on-the-spot drawings and sketches, a high-pressure challenge I met with focus, churning out hand-drawn art and concept designs that showcased my ability to think fast and create under scrutiny.

While waiting for their response, I returned to senior high to continue the studies I had paused before joining Triton. By December 1994, Funcom's interest solidified. The delay stemmed from their expansion, including the establishment of Funcom Dublin Ltd. in Ireland to handle console porting and development. They promised a formal offer soon, and in early January 1995, it arrived: a position as lead graphic artist with a starting salary of 30,000 NOK per month, equivalent to roughly 51,000 USD annually, a staggering sum for a twenty-year-old with no formal degree. Beyond the base pay, they offered royalties on every game I contributed to, with the potential to double my earnings to around 100,000 USD a year, depending on project success. Future titles, they hinted, could push that even higher. It was the kind of offer that could change a life, a golden ticket to the gaming industry I had dreamed of since my first demo on the Commodore 64. For a twenty-year-old kid from Arboga, that offer was dazzling.

Yet the timing could not have been more complicated. I had just recommitted to senior high school, determined to finish what I had started. Dropping out again would invalidate more than two and a half years of progress, forcing me to restart from scratch if I ever wanted to pursue higher education. The risk loomed large, and my mother urged me to complete my studies. Compounding the decision was a new opportunity that had emerged in 1995: an accelerated college-level program that condensed the three-year Natural Science curriculum into a single, intensive year. That program, which had eluded me twice before, was now within reach. It would be a gateway to university degrees in fields like medicine and nutrition, paths I was increasingly drawn to as my interest in health and physiology deepened. Eligibility required a completed senior high diploma. Walking away from school now would mean closing that door, perhaps permanently. I wrestled with the choice for days. Funcom's offer was a siren call, promising immediate entry into a world I still loved and the kind of wealth that could reshape a life. But the Natural Science program represented something deeper, a chance to understand the human body, to unlock

the secrets of health that had eluded me through years of illness. In the end, I chose the longer road. I stayed in school, graduating with a weighted average of 4.7 out of 5, an excellent achievement despite absences caused by annual bouts of pneumonia and sinusitis. After a brief summer break, I dove headfirst into the intensive Natural Science program, immersing myself in physics, advanced mathematics, chemistry, and higher-level English. The workload was grueling, but it solidified my aspiration to enter the health industry, where I could make a real difference not just for myself but for others.

1995, finishing senior high school after turning down Funcom. Me, my brother, my mother and my maternal grandmother Barbro in the wheelchair.

Looking back, I sometimes wonder what might have happened had I taken Funcom's offer. The gaming industry stood on the cusp of a revolution, and I could have been part of it. Yet I also recognize that school, for all its flaws, was not just an academic hurdle. It was a crucible that forced me to clarify what mattered most. The system itself often felt like an indoctrination factory, churning out rote facts and standardized thinking to fit a simplified, obedient society. So much of what I was taught rested on accepted fallacies and polished pseudoscience, from dietary guidelines to medical dogma. But stepping away entirely might have left me without the tools to question those systems later with rigor and depth.

I am grateful, too, for the childhood illnesses that kept me home so often, forcing me to become largely self-taught. Those long days of reading, drawing, and exploring on

my own preserved a spark of innate curiosity and skepticism that formal education might have dulled. My elders, my parents, my grandparents, encouraged me to forge my own trail, to trust my instincts over blind obedience to authority. That independence proved invaluable. I have never once submitted a resume, a transcript, or a credential to land a job. Every opportunity since graduation, whether in coaching, writing, or consulting, came through my own initiatives, my work's reputation, or others seeking me out, drawn to my expertise, my presence in the industry, and my unrelenting determination to cut through noise and find truth.

The choice to stay in school was not the end of my dreams. It was a redirection. Like a river diverted by a fallen tree, the current found another path, one that led not to game studios, but to a deeper understanding of health, biology, and the human body's extraordinary resilience. That path would prove far more consequential, carrying me through crises that no game contract could have prepared me for. It taught me that sometimes the harder road is the one that leads home, not to a place, but to a purpose. And in that purpose, I would find not just survival, but a life rebuilt, stronger and truer than I ever could have imagined.

The Dawn of Ironmag: From Zeroes and Ones to a Fitness Revolution

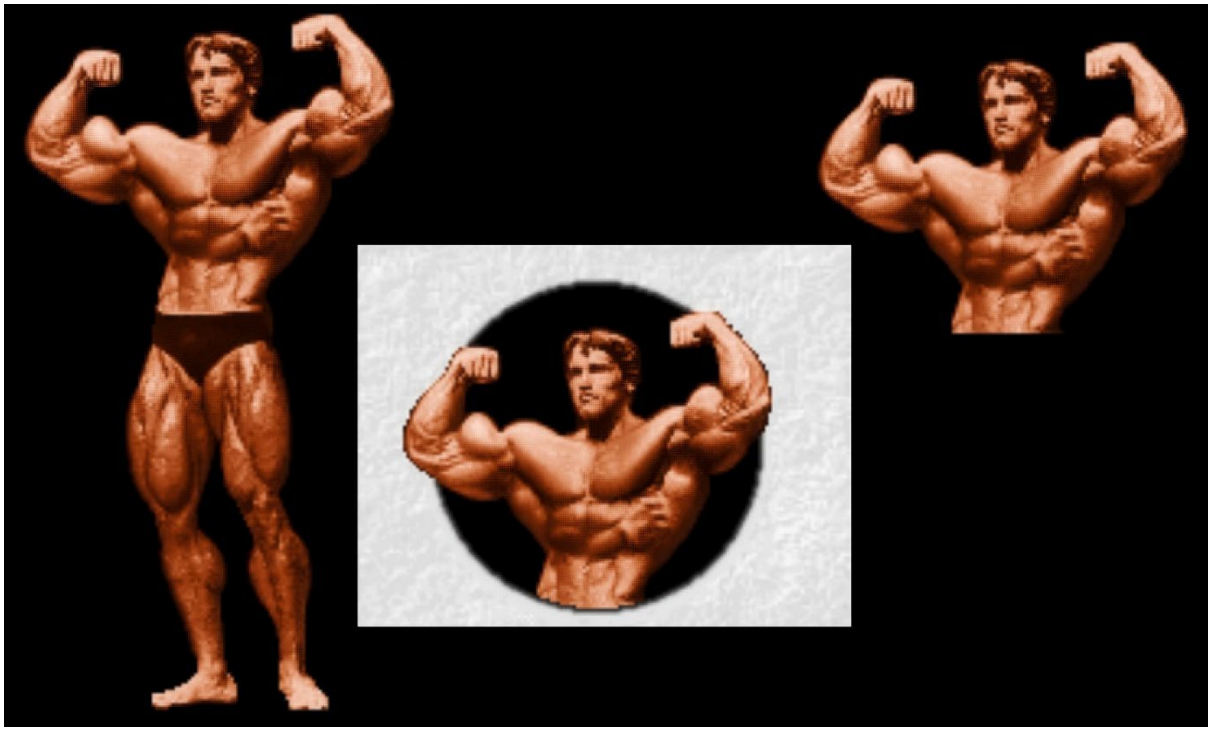
While immersed in the demanding Natural Science program, tackling advanced physics, mathematics, chemistry, and English with the intensity of someone who had finally found a path worth running toward, I also began planting the first seeds of what would become a lifelong mission: sharing knowledge freely, building communities, and challenging conventional wisdom in health and fitness.

My days revolved around classes from 8:20 a.m. to 3:30 p.m., followed by a heavy load of homework and weekly tests that all counted toward the final grade. I had very little time for training. Studies continued in my small apartment until around 7 p.m., then I shifted to my own projects and self-directed learning until 10 p.m. or later. Weekends followed a similar rhythm, with only a few hours set aside to watch a rented movie with my father. Rest was scarce, but passion found its way through the cracks.

In 1995, the internet was still in its infancy, a wild frontier of dial-up modems, blinking cursors, and endless possibility. Most people had never heard of a "website," yet I sensed its potential as a platform to reach others directly, without gatekeepers. I launched my very first site, modestly named Zeroes and Ones, a digital space with a separate entry page called "Thorax's Iron Page" dedicated to bodybuilding, weight lifting, supplementation and nutrition. It was simple, raw-coded HTML pages by hand without any WYSIWYG-editors (software tools that allow users to create and edit content visually, without needing to write code or use markup languages directly,

which did not appear until much later,) hosted on one of the first private web hosts in Sweden, Kuai, and it was mine. A place where I could share what I was learning, what I was testing on my own body, and what I was beginning to question about mainstream advice, all while bypassing conventional media.

Around the same time, I connected with one of the earliest and most respected online bodybuilding communities: John Monteiro's Bigboys. This was the Wild West era of internet fitness: simple websites, small forums, passionate contributors, and a genuine sense of camaraderie among people hungry for real information. I began contributing one or two articles per month, writing about training principles, nutrition experiments, and the emerging science of body recomposition. The community was small but fiercely engaged, and my pieces found an appreciative audience. When John quietly let a few of us know months in advance that Bigboys would soon shut down, I saw an opening. The moment the site went offline, I was ready.



1995, my pixelated iconic and buffed version of Arnold in Deluxe Paint II on PC, drawn pixel by pixel, that became the logo of my first website, Zeroes and Ones, also dubbed Thorax's Iron Page.

On the very day Bigboys closed in 1996, I launched Ironmag L.L.C., the first true online fitness magazine of its kind. I built it from the ground up using nothing but raw HTML and a handful of early PHP scripts, coding late into the night in my small apartment while juggling my studies. At launch, two of my former Bigboys colleagues from Canada, Eric Hesse and Christian Thibaudeau, joined me immediately. Their expertise proved invaluable: Eric's meticulous research and interview style, Christian's innovative programming and training insights as an up-and-coming strength coach. Together, we turned Ironmag into something far greater than any of us could have achieved alone: a nonprofit platform driven by passion, not profit.

What followed was a golden era of organic growth. Ironmag rapidly became the internet's largest and most dynamic training and nutrition magazine by far with more than 6000 unique visitors a day and 40.000 hits daily, which was a lot in the late 90's. In 1999 we actually ranked 3rd of all non-commercial websites on the internet according to the well-known People's Choice 500 WebSite awards. We attracted over fifteen regular weekly writers from around the world, along with hundreds of guest contributors who shared articles, studies, and real-world experiences. Everyone volunteered their time, fueled by the shared excitement of building something meaningful and the promise of global visibility. We offered an active discussion forum that buzzed with debate and discovery, weekly Q&A columns from our most popular contributors, and in-depth interviews with bodybuilding legends, scientists, strength coaches, and nutrition pioneers. Not a single cent changed hands for content. We bartered exposure for excellence: writers gained massive reach, readers gained uncensored knowledge, and the site itself grew through sheer word-of-mouth.

Hosting fees, software costs, and the occasional server upgrade came out of my own pocket, a few thousand dollars over the years, but money was never the point. We all understood the long game: building networks, earning trust, establishing reputations, and creating a space where truth could breathe freely in an industry increasingly dominated by sponsored content and commercial agendas. Ironmag dominated the early online fitness space by far until early 2001, when shifting priorities, new projects, and new career opportunities led us to wind it down. The site officially closed in 2002, but its legacy lived on in the careers it launched, the friendships it forged, and the hundreds of thousands of people who found real answers there when mainstream sources offered only platitudes.

Looking back, Ironmag was more than a website. It was a declaration of intent, my first real attempt to build something that served people first, profit second. Like a small campfire started in the wilderness, it drew others in: some to warm themselves, some to add logs, some to carry the flame forward. It taught me the power of community, the value of giving knowledge away freely, and the quiet satisfaction of knowing you helped others when they needed it most. Those lessons would prove foundational for everything that came later: my books, my coaching, my relentless drive to expose health deceptions, and my commitment to offering unfiltered truth in a world often drowning in sponsored noise.

The internet was still young then, full of possibility and peril. We were true pioneers in a way, building roads where there had only been wilderness. And though Ironmag is long gone, its spirit remains in every article I write, every client I guide, every conversation I have about real health. It was the first time I understood that sharing knowledge is not just generosity; it is a form of resistance, a refusal to let truth be held hostage by gatekeepers. That refusal would carry me through far darker times and light the way toward the life I live today.

The Bridge Between Worlds: Work, Study, and the Heartbeat of Ironmag

After finishing my studies in mid-1996 and looking toward more education options the following year, I needed both purpose and income. My former classmate Magnus Tomasson and my friend Fredrik Astlid urged me to contact ABB in Västerås, where they were seeking more highly educated personnel within electronics and micro-electronics. After a quick visit and an interview, I landed a position as a quality technician specializing in circuit boards, a role that demanded precision and patience in equal measure. My daily work went far beyond routine assembly. Whenever a board failed the company's rigorous testing protocols, it became my responsibility to step in like a detective at a crime scene. Under bright lights and magnifying lenses, I would trace the pathways of solder and copper, identify the exact point of failure, whether a cold joint, a misplaced component, or a microscopic crack, and then perform the delicate repairs needed to bring it back to life. These were expensive boards destined for factories and robots; throwing one away was only the last resort if every other option failed. The work was meticulous, almost meditative, akin to piecing together a complex puzzle where every tiny element had to align perfectly, or the entire system could fail downstream. There was a quiet satisfaction in restoring functionality, in turning something broken into something reliable again.

When that contract ended, I dove headlong into a full year of studies in computer science, networks, and IT technology, with a special focus on the Internet. The timing was ideal: the curriculum dovetailed perfectly with my ongoing efforts to expand Ironmag and establish a stronger presence in the rapidly emerging online landscape. The internet was no longer a novelty; it was becoming a powerful tool for connection, and I wanted to be at the forefront.

Many classes involved real-world experience with programming and websites, which allowed me to work on Ironmag during my time at the university, a double win. To build a financial cushion that would allow me to pursue deeper studies in health and nutrition the following year, I also took on part-time teaching assignments, tutoring students in basic computing and sharing what I had learned through years of self-taught experimentation. The work was demanding, but it provided structure, income, and a sense of forward motion.

Yet through all of this, work shifts, lectures, late-night coding sessions, Ironmag remained the beating heart of my life. It was far more than a website; it was an unparalleled bridge to the leading figures in the fitness and health industries. Through its pages and growing forum, I gained access to knowledge that no classroom could match. I exchanged weekly emails with elite athletes who shared their contest-prep strategies, seasoned coaches who revealed the nuances of periodization, groundbreaking scientists who sent me early drafts of studies on protein synthesis and hormonal response, and dedicated health professionals who

offered real-world insights drawn from years in the trenches. These were not distant celebrities; they were collaborators, mentors, and peers, people who gave freely of their time because they believed, as I did, that knowledge should not be hoarded behind paywalls or gatekept by institutions. These included Frederick C. Hatfield (Dr. Squat,) Charles Poliquin, Tom Venuto, Craig Ballantyne, Chuck Palahniuk (Fight Club,) Günter Schlierkamp, Frank Zane, Dave Draper, and many more. While I gave them exposure on our platform through articles or interviews, they shared even more hands-on knowledge as our relationships grew. It was a natural and strategic progression, a way to reach wisdom and experience that you could not find in any magazine or book, not even at limited seminars or courses.

1996, the original IronMag Online logotype, a collaboration with clothes designer Jake Jones of Heavywear.

The exchange felt almost sacred. Every email, every article, every forum thread was a small act of contribution to a larger cause: empowering people to take control of their bodies and their health. In a world increasingly dominated by corporate agendas and one-size-fits-all advice, Ironmag stood as a rare space of authenticity. It was built on passion, not profit; on curiosity, not conformity. And in those early days, as the site grew from a handful of readers to thousands, I began to understand something profound: sharing knowledge freely is not just generosity; it is a form of resistance. It is a refusal to let truth be commodified, diluted, or controlled by those who profit from confusion.

Like a blacksmith working different metals into a single blade, those months were a quiet forge. The precision of circuit board repair honed my attention to detail. The logic of computer science sharpened my analytical mind. The discipline of teaching refined my ability to communicate complex ideas simply. And the relentless drive to build Ironmag instilled an unyielding commitment to truth. All of these elements were tempering me, preparing me for what lay ahead. The lessons of that period would prove invaluable when the storms of 2017 and 2018 arrived, threatening to sweep everything away. But even then, in the steady rhythm of work and study, I was laying the groundwork for something larger: a life not just of survival, but of service, creation, and unfiltered honesty. The forge was hot. The hammer fell steadily. And though I could not yet see the final shape of the blade, I trusted the process. The metal would hold. The edge would come. And when the time was right, it would cut through illusion to reveal the truth beneath.

The First Taste of Ketosis: A Revelation in Early 1997

In the early months of 1997, I took my first deliberate step into the world of a true ketogenic diet, a decision that would prove to be one of the most transformative of my life. Up to that point, I had experimented with various eating styles, always chasing performance, aesthetics, or recovery, but nothing had quite felt like true alignment. The ketogenic approach, however, spoke to me from the very beginning in a way no other protocol had. At its core, it emphasized consuming primarily fats as the main fuel source, paired with moderate amounts of high-quality protein, while keeping carbohydrates extremely low to shift the body into a metabolic state called ketosis. Back then, I did not yet fully grasp that ketosis was our natural, ancestral metabolic state; I simply viewed it as a clever “survival” mechanism that could be harnessed for dramatic body recomposition.

In certain variations, including the one that caught my eye, a strategic carbohydrate reload was incorporated once a week, not for pleasure, but to trigger what was described as an anabolic effect, replenishing glycogen stores and supporting muscle preservation and growth. This reflected the deeply ingrained indoctrination of the 1980s and 1990s: carbohydrates as our “main fuel,” the necessity of full glycogen stores for peak performance and that coveted “pump” in the gym. All of it was backwards, of course, but at that crossroads, I was still partly trapped in the fake pseudo-science of conventional nutrition like almost everyone else. I was learning, asking questions, and slowly peeling back layers. Yet even then, the ketogenic approach whispered to me, drawing me in.

I chose Dan Duchaine’s Body Opus protocol, a plan that had already gained a cult following among those willing to think beyond the conventional. My decision was not random. I had been in direct communication with Dan himself, exchanging ideas and questions, and I had spoken with several people who had worked closely with him and vouched for the method’s effectiveness. Duchaine was no ordinary figure in the fitness world. He was a controversial trailblazer, a relentless contrarian who questioned every sacred cow of mainstream nutrition and bodybuilding dogma. His willingness to challenge authority, to dig into biochemistry and real-world results rather than follow trends, resonated with me on a deep level. In a sea of polished marketing and cookie-cutter advice, Dan was a lighthouse: sometimes rough, sometimes abrasive, but always shining a light on truths others preferred to ignore.

I committed to the protocol fully. Within just a few weeks, the changes were undeniable. My physique became remarkably lean, shredded in a way that felt effortless rather than punishing, while I retained virtually every ounce of the muscle mass I had built over years of hard training. The initial fat-adaptation phase, often called “keto flu” by those who experience it, lasted about a week for me, as I made no gradual transition but jumped right into it. During that adjustment period, my body shifted from relying on glucose as its primary fuel to burning fat and producing ketones efficiently. There was some fatigue, a touch of brain fog, and a sense of

strangeness as the metabolic gears turned, but once I crossed that threshold, everything changed.

The energy and mental clarity that followed were unlike anything I had ever experienced. It was not the jittery, short-lived buzz of high-carb days or caffeine overload; it was steady, deep, and sustained, a quiet, powerful hum that carried me through long training sessions, late-night study periods, and demanding workdays without the familiar afternoon crash. In fact, I began to notice something striking: being in a state of ketosis felt better than anything I had previously tested or experienced. The constant hunger, the bloating, the energy swings, all of that disappeared. Instead, there was a profound sense of vitality, as though my body had finally found the fuel it was designed to run on.

From that moment onward, ketogenic principles became a cornerstone for me. Whenever I needed effective fat loss, sharper focus, or simply to feel my best, I returned to them instinctively. It was like discovering a reliable compass in a world full of misleading maps, always pointing toward sustained performance, mental clarity, and a level of well-being that no other approach had matched. If not for the deeply ingrained belief that I needed carbohydrates to grow or perform my best at the gym, I would likely have stayed on a ketogenic diet forever.

Looking back, that first experiment with Body Opus was far more than a diet trial. It was a revelation, a quiet but seismic shift in how I understood nourishment, energy, and the body's true potential. Dan Duchaine, for all his controversy, had handed me a key that would open many doors in the years to come. And though I did not yet know it, that key would one day help me unlock not just a better physique, but a path back from the very edge of life itself. The compass had been found. The journey toward true health was only beginning.

A Crossroads of Passion and Principle: Choosing the Path Less Traveled

As spring unfolded in 1997, ABB extended yet another offer for temporary work, and I stepped back in for a couple of months, grateful for the steady income and the opportunity to contribute my skills once more. The role was familiar: precision inspection, troubleshooting, and restoring functionality to complex circuit boards. I performed it well, finding quiet satisfaction in the meticulous process of tracing faults and bringing systems back to life. When summer drew to a close, the company presented me with a full-time supervisor position: steady pay, clear structure, a predictable career ladder. It was the kind of opportunity most people would have accepted without hesitation.

I politely declined.

The decision felt surprisingly easy. The role, while respectable, did not resonate with the long-term vision I held for myself. Supervisory duties over circuit boards and production lines, no matter how well-compensated, could never ignite the same fire that burned in me when I thought about training, nutrition, and the untapped potential of the human body. Those were the realms that truly called to me, fields where curiosity met action, where real transformation was possible, where the stakes were not just efficiency or output, but life itself. With a comfortable cushion of savings accumulated from months of disciplined work, I made the move back to Linköping to pursue advanced studies in chemistry and biology, all while quietly preparing my application for medical school. I wanted to understand the machinery of life at its deepest level, not to manage symptoms, but to unlock genuine healing.

The enthusiasm that had carried me through the relocation, however, began to wane almost immediately after I arrived on campus. I toured the facilities, spoke with current medical students, and attended introductory lectures. What I encountered was not the pursuit of health I had imagined, but a system heavily skewed toward the interests of Big Pharma and financial gain. The curriculum focused overwhelmingly on pharmacology: identifying diseases, matching them to drugs, prescribing medications to suppress symptoms, rather than exploring the root causes of illness or promoting true healing. The emphasis was on management, not resolution; on chemical intervention, not biological restoration. Worse still, much of the information presented felt outdated, incomplete, or outright contradicted by emerging evidence I had already begun to explore independently. It was as if the entire program had been designed not to empower physicians to heal, but to produce compliant prescribers who would keep the pharmaceutical pipeline flowing.

I completed the first term of my chemistry and biology courses, absorbing what I could while quietly cataloguing the gaps and contradictions. Then I made the decision to step away entirely. Staying would have meant compromising my core values, pretending to accept disinformation as truth, silencing the questions that kept rising in my mind. It would have been like sailing a ship across an uncharted ocean using a faulty, outdated map handed down by those who profited from keeping sailors lost. I could not do it. The risk of unnecessary detours, wasted time, and potential shipwreck was too great.

That choice, made in early 1998, left me momentarily discouraged and uncertain about the road ahead. At the time, there were no substantial university programs dedicated to exercise science, sports nutrition, or truly holistic health approaches. Any offerings related to nutrition or dietetics were painfully antiquated, rooted in rigid dogma, heavily influenced by the food industry's need to sell processed products, and designed more to protect profit margins than to foster genuine well-being. The academic landscape offered no real path forward for someone who wanted to understand health from first principles.

So, I turned inward, reflecting deeply on my options. The most viable path, I realized, was self-directed education: immersing myself in the real-world practices of

successful coaches as they worked with athletes and everyday clients, just like I had been doing with the contacts I had built through Ironmag, and then offering my own coaching services to people from all walks of life. This hands-on approach would allow me to accumulate authentic experience, observe directly which strategies produced tangible results, and build knowledge that could not be found in any textbook or lecture hall. It would be messy, imperfect, and sometimes painful, full of trial, error, and course correction, but it would be real. So, my focus shifted lightly from talking with athletes to mainly talking with other coaches from all around the world in any relevant sport, learning from their experiences and mistakes. And as for coaching, I began offering my expertise for free as my only mission was to gain real-world experience and to slowly build myself a name outside that of being an internet pioneer and writer. Due to my wide network, such opportunities came easily and within months I was helping several national bodybuilders in their offseason and slowly weaving myself into their contest preparations as well.

Now, this brief and disillusioning encounter with university life profoundly shaped my perspective on education and the acquisition of knowledge. It taught me that authentic expertise, the kind that saves lives and changes destinies, is rarely handed down from podiums or printed in standardized curricula. It is forged in the heat of direct engagement, earned through years of practical application, observation, and relentless questioning. Such knowledge is like the blade of a master blacksmith: it cannot be mass-produced in a classroom; it must be hammered out on the anvil of experience, tempered by failure, and sharpened by necessity.

In choosing that path, I was not rejecting education. I was rejecting a counterfeit version of it. I was choosing to become the kind of student who learns not by rote memorization, but by immersion, experimentation, and humility before the complexity of the living human body. That choice would prove to be one of the most important of my life. It set me on a trajectory that would eventually lead me not just to personal healing, but to helping others reclaim their own vitality in ways the conventional system could never have imagined.

The forge was hot. The hammer fell. And though the blade was still taking shape, its edge was already beginning to gleam.

A New Chapter in Stockholm: Roads, Networks, and the Steady Rise of Ironmag

In the midst of uncertainty with academic doors quietly closing, the need for purpose and a reliable income pressing hard, an unexpected lifeline appeared. My old school friend Magnus Tomasson reached out with a timely offer that felt almost predestined. He invited me to join a large-scale project in Stockholm: installing computers and networks for one of Sweden's major public institutions. Sensing this was the direction

I needed, I picked up the phone that same day and spoke with the project manager, Lars Lundvall. We talked for perhaps half an hour about UNIX systems, PC hardware setups, server configurations, and troubleshooting approaches. Before the call ended, I had the job. Opportunity sometimes arrives without drama or fanfare. It simply fits, like a well-worn key sliding into a lock that had waited patiently for years.

By March 1998 I had relocated to Stockholm and started as a field technician for Siemens. The starting salary was 13,000 SEK per month, around 1,700 USD back then, a modest bump from my previous position at ABB. The work itself proved demanding yet deeply satisfying. Five teams of two technicians fanned out across Sweden, deploying new Intel-based computers and rolling out a full UNIX-based network for the Swedish National Labor Board (AMS.) We shifted from city to city almost daily, often working five or six days a week in unfamiliar government offices and buildings. The pace was intense, but overtime pay, travel allowances, and compensation for inconvenient hours lifted my effective monthly take-home to about 22,000 SEK (roughly 2,900 USD.) That was more than enough to live well, especially since constant travel left little time or place to spend the money beyond meals and essentials.

When the schedule permitted, evenings became cherished islands of personal time. I made it a habit to track down local gyms in every new town, carving out workouts to preserve the discipline that had long served as both anchor and guiding star. After training I would settle in at a hotel with my bulky Siemens laptop, connecting through a sluggish dial-up modem. The tiny screen and glacial speeds were far from ideal, yet they were sufficient to keep Ironmag breathing: answering emails, updating content, nurturing the growing community that had become my true second home.

Early that same year I made another small but transformative investment: my first digital camera, an Olympus C-900 Zoom. At $700 it felt like a fortune for a 1.3-megapixel compact, but in 1998 it represented pure revolution. Suddenly I could capture the world I moved through: the clean lines of gym interiors, moody street scenes at dusk, quiet moments of beauty in strange towns. Thanks to Ironmag's rising visibility and the network of connections it had already built, I never paid for a single gym session during those months. Instead, I offered real value in return: website shout-outs, professional photos of the facility, and the occasional short review. Gym owners welcomed the free exposure to my audience.

This quiet exchange revealed a timeless truth, one that operates like an unspoken law of nature. Consider the old parable of the traveler who shares bread with a stranger on the road; later, when hunger strikes again, that same stranger appears with a full basket. When you give something genuinely useful, without strings, without calculation, the world often responds in kind. Ironmag itself had been built on that very principle: people contributing knowledge, experiences, and support, each gift finding its natural balance in the community.

A few months into the project came a small but significant step forward. I was asked to oversee the five field teams operating across Sweden. The role meant long hours on the phone: coordinating schedules, solving urgent problems in real time, keeping everyone on track, and serving as the primary technical resource for the entire operation. My base salary edged up to 13,800 SEK, though taxes claimed most of the increase. Later I learned that the National Labor Board had specifically requested me for this position. Teams had begun calling AMS directly whenever they hit obstacles, disrupting the office workflow. The solution was clear: appoint a capable on-the-ground manager. My years of self-directed study, my knack for quickly grasping complex issues, and my ability to explain technical matters clearly had left a strong impression. Those skills, honed through endless hours of independent learning and early coaching, made the choice obvious.

1998, me at one of many hotels across Sweden during my time with Siemens and during a visit at my brother. Photo by Jessica using the new Olympus C-900 Zoom.

When the Siemens project wrapped up in early 1999, the National Labor Board extended a formal offer: join them permanently as a project manager and member of their IT- and technical development team. I accepted without a moment's hesitation and started the following week. The new salary began at 22,500 SEK monthly, climbing to 27,000 SEK, after six months, or about $3,600 USD/month at that time; a comfortable leap forward in 1999 for a 24-year-old, and a clear sign of progress.

My days now centered in Solna, within Stockholm, at the Labor Board offices: planning, implementing, putting together software updates to be pushed out during

nights to all offices around Sweden, and coordinating teams. Yet evenings and early mornings remained untouched, sacred hours reserved for Ironmag. I corresponded with contributors and readers, guided the small group of coaching clients I had taken on, and steadily expanded the site that had become far more than a hobby.

Looking back, that time in Stockholm stands as a powerful lesson in balance. By day I was the dependable technician turned project manager: structured, precise, moving through the world of cables, servers, and deadlines with quiet efficiency. By night I became someone else entirely; a builder of ideas, a quiet connector of people, a pioneer in the still-emerging realm of online health and fitness. The two worlds seemed opposite, yet they complemented one another perfectly.

Like a river that carves its path through both bustling city and untouched wilderness without ever losing its flow, I learned to travel different terrains while staying true to my direction. The job delivered stability and financial security. Ironmag offered purpose, passion, and the slow-burning excitement of creation. Together they built a solid foundation, brick by steady brick, preparing me, though I could not yet see it, for the profound challenges, awakenings, and revelations that lay waiting in the years ahead. The road stretched far into the distance, but the groundwork was already there, strong and true.

Awakening to the Theater: Stepping Out of the Script

Around 1998, in the midst of those long Stockholm nights spent building Ironmag from my bedroom and PC-setup, I made one of the most pivotal and quietly radical decisions of my entire life. I turned off the television for good. I stopped reading newspapers. I walked away from every form of mainstream media, completely and without exception. It was not a sudden rebellion sparked by anger or conspiracy. The choice grew slowly, almost inevitably, from a deepening sense of dissonance that had been whispering to me for years.

The polished stories I saw on the evening news, read in the daily papers, or heard through the growing chorus of broadcast journalism and co-workers parroting simply never matched the reality I encountered every day through Ironmag. Here were real people, athletes, coaches, scientists, and researchers from dozens of countries, sharing unfiltered accounts late into the night across time zones. They spoke of a world filled with nuance, contradiction, complexity, and often outright deception, a world that the carefully edited headlines and soundbites never seemed to touch. The gap between what the media presented and what I heard directly from those living it widened with every passing month. It felt like listening to two completely different orchestras: one meticulously rehearsed for mass consumption, smooth and hypnotic, the other raw, jagged, and unmistakably human.

This growing disconnect stirred memories of conversations I had as a boy with my maternal grandfather. He had spent decades in the highest ranks of the Swedish military, rising to senior command during the Cold War. For many years he oversaw the hidden network of emergency bunkers built across the country, secret fortresses meant to shelter the nation's leadership in the event of nuclear catastrophe. He was not a man prone to exaggeration. His words carried the quiet authority of someone who had stood inside the machinery of power and seen how it truly operated.

In his understated way, he had often told me that television and the major media were little more than elaborate theaters of propaganda. Carefully scripted productions, he said, designed not to inform but to shape opinion, manufacture consent, and keep entire populations compliant. He spoke of "false flags" and "psychological operations," drawing from his own involvement in such efforts during and after World War II, and especially throughout the Cold War to sustain fear of the Soviet Union, Russia, whatever the designated enemy happened to be at the time. As a child, I listened with polite interest, but the scale of it all felt too vast, too distant from the small Swedish town where I grew up. It seemed more like a story than reality.

Yet as the years passed and I pursued my own independent research, reading suppressed documents, studying declassified files, listening to whistleblowers, and cross-referencing countless accounts, the pieces began to click into place. By the late 1990s, I could finally see the patterns: recurring symbols tucked into news graphics, identical phrases echoing across supposedly rival outlets, talking points and even subtle hand gestures delivered in near-perfect unison, and the relentless drumbeat of fear, division, or compliance. Once you notice the strings on the marionettes, the illusion shatters. You cannot unsee the puppet show for what it is.

After my grandfather's passing in 2010, while sorting through old boxes of documents and letters he had carefully preserved, I discovered he had been a high-ranking member of the Royal Order of the Seraphim, one of Sweden's most elite and secretive orders. That revelation explained so much: his intimate knowledge of psychological operations, his pointed warnings about media and politics, the things that had sounded so strange to a young boy. He had moved in those circles. Yet he had also kept those documents, letters, and materials, refusing to destroy them as protocol might have demanded. My mother told me he specifically wanted me to have those boxes. Perhaps, in his final years, it was his way of offering a quiet redemption, a passing of hidden truths to someone he trusted would one day question the script.

By 1998, the understanding crystallized: mainstream media was not broken. It was working precisely as designed. Its true purpose was never to deliver unfiltered truth. It existed to shape perception, to keep people distracted, divided, and looking outward for meaning and authority. I realized I had far better use for my time and mental energy than absorbing government-vetted agendas and polished falsehoods.

So, I made the choice. No more television, ever. No more newspapers. No more passive intake of pre-packaged narratives. I even stopped watching any TV shows or programs, no matter how entertaining they claimed to be. The set in my apartment went dark forever. More than twenty-five years later, as I write this in late 2025, I have not bought a single newspaper, tuned into a radio broadcast, or turned on a television to watch any kind of channel or broadcast. Of course, I would later read a lot of news stories, but only to expose and decode them, and we will get to that in the second part of the book.

At first, the silence felt strange, almost unsettling, like stepping out of a noisy, crowded room into sudden stillness. The constant background hum of fear, outrage, and manufactured urgency vanished. But that initial discomfort quickly gave way to something far more powerful: liberation. In the quiet, I could finally hear my own thoughts clearly. I could pursue serious independent study without constant interference. I could have deep, meaningful exchanges with coaches, researchers, scientists, and truth-seekers around the world who valued evidence over narrative.

That decision was never about cynicism. It was an act of reclamation. Think of the old parable of the man who drinks from a polluted river day after day, growing weaker and sicker without understanding why. One day he walks upstream, past the factories and the waste, until he reaches the clear spring high in the mountains. There, the water is pure, cold, life-giving. He drinks deeply, and strength returns. I chose to walk upstream. I chose the source over the diluted stream.

The clarity that followed changed everything. It freed me to question, to connect dots the official stories deliberately kept apart, to see patterns others missed. That single act of turning away from the noise prepared me, though I could not have known it at the time, for the much larger deceptions that would unfold in the decades ahead, from the Covid operation to the broader systems of control that shape the modern world, and especially that of human nutrition.

In choosing silence over scripted noise, I did not lose touch with reality. Quite the opposite. I found it, in the raw, direct contact between real human beings sharing unfiltered experience. And in that finding, I uncovered a deeper truth: the most dangerous illusions are the ones we accept without question.

Once you step outside the theater, you no longer see only the play. You see the stage, the lights, the scripts, the directors behind the curtain. From that vantage point, the world looks different forever. There is no returning to the audience seats. And there is no need to. The view from outside is infinitely more honest, and infinitely more alive.

Entering the World of Strongman: Giants, Brotherhood, and the Raw Pulse of Power

Toward the end of 1998 and into the opening months of 1999, my coaching world took a thrilling and unexpected turn. Ironmag had already earned me a solid reputation in bodybuilding and general fitness circles, but now a new arena called to me: the raw, unfiltered realm of Strongman competitions. I began covering these events not just as a distant observer, but as a reporter and photographer, camera in hand, notebook ready, heart racing.

The first time I stood trackside at one of these spectacles, I felt something primal stir inside me. These were not men posing under bright lights for aesthetic judgment. They were warriors of sheer force, heaving Atlas stones the size of small boulders, flipping tractor tires taller than most people, shouldering yokes loaded with hundreds of kilos, dragging trucks across pavement through sheer will and grip. Every lift, every carry, every pull felt like a direct conversation with the outer edges of human capability, a celebration of power in its most ancient, untamed form.

My involvement deepened quickly. The athletes I photographed and interviewed soon started approaching me for advice. Before long I found myself working hands-on with several of Sweden's top Strongman competitors. My focus settled on three essential pillars: crafting nutrition plans that could fuel the monstrous energy demands of their wildly varied training, refining diets, supplements, and recovery protocols to mend chronic injuries and nagging strains, and building smart injury-prevention strategies that might keep these giants in the arena instead of on the bench. Strongman is merciless. The loads are awkward, uneven, asymmetrical, brutal on joints, tendons, ligaments, and spine. One wrong angle, one moment of fatigue, and months of recovery, or even a career-ending setback, could follow. Helping these men stay healthy enough to compete, and to compete at their absolute peak, became one of the most fascinating challenges I had ever faced.

What caught me off guard, though, was the depth of connection that formed almost immediately. These were not the sculpted, camera-ready figures of the bodybuilding stage, carefully managing their image. They were massive, earthbound men with rough hands, booming voices, and an unpretentious warmth that wrapped around you like a bear hug. Behind the scenes at competitions the air crackled with a special kind of energy: practical jokes flying, deep belly laughter echoing off concrete walls, inside stories shared in low tones, and an unspoken brotherhood born from the shared madness of loving the same impossible pursuit.

These giants, men who could deadlift half a ton or hoist a refrigerator overhead as casually as lifting a child, were often the quickest to lend a hand, the first to crack a joke at their own expense, the ones who quietly checked on a teammate nursing a tweaked back. Their size was matched only by the size of their hearts. They carried

the same childlike joy in pushing limits that I had seen in the best athletes across any sport, but here it came without ego, without pretense.

Working alongside Sweden's Strongman elite during those years brought me a pure, unfiltered joy unlike anything else in my coaching life. There was no posturing, no calculated image-building, just honest sweat, mutual respect, and the electric thrill of witnessing what the human body could do when driven to its breaking point and then a little further. In hindsight, much of the training and nutrition we chased back then was far from optimal, even destructive in the long run, but when you are in the thick of it, immersed in the culture and the camaraderie, those larger patterns stay hidden. At the time I was still carrying many of the mainstream ideas about training volume, carbohydrate loading, and recovery that dominated the fitness world. My focus stayed simple: support these men in the best way I knew how, help them lift more, carry farther, recover faster; and they all did.

And in return, they taught me as much as I taught them. I learned about unbreakable resilience, about finding humor when everything hurts, about the quiet dignity of chasing excellence simply because the challenge exists. Those friendships, forged in the heat of competition and sealed in the laughter of backstage moments, remain some of the most cherished of my life.

Looking back, those years with the Strongman crew stand as a powerful living parable for the deeper truths I was only beginning to grasp about health, strength, and human potential. These athletes were not chasing mirrors or magazine covers. They pursued function, raw, undeniable power that served a real purpose: moving impossible objects, defying gravity, proving to themselves and each other what was possible. Their training was brutal, their discipline ironclad in its own way, their recovery treated as sacred as the lifts themselves.

Yet beneath all the spectacle of feats and records lay a quieter, more profound lesson. True strength is never only about the body. It lives in the spirit that fuels it, in the community that holds it up, in the humility that keeps it from becoming arrogance. Strength at its highest expression is never solitary. It is shared, supported, celebrated among those who understand both the cost and the reward.

The giants I worked with showed me that the heaviest burdens are lighter when carried together, that the loudest cheers come not from crowds but from brothers who know exactly what you just endured to earn them. Those years were a masterclass in what it truly means to be strong, and they left an imprint on me that time has never erased.

The Stockholm Years: Bridges Built, Lessons Learned, and the Pull of Home

While rooted in Stockholm and immersed in the steady rhythm of full-time work at the National Labor Board, I kept finding my way back to the modest offices of B&K Sports Magazine, Sweden's premier and only dedicated bodybuilding publication at the time. The space was small, but it buzzed with a special kind of creative fire: stacks of glossy proofs rising like towers on desks, the steady clack of keyboards filling the air, the rich aroma of fresh coffee drifting through. I spent countless hours there, especially in the company of my longtime friend Magnus Branzén, a true kindred spirit. Magnus was a dedicated gym rat, a technology enthusiast, and someone deeply passionate about innovative ways to share knowledge and build communities. Being welcomed into that world felt like stepping into a living workshop of inspiration.

There I soaked up the craft of print magazine production, a world far more demanding and tactile than the digital realm I knew so well. Holding a freshly printed issue in your hands carried a weight, a permanence, a sense of accomplishment that pixels on a screen could never fully match. I absorbed every detail: the art of professional photography, the subtle magic of studio lighting that made muscles leap off the page and skin take on a warm, glowing sheen, the careful editorial dance of selecting images, crafting captions, laying out pages, and racing against unforgiving print deadlines. Each issue became a physical artifact, a celebration in ink and paper of the sport and lifestyle we cherished.

I remain profoundly grateful to the entire B&K team for their generosity. They opened their doors to an eager outsider, allowing me to linger, observe, ask endless questions, and learn without ever making me feel like an intruder. In return, I gave back however I could. I worked their booths at every major fitness expo, assisted with photoshoots both in the studio and on location, and covered competitions as a writer and photographer. Those contributions were never about keeping score; they were genuine expressions of thanks. And in giving, more doors opened: introductions to athletes, coaches, promoters, and industry figures whose stories, insights, and friendships would enrich my path for years to come.

In 1999, Magnus and I pushed our collaboration further. Together we launched Sweden's first comprehensive online bodybuilding discussion board, integrated right into the B&K website. We started with Infopop’s Ultimate Bulletin Board software and later upgraded to the powerful vBulletin when it was released in 2001. At that moment, online forums were still rare in Sweden. Most fitness conversations unfolded face-to-face in gyms, at competitions, or through the pages of print magazines. Our board changed everything almost overnight. It became a vibrant digital gathering place where athletes, coaches, fans, and newcomers could exchange knowledge freely, debate training philosophies passionately, share

detailed training journals, receive real-time feedback, and forge connections across the country. The growth was explosive: hundreds of users quickly became thousands. It felt like a small revolution, clear evidence that people craved unfiltered dialogue, not just polished articles.

Around the same period, I also became involved with a more specialized, truly underground forum called Powerboard. This members-only platform fearlessly explored topics rarely touched in mainstream circles: performance-enhancing substances, advanced protocols, and the real-world application of pharmacology for serious competitive athletes. In 1999, such a secretive, encrypted setup was technically sophisticated and rare. I contributed for several years under the alias AcesHigh, primarily moderating discussions, steering conversations away from dangerous recklessness, and ensuring information flowed responsibly. Those late-night threads were raw, candid, sometimes heated, pushing boundaries on what could be discussed openly. My role was never to judge, but to protect: to ground the dialogue in physiology, endocrinology, and safety, drawing from years of coaching elite athletes and independent study. Since I participated anonymously and for free, it was simply another way to educate, to help beginners avoid grave mistakes, to offer guidance where it was most needed and to keep a finger on the pulse of the underground bodybuilding and sports scene.

Amid this whirlwind of professional shifts and creative energy, early 1999 brought a quieter, deeply personal milestone. My mother and her new husband completed their move from my grandfather’s sprawling family farmstead to a beautiful new estate of their own: Ragvaldsberg. This was more than a change of address; it marked a deliberate new chapter, a symbol of renewal and independence after years of shared family stewardship. Ragvaldsberg offered a fresh start, a place where my mother could pursue her lifelong passion for the land and livestock entirely on her own terms. The estate was generous: rolling fields stretching under open skies, mature trees whispering in the breeze, peaceful seclusion that invited long, thoughtful walks and deep breaths of fresh air. For me, it quickly became a cherished refuge, a countryside escape where I could escape the city's constant hum and reconnect with something ancient, grounding, and true.

Even after leaving Siemens to join the National Labor Board, I stayed close with several former field teammates. Fredrik Engberg and Jessica M stood out especially. Fredrik and I bonded over problem-solving, tech deep dives, and late-night LAN gaming sessions. Jessica brought a bright, curious energy, always eager to learn; she would call from the road and we would talk for hours. As our friendship grew, Jessica began joining me at fitness expos, promotional events, bodybuilding shows, and Strongman competitions. She helped with setup, photography, logistics, and her interest in computers, the emerging internet, and the entire fitness world deepened naturally. She had a sharp eye for detail and a genuine hunger to expand her skills across everything I pursued outside the office: Ironmag, online communities, journalism through reporting and photography, and coaching.

One unforgettable adventure came when Ove Rytter invited us to the very first filming of The Gladiators in Sweden, a high-energy TV spectacle of strength, agility, and entertainment that drew massive crowds, with Ove himself as one of the commentators. The studio pulsed with lights, cameras, roaring audiences, and raw excitement. But afterward, instead of rushing back to the city, we detoured to Ragvaldsberg. The shift was profound: the electric chaos of production melted into the gentle hush of the countryside, the scent of fresh grass, distant sheep calls, wind rustling through trees. My mother tended to her hundreds of sheep with the same quiet dedication as always, while her husband had introduced a thriving herd of cows, adding new life and rhythm to the land. A lively Springer Spaniel bounded everywhere with boundless joy, and cats patrolled the barns like silent guardians.

1999, Ragvaldsbeg, the new family estate.

Ragvaldsberg soon became far more than a family home; it transformed into a true sanctuary. There I could breathe deeply, walk the fields lost in thought, lend a hand with practical work like installing a new wired fence for the sheep, and feel the steady, grounding presence of animals and earth. Surrounded by grazing sheep under vast skies and the contented mooing of cows, I was reminded that health is not forged only in gyms or through precise nutrition. It is also nurtured in stillness, in connection to nature, in the simple, timeless act of caring for living creatures. The farm had been my first teacher; now Ragvaldsberg continued the education: true strength lies in balance, knowing when to push hard and when to pause, when to strive and when to simply exist.

Throughout those Stockholm years, I also pursued more formal knowledge, enrolling in courses on personal training, nutrition, and weightlifting instruction. Much of the

material felt familiar, echoing conventional wisdom I had long moved beyond. Yet the real gems were practical: refined lifting techniques that boosted efficiency while minimizing injury risk, and hands-on mastery of the Harpenden skinfold caliper, the trusted standard for precise body fat measurement. In early 2000, I added deep-tissue massage training to my toolkit, a skill I would use extensively with competitive clients. Beyond easing tightness, it separated muscle bellies for sharper definition and that coveted stage "pop," while boosting blood flow, speeding recovery, and supporting overall muscle growth. Those tactile abilities became enduring tools, valuable not just for athletes but for anyone seeking a deeper understanding of their own body.

Those Stockholm years served as a true crucible of growth. By day, I navigated corporate and governmental systems with precision. By night and on weekends, I built bridges: between people, ideas, and untapped possibilities. Knowledge, I learned, flourishes not in isolation but in community, in shared curiosity, in the courage to question and the generosity to share. Like a river that grows deeper and stronger with every tributary it welcomes, I was enriched by every connection, every collaboration, every quiet lesson absorbed under the glow of a screen or the flash of studio lights. The foundation laid in those years, technical, creative, and deeply relational, would prove vital when the storms of 2017 and 2018 arrived. Even then, amid the city's hum and the warmth of new friendships, I was being quietly prepared for a purpose far larger than I could yet imagine. The path unfolded one conversation, one photograph, one late-night forum post at a time.

Mid-1999: Collaborations, Quiet Revolutions, and the Seeds of a Lasting Legacy

By the middle of 1999, Stockholm had become more than a place of work and routine; it had turned into a vibrant hub where my network kept expanding in unexpected and meaningful ways. One of the most significant connections came when I met Fredrik Paulún, one of Sweden's most respected and forward-thinking nutritionists of that era, a man who carried the heart of a dedicated bodybuilder beneath his analytical mind. Our paths had already brushed against each other through my frequent visits to the offices of B&K Sports Magazine, where Fredrik was a regular contributor and a figure of quiet, respected authority. One day he reached out with an invitation to his home, eager to discuss a project that immediately sparked my curiosity.

The concept was both ambitious and deeply practical: a PC-based software program built specifically for athletes who wanted to track their workouts, log their meals, and calculate nutritional values with precision and ease, all in real time. In those days, most lifters still relied on battered handwritten notebooks or cumbersome early

spreadsheets. A dedicated, intuitive tool that could live on any computer or laptop felt genuinely revolutionary.

The software would come preloaded with hundreds of popular food items, complete with accurate nutritional data, and it allowed users to add their own entries effortlessly. Björn Morén, a talented programmer with an exceptional sense of usability, led the core development. Much of the content, from detailed exercise descriptions to practical nutritional breakdowns and real-world guidance, came from Swedish bodybuilding legend Fredrik Age, whose decades of stage experience gave the project authentic credibility. I was invited to contribute to the conceptual heart of it all: shaping an interface that felt natural and motivating for serious lifters, designing progress tracking that inspired consistency rather than frustration, and presenting nutritional information in ways that encouraged intelligent choices without tipping into obsession. It was true collaboration, like fitting together the pieces of a complex puzzle where every contribution sharpened the final picture.

By late 1999 the first version was ready. Din Personliga Tränare, or "Your Personal Trainer," launched on CD-ROM, a physical product users could install, carry, and rely on daily. It was clean, functional, and remarkably ahead of its time. A few years later, as technology and internet access evolved, the software received a comprehensive update and a sleek rebranding as TrainersLab, extending its life and influence even further.

That same late summer brought another powerful milestone for Ironmag. We published one of the earliest and most influential articles on intermittent fasting written specifically for bodybuilders: Animalbolics. The piece came from "Animal" himself, originally shared on Usenet forums, and we gave it a prominent, uncensored home on our site. The protocol was strikingly simple yet profoundly effective: a modest pre-workout meal taken forty-five to sixty minutes before training, followed by one or two substantial post-workout meals, with the rest of the day dedicated to fasting. The article resonated immediately. It spread like wildfire through the bodybuilding community, sparking endless discussions, adaptations, and references that continue to this day. For many readers, it was their first glimpse that fasting and muscle growth were not enemies, that strategic periods of abstinence could live in harmony with hypertrophy when approached with intelligence and respect for the body's rhythms.

Around the same period, I forged a deep and lasting friendship with Lars Fairing of Fairing Nutrition. Lars was a thoughtful, meticulous entrepreneur driven by a genuine passion for creating high-quality products that served athletes across all sports, not just bodybuilding. Together we collaborated on the creation of Complete Protein, a carefully engineered multi-source protein powder that blended whey, casein, egg, and other premium sources in precise ratios to deliver a full spectrum of amino acids with optimized absorption timing. In the late 1990s, most protein powders were basic, single-source affairs, often padded with fillers, carbs, and artificial additives, marketed more on hype than substance. Complete Protein broke that mold. With

over eighty-seven percent protein purity and a foundation built on science rather than slogans, it earned a devoted following among serious athletes who valued real quality over flashy packaging. Working alongside Lars was a genuine pleasure; his integrity, attention to detail, and commitment to excellence mirrored the emerging principles I was beginning to hold dear.

These collaborations throughout 1999 were far more than professional achievements; they were quiet affirmations of a path I was walking with growing confidence. Each project, whether a pioneering software tool, a groundbreaking article on fasting, or a superior nutritional product, represented a step toward something larger: the conviction that health, performance, and truthful knowledge could be shared openly, responsibly, and with lasting impact.

Think of an old river carving its way through the landscape. At first it flows alone, steady but narrow. Then, one by one, smaller streams join it: a clear spring from the hills, a steady tributary from the forest, a rushing creek from the valley. Each addition widens the flow, deepens the current, strengthens the river without changing its essential direction. In those years, my work began to draw in exactly such tributaries: people of skill, integrity, and shared vision who widened the stream together. Fredrik Paulún's home, the bustling offices of B&K, Lars Fairing's product lab, these were not isolated stops. They were points of convergence where ideas, friendships, technologies, and a deepening commitment to truth over convenience flowed into one another.

The late 1990s marked a time of quiet but powerful convergence. Those moments of discussion, creation, and connection were threads in a larger tapestry, one that would continue to weave itself through triumphs, challenges, and the slow, steady unveiling of what human health truly demands. The legacy being built was not loud or flashy; it was solid, purposeful, and rooted in the simple act of helping others see more clearly, perform better, and live more fully in their own bodies. The foundation was taking shape, one collaboration, one idea, one honest exchange at a time.

A New Home, Fresh Bonds, and the Steady Pulse of 2000

By the dawn of the new millennium, the flat in Solna that had originally belonged to my maternal grandfather no longer felt like home. It had served its purpose: convenient location, familiar walls, a place to land after long days. But complications had crept in over time. My uncle also lived there on and off, renting from my grandfather, and our overlapping presence, however well-intentioned, created subtle frictions. Privacy became elusive, especially when he unexpectedly arrived without warning, bursting through the door at the worst moments. The arrangement had run its course. I was ready for something new, a space that could truly belong to me and support the life I was building.

The timing aligned beautifully with encouragement from three close friends, Jessica, Fredrik and his partner Madeleine, all of them living in Haninge, a quieter, more spacious municipality on the southern edge of Stockholm (about 80% is water.) They spoke of cleaner air, slower rhythms, easier access to green spaces, and the simple freedom of a fresh start. Fredrik's mother, who held a senior position at one of the county's major rental companies, quietly pulled strings and secured an apartment for me. It was a small but deeply kind gesture that smoothed the entire move and made the transition feel almost effortless.

Stepping into Haninge in early 2000 felt like crossing into a new season. The air carried the scent of pine and earth rather than exhaust. The pace softened. Trees lined the streets, parks unfolded nearby, and the city's constant hum faded into a gentle background. Almost immediately I found my way to Haninge Hälsostudio, a local gym with a warm, welcoming soul and a loyal clientele of serious lifters. The owners recognized my background in fitness and my growing presence online through Ironmag. In exchange for helping them establish a basic website and internet presence, still a rare and valuable service for small businesses in 2000, they offered me free membership and genuine goodwill. The deal was straightforward, reciprocal, and perfect. Training became seamless again, no fees, no barriers, just consistent iron and sweat.

One of the greatest gifts of the new gym was meeting Mikael Gustafsson, who quickly became a close friend and training partner. What made our bond even more special was the discovery that we shared the exact same birthday, down to the year, month, and day. It felt like one of those rare, playful coincidences life tosses in to remind you it has a sense of humor. Mikael and I slipped into an effortless rhythm: pushing each other through heavy sets, spotting one another on big lifts, exchanging ideas about programming and recovery, laughing through the grind. Training with someone who matched your intensity and spoke the same language turned every session into a shared adventure rather than solitary work. On some days, Swedish future champion bodybuilder Peter Österberg would join us, adding even more fire to the mix.

The year 2000 unfolded with relentless forward momentum. In February I upgraded my camera, trading the old Olympus for the newly released Nikon Coolpix 990, a $999 marvel with a 3.34-megapixel CCD sensor that was among the highest-resolution consumer digital cameras available. It proved more than capable for documenting events, competitions, and my own training progress for Ironmag.

My days remained anchored at the National Labor Board, where I managed IT projects, coordinated teams, and steadily built a reputation for reliability, clarity, and technical depth. Evenings and weekends belonged to Ironmag and coaching: primarily bodybuilders and Strongman athletes seeking guidance on nutrition, programming, and recovery. I took no real vacation that year, nor in most years around that time. The pace was demanding, but it was chosen, purposefully. When

you love the work, it stops feeling like labor. It simply becomes what you do, what you want to do, without the weight of pressure.

Autumn of 2020, Jessica at the Twinlab Event, Magnus Branzén, Rose, and Ove Rytter at the Twinlab Event, Johan Oldenmark and Jessica at the Twinlab Night Party with Roger Zapfe to the right. And my mother and Jessica at Ragvaldsberg.

Summer weekends offered precious moments of escape. Jessica and I often drove to Ragvaldsberg, the new family estate, where the countryside air, open fields, and quiet rhythm of rural life provided a reset nothing in the city could match. We also attended the annual Twinlab party in Solna, a lively gathering filled with friends and industry figures like Johan Oldenmark, Roger Zapfe, Fredrik Age, and others. Stories flowed, laughter rang out, and the camaraderie felt effortless, born from years of shared passion for the iron. A week later came the grand opening of the new nJoy gym chain, where we were joined by Magnus Branzén, Alexander Jilkhe, and Kristina Fredriksson from B&K Sports Magazine. Magnus and Kristina could not resist; they tested every machine with childlike enthusiasm, turning the event into pure fun.

In late October I represented B&K at the Scandinavian Fitness Expo, working the booth and soaking in the crowd's energy. Jessica joined me again, experiencing the expo from behind the scenes and helping with the booth. That event peaked with the Evening of Legends party, a night that crackled with inspiration. There I met Andreas Cahling for the first time; a living legend whose physique and philosophy left a deep impression. I shared conversations with icons like Mats Kardell, Big James Roberts, and many other luminaries of the sport. Those events, and especially the late-night VIP-gatherings were electric, reminders that the pursuit of strength and health is a lifelong journey walked alongside a global tribe.

October 27-29, 2020, Jessica and I at the Scandinavian Fitness Expo, working for B&K Sports Magazine and Ironmag. Fredrik Age and I, and then Alan Bergström, Andreas Cahling and I at the Evening of Legends.

To strengthen our team at the expo, I invited a newly discovered friend from the online forums, Janna Lennerup, to assist and to serve as photographer during the Evening of Legends. We bonded quickly over those intense days, and Janna became someone I could count on again and again in the years ahead.

As tradition demanded, I attended B&K's annual Lucia Celebration at their office on December 13th. That night Ove Rytter introduced me to Per Tesch, a professor of physiology at the Karolinska Institute who had conducted groundbreaking research on skeletal muscle adaptations to weightlifting since 1978. Tesch had also served as a consultant to Olympic teams and worked closely with elite athletes across sports. The evening also gave me time to speak more freely with the new TV Gladiators Kim Justin (Zeke) and Linda Ekwall (Indra,) who would become close friends in the coming year. Other notable guests included Swedish and European champion Fredrik Age, rising mass monster Peter Möllerström, and TV Gladiator Elin Sundell (Amber.)

Like a river that draws strength from every tributary it welcomes along its course, 2000 became a year of beautiful convergence. Work offered stability. Training gave purpose. Friendships brought joy. The emerging online world provided a platform to share what I was discovering. The rhythm was intense, but it was mine, shaped by an inner conviction that the human body, when truly understood and nourished, could achieve far more than most people ever dared to imagine. The path continued to unfold, steady and sure, one lift, one friendship, one quiet revelation at a time.

2001: The Rise of Ironman Magazine and the Unbreakable Spirit of Creation

The early months of 2001 marked one of the most decisive turns in my professional life. My work on the discussion board for B&K Sports Magazine had begun to draw attention far beyond the usual circle of dedicated readers and contributors. Henrik Eiselt, the founder of Eiselt Nutrition, had been quietly following my posts for some time. He appreciated the depth of knowledge, the clarity, and the straightforward, no-nonsense approach I brought to every topic. He also knew about my years of effort with B&K and the steady growth of Ironmag. Henrik was in the midst of launching the Swedish edition of Ironman Magazine, a publication with a rich, global legacy in the bodybuilding world, and he needed an editor-in-chief capable of infusing it with credibility, fresh vision, and real authority. After several thoughtful conversations, in March 2001 I accepted the role and handed in my resignation at the National Labor Board.

The choice was far from easy. Walking away from a stable government position with predictable hours, benefits, and security felt like stepping off solid ground into open air. Yet the pull proved irresistible. This was an opportunity to shape a major print

magazine in Sweden, to reach a much wider audience, and to deepen my involvement in the industry that had become my true calling. The new venture placed me in a friendly but genuine rivalry with my former colleagues and friends at B&K Sports Magazine. The competition, however, remained amicable and even supportive. Ove Rytter, the owner of B&K, encouraged me with genuine warmth, telling me to spread my wings and discover how far I could soar. Ove has always been a steadfast friend, a man who juggles countless projects yet somehow always carves out time for a meaningful conversation. Whenever I visited their editorial offices and he was there, he would call me upstairs for a catch-up. Those talks, filled with encouragement, hard-earned industry wisdom, time-tested advice, and the kind of sharp humor that slices through pretense, became a vital source of inspiration during one of the most intense periods of my career.

Since Eiselt Nutrition was primarily a supplement company, Henrik and I saw a natural synergy waiting to be built. Together we created Kolozzeum, an integrated platform that combined an online shop, an informational hub, and a vibrant discussion board. The goal was clear: promote the new Ironman edition, launch a fresh line of affordable Kolozzeum-branded supplements, and draw in a dedicated community through high-quality content and open, honest dialogue.

Drawing on my established reputation, we positioned Kolozzeum as the central gathering place for serious lifters and athletes across Scandinavia. While the online store performed respectably, the discussion board took off almost immediately. It grew into the largest and most active fitness forum in Sweden, a living, breathing community where knowledge flowed freely, debates burned hot and passionate, and real friendships formed across cities and borders. To this day, Kolozzeum stands as a prominent fixture in the Scandinavian fitness landscape, a standalone success that far exceeded our most hopeful expectations.

Running Ironman Magazine proved both exhilarating and relentless. The editorial team was lean: just me, Henrik, a part-time contributor, and a designer who stepped in when it was time to assemble the issue. At the same time, we managed the Eiselt supplement line and oversaw Kolozzeum's explosive growth. The schedule was tight, the demands constant. During this whirlwind I made the painful decision to put Ironmag on ice. Time had become too scarce, and my Canadian collaborators, Christian Thibaudeau and Eric Hesse, had moved on to exciting new chapters: Christian signed with T-mag (Testosterone Nation,) while Eric joined Iovate, the parent company of MuscleTech. Letting go of Ironmag felt like closing a beloved chapter that had defined so much of my early online identity, but it was necessary to pour everything into the new venture.

Each morning, I would get up around 4:30 am, leave home at 5 am, travel by tram from Haninge to Barkarby, the opposite side of Stockholm and a ride of about 45 minutes. And every morning I first stopped by Fairing Gym to get an early 6 am workout with the owner and long-time friend Lasse Fairing. Then I would arrive at the Eiselt and Ironman office around 7:30 and work until 5 pm and be home again

around 6 pm. On weekends I trained at my beloved Haninge Hälsostudio. While the days were long, I savored every minute.

On April 1st, Swedish bodybuilding legend Johan Oldenmark invited me to accompany him to Enköping for a little training seminar. On site I met up with friends Martin Bergström and Jimmy Knutsson. The gym was crowded and I transformed the weekend into a little note for our bodybuilding gossip column in Ironman. A win-win. A week later I celebrated my 27th birthday at Ragvaldsberg with Jessica, my brother, Elin, and childhood friend Fredrik Blomquist.

Weeks later, on April 21-22, it was time for the Swedish Bodybuilding National Championships in Solna and Ironman had its first exhibition booth, showing off the first editions of the magazine while selling t-shirts and some training related items. While Henrik helped out for a few hours on Saturday, and most of Sunday, and I covered the competitions, Jessica and I managed the booth during breaks allowing me to talk with the audience at the competition. Although I've only been at the helm for a month and published one issue of the magazine, the response from the fans of bodybuilding was overwhelmingly positive, and I was hooked.

April 21, 2001, Jessica and I at our Ironman expo booth during the Swedish National Championships in Bodybuilding.

During Sunday, my newly found friends Kim Justin (Zeke) and Linda Ekwall (Indra,) from the Swedish TV Gladiator show, including their two Siberian Huskies and also Roger Zapfe (Atlas,) helped and drew some extra attention to our small booth.

My work with Ironman took me to remarkable places. I traveled to World Champion Strongman Magnus Samuelsson's farm for an in-depth interview and training reportage, conducted in the home gym he had built inside a barn. Our paths had crossed at various Strongman events before, so the visit felt like a warm, familiar reunion filled with laughter and shared stories.

I also covered the Swedish Strongman National Championships during August 25-26 where my friendship with many of the athletes deepened even further as it was a sport that got very little media coverage in Sweden. To commit further, I travelled to Sundsvall to document a day in the life of powerlifter and up and coming strongman Anders Johansson who went on to set several notable strongman event records, including a max Hummer Tire Deadlift of 379 kg (836 lbs) achieved at the 2004 Arnold's Strongest Man contest, a max Log Lift record of 170 kg (375 lbs) during the 2002 Sweden Grand Prix, and a max Axle Press record of 160 kg (353 lbs) at the 2003 Hawaii Grand Prix. He also became a dominant force in Sweden's Strongest Man competition, winning the title three times consecutively from 2006 to 2008 while taking home four international titles.

On September 22, my childhood friends Bengt Johansson and Fredrik Blomquist visited us in Haninge, bringing a flood of memories and laughter. Although giving me a nice break from the fitness world, they mostly occupied my computer setups accessing Usenet for warez and stuff.

The pinnacle of that year came at the 2001 Scandinavian Fitness Expo. Henrik, Jessica, and I manned our exhibition booth with pride and excitement. I brought in Janna Lennerup once again as my event photographer; she shadowed me like a trusted ally, capturing candid moments as I struck up conversations with stars of the sport, industry veterans, and everyday enthusiasts. I also invited friends Martin Bergström and Carl Helgesson to represent Ironman and Kolozzeum. The response was overwhelming. For the first time in Sweden, two dedicated magazines were actively covering the fitness world: bodybuilding, weight training, nutrition, and the culture that surrounded it all. The public embraced the diversity and our efforts. Many called Ironman a breath of fresh air, a publication that spoke directly to serious lifters without fluff or pandering. People lined up to talk, shake hands, share their personal journeys, and ask for photos. This time I could really feel the direct, human impact of my work, not just through distant forum posts or emails, but face-to-face, in the pulse of real time. It was humbling, energizing, and deeply affirming.

That weekend kicked off on October 26 and in the evening Henrik and I were invited by Ove Rytter to join the 20th birthday of B&K Sports Magazine who was about to be rebranded as BODY Magazine. The table-sized cake was carried by Swedish

legendary bodybuilder Ingvar Larsson and Norwegian national champion bodybuilder Jostein Ødegården.

October 27, 2021, the Ironman crew at the Scandinavian Fitness Expo: Carl Helgesson, Jessica, Martin Bergström and I (bulking up and getting fat.) Photo by Janna Lennerup.

On November 11 I was invited to the opening ceremony of Solna Sports Park, a new gym close to where I lived a few years prior. I was greeted by Ove's brother Mats Rytter and introduced to Bo Martin Erik Erikson, the Swedish Eurodance music artist known as E-Type, and avid gym-goer that really enjoyed Ironman.

Until then we had relied on stock photos from the American Ironman Magazine and my trusty Nikon Coolpix 990, but as our presence expanded we invested in the Canon EOS D30, Canon's first purpose-built digital SLR, priced at a reasonable three thousand dollars. It marked the dawn of truly professional digital photography. I put it to the test, paired with a sharp 70-200mm f/2.8 lens, during the December Cupen and Ove Rytter's Lucia Pokalen competitions. What made that weekend even more special was watching my friend and training partner Mikael Gustafsson compete in the heavyweight division at Luciapokalen. Seeing him step onto the stage filled me with pride.

That same weekend I conducted a photoshoot and training report with Norwegian professional bodybuilders Jostein Odegarden and Tommi "Glutezilla" Thorvildsen. We laughed through the session, pushing limits and capturing raw moments of effort. Little did I know then that our paths would cross again in just a few short years.

Late autumn of 2001, me doing some advertisement for Haninge Hälsostudio, artist E-Type enjoying Ironman, my friend and training partner Mikael Gustafsson at Lucia Pokalen and Tommi “Glutezilla” Thorvildsen and Jostein Odegarden during a photo shoot.

On December 22 came a heartfelt invitation to Linda Ekwall’s twenty-eighth birthday party, held at the TV5 building in Stockholm. The room brimmed with current stars of the fitness industry. The evening unfolded with specially prepared, “spiced up” fitness food and desserts, endless conversations, and waves of laughter. It was the perfect, joyful close to a year of relentless creation, before I retreated to my family to celebrate Christmas in quiet warmth.

Looking back on 2001, it stands as a testament to the unbreakable spirit of creation. When you follow a calling that resonates deep within, doing what your truly love, even the hardest leaps become steps forward. Like a blacksmith who leaves the safety of the forge's familiar heat to hammer iron in the open air, I had stepped into uncertainty, shaped something new, and discovered that the fire within burns brightest when the work matters most. While that year was not without sacrifice, it

was rich with purpose, creativity, connection, and the quiet thrill of building something lasting. The momentum had been set, and the path ahead, though demanding, felt alive with possibility.

2002: Victories, Shattered Bones, and the Twilight of Ironman

January 15 marked a fresh chapter at Haninge Hälsostudio when Jessica stepped into a part time role there, thanks to my introduction to the owners. Her arrival infused the place with an added sense of warmth and closeness. She watched over me and Mikael Gustafsson with a playful fondness, reminding us to act like well-behaved boys whenever our energy spilled over into mischief, all while nurturing the welcoming vibe that turned the studio into a true haven rather than merely another fitness center.

Just days afterward, I reconnected with Norwegian professional bodybuilder Geir Borgan Paulsen for a training feature, this time with the promising newcomer Peter Möllerström by our side. Peter was gearing up for his debut competition in mere months, but he matched Geir's imposing, seasoned frame with remarkable poise. Observing them push through the workout together served as a vivid lesson that true excellence often starts in quiet obscurity, gathering strength until it emerges fully formed into the spotlight. The air buzzed with raw determination during that session, and the images we snapped channeled that vibrant spark directly onto the pages of Ironman Magazine, inspiring readers to chase their own peaks.

On February 2, I stopped by to celebrate my brother's 25th birthday. As always, I gravitated toward the children, diving into games and silliness. Especially lively were Erik and Sofia, the kids of my brother’s wife Elin's sister. Sofia, in particular, kept up a near daily stream of messages on Messenger, sharing tales from the quaint town of Arboga, and later, as the years progressed, about school struggles and the mysteries of boys. It became a delightful escape from my daily grind and duties, allowing me to step into the shoes of a big brother figure, a keeper of confided secrets much like a trusted diary.

A week later came an unexpected gift from Roger Skoglund, who owned Nutrition Outlet and had recently become an advertiser for our magazine. He shared exclusive photographs and a personal account from the Arnold Classic in the United States. This treasure let us break free from just repurposing stories from the American Ironman version. Instead, we delivered something intimate, original, and infused with a Scandinavian touch. That generous gesture, combined with an invitation to cover Nutrition Outlet's Grand Prix Bodybuilding competition in April and travelling with the athletes, planted the seeds of a genuine friendship that would grow strong over time.

Early 2002, bulking up and getting fat, playing with Sofia and Erik during my brother's birthday, and doing a photo shoot with Geir Borgan Paulsen.

February 22, 2002, brought me to Linköping for a prominent Strongman competition. My friend Anders Axklo, a familiar voice as a commentator on Eurosport and TV3, caught sight of me among the spectators. Bursting with his signature zeal, he pulled me onto the stage for what was supposed to be a fun, off the cuff arm wrestling demo against world champion Andreas Rundström to energize the start of the show. What followed became one of the most painful chapters of my life.

I had no inkling that the asthma drugs I had relied on since my childhood had impaired my stretch reflex, that vital neuromuscular safeguard that protects muscles and tendons from sudden and extreme overload. As Andreas and I locked arms and battled back and forth, I committed everything to one powerful surge, relying solely on raw muscle force. The result was instant and devastating: a clean spiral fracture

of my upper arm bone. The sound of that sickening crack still echoes in my memory, sharp and unmistakable, followed by the gasp from the audience and a wave of shock that swept through the arena. My friend and World Champion Strongman Magnus Samuelsson were there in an instant, carefully supporting my shattered arm as he guided me offstage, minimizing further damage to the surrounding soft tissue. The injury was severe. It required resetting the bone under anesthesia, a heavy weighted cast to keep the fragments aligned because of my muscular build, and a long, grueling recovery. For the next month sleep became nearly impossible. I spent night after night propped upright on the sofa, surrounded by pillows, trying to find even a few minutes of rest through the relentless pain; averaging one to three hours of fragmented sleep a night.

Still, the world kept turning and I had to work. By mid-April, arm encased in that unwieldy plaster, I honored Roger's invite to the Nutrition Outlet Grand Prix. The event unfolded over two days, first in Stockholm, then in Strömstad. I journeyed with Roger and a group of the featured athletes, documenting the Stockholm leg while teaming up with Fredrik Boson, once known as Carlsson, for the Strömstad coverage. In a quiet interlude, we dined with Fredrik and his partner Eva, sparking a budding friendship rooted in easy banter and shared love for the sport. My reliable friend Janna Lennerup stepped in as my photography assistant, her keen vision and reliable composure seizing shots that might have slipped past me. Fredrik and I exchanged plenty of jokes throughout the weekend, and it felt clear that our professional paths would cross again in meaningful ways.

Throughout April and May, Roger called several times to discuss a bold new initiative he had named The Talent Hunt, or Talangjakten in Swedish. The concept was refreshingly ambitious: select ten complete amateur beginners, people who had never stepped on a competitive stage, and provide them with full sponsorship and comprehensive support for six months. Every detail would be covered: training programs, nutrition plans, posing coaching, stage presence, mental preparation, everything needed to guide them toward a successful debut at a bodybuilding or fitness competition.

It was a brilliant marketing strategy, but more than that, it was a genuine investment in the future of the sport. The program echoed the transformative spirit of the Body of Work (later rebranded as Body for Life) challenge created by my old acquaintances Bill and Shawn Phillips in the mid-to-late 1990s. Back then, Bill had used a nationwide transformation contest to showcase the alleged power of EAS supplements, inspiring thousands to change their bodies and lives. Roger’s Talent Hunt took a similar ethos but made it more specialized and intimate, focusing on raw, unpolished potential and turning it into stage-ready excellence. It served as the perfect platform to highlight Nutrition Outlet’s products while simultaneously demonstrating the real-world expertise of the coaches involved. Most importantly, it injected fresh blood into the Swedish bodybuilding scene, giving new athletes a real shot at the stage they might never have otherwise had.

As editor of Ironman, I could not participate directly, but I supported the idea wholeheartedly and contributed through our conversations, helping shape its vision and structure.

On May 31 I met the ten chosen athletes at Delta Gym in Stockholm to document the launch of the very first Talent Hunt edition. From the moment I walked in, I sensed Roger was onto something truly special, something that could grow into a powerful force in the Swedish fitness scene. Among the talents stood Lars Eriksson and Pia Jansson. Pia caught my attention immediately. Her physique was already impressive, her energy boundless, and I knew she would leave a lasting mark on the world of fitness and bodybuilding in Scandinavia. Other notable participants included Thomas Askeland who would go on and win the Norwegian Bodybuilding Championships and Maria Eriksson, who would go on to win numerous trophies and eventually become a respected judge in the sport, bringing the same dedication and grace to officiating that she showed as a competitor. Among the coaches was an old acquaintance, the ever-smiling giant Peter Möllerström.

The following day I accompanied Roger to the grand opening of their new supplement store in Uppsala. There I met Pia again, and our friendship began to deepen naturally. The guest list included the extraordinary bodybuilder Gabriel “Gabby” Oyemade, likely Sweden's largest at the time, who also trained at Haninge Hälsostudio, though at different hours, so our paths had only crossed a handful of times. Swedish TV-Gladiator Anna Larsson, known as Blade and sponsored by Nutrition Outlet, brought her bright presence to the celebration as well.

Despite my determination to keep working from home and handling some fieldwork with one arm in a cast, which was no easy task but I never let it hold me back, the strain on Ironman Magazine grew impossible to ignore. Our editorial team remained tiny: just me, Henrik, and one part-time contributor. At the same time, we managed the Eiselt supplement line and oversaw Kolozzeum's rapidly expanding forum and webshop. Securing advertisers proved increasingly challenging. Most had locked into year-long contracts with BODY Magazine and lacked the budget to support a second publication. The magazine had not yet turned a profit and relied partly on Kolozzeum sales to stay afloat.

In June 2002 the Swedish edition of Ironman Magazine came to an end. The closure felt poignant. We had poured endless energy, creativity, joy, and genuine passion into every issue over one and a half year. The work had allowed me to live daily in pursuit of something that truly fulfilled me. Even now, more than two decades later, I still meet people who speak fondly of the magazine, who tell me how it shaped their approach to training, nutrition, and the iron itself. After the closure I continued contributing sporadically to the Kolozzeum forum for about a year. Eventually my friend Lars Fairing acquired the discussion board, a smart business move that gave his Fairing Nutrition brand powerful exposure among serious lifters and nutrition enthusiasts.

Those years were a true whirlwind: creation, connection, consequence. Ironman and Kolozzeum were never just publications or platforms. They were living experiments in community-building, in sharing unfiltered knowledge, in challenging the comfortable status quo. Like a small ship setting sail into uncharted waters, we navigated by passion and principle, weathering sudden storms, discovering new horizons, and learning that the journey itself holds more meaning than any final port. The publications may have closed, but the spirit that drove them, the refusal to settle for mediocrity, the commitment to truth, and the pure joy of creation, lived on. They carried me forward, stronger and wiser, into the chapters yet to come.

Turning Twenty-Eight: Shadows of Pain, Light of Friendship, and the Quiet Strength of New Beginnings

April 7, 2002, marked my twenty-eighth birthday, a day that arrived wrapped in both physical discomfort and a deep, hard-won sense of gratitude. The spiral fracture in my upper arm, suffered onstage at that fateful Strongman event earlier in the year, still held me in its grip. The bone was knitting itself back together with stubborn slowness, encased in a heavy cast that served as a constant, visible reminder of vulnerability. Yet the celebration itself was small, intimate, and profoundly meaningful. It gathered a close circle of friends who had become something far more than companions, they had become family through the hardest stretches of my journey.

Jessica was there, as always, my steady anchor through every storm. Martin Bergström arrived with his partner, bringing the same warmth and easy laughter that had lightened so many days before. Simon Persson, the brilliant programmer who had poured countless hours into building and sustaining our online forums, came with his partner and their exuberant Cocker Spaniel. The dog bounded through the room with infectious joy, lifting every mood in an instant. Then there were Linda Ekwall and Kim Justin, two radiant souls from the fitness world and the Swedish Gladiators television show, who arrived with their two beautiful Siberian Huskies. The dogs added a wild, playful energy that turned the gathering into something alive and unforgettable.

We did not need extravagance. The evening was built on gratitude: quiet stories, shared laughter, and the unspoken recognition that we were celebrating not just another year, but survival, mine and ours together. The cast on my arm spoke of fragility. The people in that room spoke of something stronger: the unbreakable loyalty, the shared history, the deliberate choice to stand by one another when life grows brutal.

April 7, 2002, my 28th birthday: Linda Ekwall feeding Simon's Cocker Spaniel Ebbson, and at the bottom I'm opening wrapped gifts beside Kim Justin while Simon is checking in on the dogs beside the sofa.

Only a few months later, just weeks after the painful decision to close the Swedish edition of Ironman Magazine, tragedy struck with sudden and merciless force. Linda and Kim had been doing promotional work in the area and stopped by to visit Jessica and me. We spent a long, joyful evening together, talking about their online presence, their websites, future plans, and the next steps in their careers. Ideas flowed freely. Laughter came easily. Optimism filled the room. They left in high spirits, waving as their car disappeared into the night.

The next morning my friend Magnus Branzén from BODY Magazine called with news that shattered everything. Linda and Kim had been in a car crash on their way home.

They did not survive. The words landed like a physical blow to the chest. Only twelve hours earlier we had been together, alive, laughing, planning. Now they were gone. The loss was sudden, senseless, and so profound it carved a hollow space inside me that time has softened but never filled. Linda and Kim were more than colleagues or friends. They were vibrant, generous people who carried light wherever they went, who made every room brighter simply by being in it. Their absence still echoes, quiet but persistent, even now.

In the midst of that grief, life refused to stand still. It moved forward in unexpected, almost defiant ways. The years of relentless work with Ironmag, followed by Ironman and Kolozzeum, had inspired Jessica to carve her own path in technology. She had enrolled in an intensive one-year course in computer web programming and internet development, throwing herself into it with the same fierce determination she brought to everything she touched. She graduated with honors, a clear testament to her skill, focus, and quiet strength. Just a couple of weeks later, in late June 2002, Jessica and I launched our own web development studio, operating from my modest apartment in Haninge. It began small: two people, a handful of computers, a shared vision, and a lot of long days. Yet it felt like the most natural next step, a way to build something solid while I continued expanding my presence in the fitness world. I worked full-time to grow the studio, and in my spare time I kept coaching. Thanks to the reputation earned through Ironmag, Ironman, and Kolozzeum, clients never lacked. I focused mainly on bodybuilders and high-level Strongman competitors, the sports that still held a special place in my heart.

The summer of 2002 offered rare moments of peace amid the sorrow and transition. Jessica and I spent much of it in Dalarö, a historic maritime village in Haninge Municipality, just south of Stockholm. The village rests on a southwest headland, a natural gateway to the capital from the sea, known for its serene beauty: rugged rocky shorelines, dense pine forests, and endless opportunities to breathe deeply in nature. Staying there with my close friend and training partner Mikael Gustafsson and his family felt like a true gift. The days unfolded slowly and restoratively: long walks along the water’s edge, quiet evenings watching the sun sink over the archipelago, shared meals, and the simple comfort of being surrounded by people who truly mattered. Dalarö became a temporary haven, a place where the world’s noise faded away and healing could happen in small, gentle, unnoticed ways.

As the cast finally came off, I returned to Haninge Hälsostudio and began rebuilding my physique alongside my friends there. Within three weeks my emaciated arm had caught up. Within six weeks my entire body was back to where it had been before the accident. The progress felt like a small victory, proof that the body, when given time and care, can reclaim what it has lost.

Those months stood as a vivid study in contrasts: profound loss and quiet renewal, grief and gratitude, endings and beginnings. Like a forest after a fierce wildfire, where the ground lies blackened and scorched, yet beneath the ash new green shoots push upward, stubborn and full of life, so too did existence assert itself again.

The pain of losing Linda and Kim lingered, a shadow that would never fully lift. Yet in the midst of it, new roots took hold: a growing coaching practice, a fledgling web studio, friendships that deepened through shared sorrow, and the slow return of physical strength. Life, in its mysterious wisdom, continued to unfold, carrying forward the light of those we had lost while opening doors to whatever came next.

Late 2002 – Early 2003: Talent Hunt, New Horizons, and the Birth of Exhale

As Jessica and I began tackling the first handful of web development projects for our fledgling studio in Haninge, an unexpected opportunity arrived that would soon pull me back into the heart of the fitness world in a completely new way. As I now no longer was editor-in-chief and the navigator of an influential magazine, Roger Skoglund asked me to be part of the Talent Hunt project and since it aligned with my love for the sport and my ambition to continue to climb within the industry, I accepted without hesitation.

I took charge of developing the dedicated website, building it from scratch with clean design, clear navigation, and a focus on storytelling, where each athlete had their own blog to document the journey. I also managed the marketing efforts: promotional materials, social media outreach (still in its infancy, as in forums and websites,) and coordination with local gyms and publications including BODY Magazine. On the coaching side, I contributed where needed, offering input on training structures, nutritional strategies, and mindset preparation. Roger brought in Swedish bodybuilding standout Fredrik Boson (formerly Carlsson) as head coach, working alongside Peter Möllerström, marking yet another meaningful convergence of paths in my life. Nothing in this journey ever felt truly random; these connections, Fredrik, Roger, Pia, and so many others, felt like threads in a larger tapestry, weaving together at just the right moments to create something greater than the sum of its parts.

At the end of July 2002, we organized an intensive training camp for our newly selected talents at Kuseruds Gård, a picturesque and well-equipped facility that had long been a favorite training ground for Swedish strongmen. The air was thick with the clang of weights, the scent of pine (and grip chalk,) and the unmistakable camaraderie of athletes pushing their limits together. We invited several prominent figures from the sport to share their knowledge and inspire the group. Among them was, once again, IFBB Pro Bodybuilder Geir Borgan Paulsen, whose presence alone brought an aura of professionalism and quiet intensity. And to inspire the women, Norwegian Athletic Fitness champion Janne Johanssen joined for both training- and posing practice. We also brought in a nutritionist who advocated for a higher-fat approach, delivering engaging lectures on the critical role of omega-3 fatty acids and

quality animal fats in supporting performance, recovery, and overall health, ideas that were still considered somewhat revolutionary at the time.

As usual, to help me document and also be part of the gathering, I invited Janna, my good friend and longtime companion from the online forums. The camp was more than a training event; it was a crucible, where raw potential met expert guidance, where bonds were forged, and where each athlete began to glimpse what they were truly capable of.

It was during this intensive weekend that I truly bonded with Pia Jansson, forging a friendship that has endured through the years. Pia would go on and compete in bodybuilding and then transition to body fitness, racking up an impressive string of victories along the way, each one earned through relentless consistency and an unshakeable belief in her own potential.

I also met Johan Gustafsson, an upcoming fitness athlete who would go on and compete for 20+ years, and Anders Prinström who is ten years my senior. Anders is one of the kindest and most humble souls I have ever known in the sport, someone who truly lives for weightlifting, not for applause or accolades. He entered the competitive side in the sport at an older age but yet competed several times into his late 50’s, always bringing a quiet dignity, and has remained a steady, positive presence in the Swedish lifting community ever since.

In late September 2002, Nutrition Outlet opened a new store in Västerås, and my friend Pia Jansson relocated there to take on the role of store manager. On September 21, I attended the grand opening, a lively event filled with energy, product displays, and the excitement of a new chapter for the brand. Afterward, a small group of us stopped by the legendary Bjurhovda Athlete Club (BAK) for a workout with several of the Talent Hunt athletes. The atmosphere at BAK was electric, raw iron, chalk dust, heavy breathing, and the unspoken brotherhood of people who live for the grind. That visit planted a seed; BAK would later become a very special place in my heart, a sanctuary of sweat and steel where I would return again and again over the years.

A few months later, Nutrition Outlet made the strategic decision to relocate their headquarters to Västerås, consolidating operations and setting the stage for expansion. Roger approached me in late December with an ambitious new vision: launching an extreme sports magazine called Exhale All Sports Magazine. Unlike traditional fitness publications, this one would cover not only bodybuilding and weight training but also a wide range of physical, often overlooked disciplines, strongman, powerlifting, martial arts, ironman triathlon, adventure racing, mountain biking, motocross and more. It was a bold idea: to create a platform that celebrated human physical potential in all its forms, not just the aesthetic pursuits that dominated the industry.

I embraced the role of editor-in-chief without hesitation. In January 2003, I made the move from Haninge in Stockholm to Västerås, ready to dive into this new venture. Meanwhile, Fredrik Boson uprooted from Gothenburg to join the company full-time, focusing on the supplement division and sales. The relocation felt like the natural next step in a journey that had already taken me from farm fields to demo scene parties, from corporate IT to magazine editing. Each move had brought new challenges, new friendships, and new clarity about what truly mattered.

Mid-2002: me back at the gym, rebuilding; Pia Jansson watching Janna Lennerup practice her posing; and the crazy Kolozzeum gang at the Scandinavia Fitness Expo with Janne, Daniel, and, of course, "Clash" on the shoulders of "Oxen."

2003: The Whirlwind Year of Exhale, Endless Ambition, and the Inevitable Breaking Point

The year 2003 arrived like a storm that refused to break, a relentless, exhilarating, and ultimately exhausting force that swept me along at a pace I still find hard to believe when I look back on it today. I was working nearly around the clock, juggling far more roles than any one person should ever reasonably attempt to handle at once. It truly felt like being that daring circus performer who spins a dozen plates high in the air while balancing precariously on a unicycle and reciting poetry to the crowd below—every moment required absolute concentration, because one tiny misstep or fleeting lapse in attention could send the entire fragile structure crashing to the ground in an instant.

To make the transition from Stockholm as smooth and seamless as possible, I moved into a comfortable apartment that Roger and Ine from Nutrition Outlet had already rented and fully paid for in advance. The only real condition attached was that Roger's nephew, Stian Skoglund, would share the space with me. We got along remarkably well right from the very start, and living side by side I quickly began picking up Norwegian through our everyday conversations and shared routines. Stian himself had come to Sweden to discover his own path in life while assisting Roger however he could: moving products back and forth between the warehouse and the stores, filling customer orders, and tackling any practical task that needed attention. In truth, though, I barely spent any waking time in that apartment at all. It served mainly as a quiet place where I could collapse for just a few precious hours of sleep before the next unstoppable wave of demands pulled me right back into the whirlwind.

As editor-in-chief of the newly launched Exhale All Sports Magazine, I oversaw absolutely every detail of its production, with the dedicated help of Magda Gad, who also managed the bustling Nutrition Outlet store right in the heart of Stockholm. For every single issue, I personally wrote three to four in-depth feature articles, conducted thoughtful interviews with key figures in the industry, covered major events on the ground, and carefully proofread every page from cover to cover. We outsourced the design of our very first issue to a well-recommended magazine designer connected to the printing office. Unfortunately, the finished product turned out to be a complete disaster — neither Roger nor I could possibly stand behind it with any pride.

Fortunately, with my solid background in computer graphics, website design, product labels, and professional catalogs, Roger confidently suggested that I should take full control of the layout myself. From the second issue onward, I spent countless late nights alone in the office, handling the entire design and layout process single-handedly using Adobe InDesign. Each magazine easily stretched well over one hundred packed pages, making the task an enormous undertaking in every sense.

When the files were finally perfected and ready, I always made the personal trip to deliver them directly to the printers — a small but meaningful ritual that never failed to bring a quiet thrill of anticipation. In just a few short days, thousands of passionate readers across Sweden would hold the tangible result of those long, solitary hours in their own hands.

The response from everyone involved was overwhelmingly positive and genuinely encouraging. The skilled professionals at the printing office immediately wanted to know who had handled the striking design, commenting that they had never seen anything quite like it before. Readers echoed that same level of enthusiasm in their letters and feedback. Exhale quickly stood head and shoulders above every other magazine available in Sweden at that time. All the extra effort and dedication had clearly been worth every exhausting minute, even though it exacted a heavy personal toll that I could feel building week by week.

The magazine itself was only the most visible and public-facing layer of my ever-growing responsibilities. Beneath the surface lay a much deeper and far broader workload that demanded constant attention. I dove headfirst into developing and expanding Nutrition Outlet's own supplement line, personally designing the nutrition labels that appeared on every bottle and package, creating eye-catching advertisements to reach new customers, producing detailed catalogs that showcased the full range, and collaborating closely with our trusted Belgian partner, Nature's Best, to guarantee the highest standards of quality, scientific accuracy, and full regulatory compliance. At the very same time, we were aggressively pursuing an ambitious physical expansion of the entire business: constructing two brand-new gyms in Västerås, while also establishing additional locations in Gothenburg and Linköping. The retail side of Nutrition Outlet grew rapidly too, with exciting new stores opening in Stockholm, Gothenburg, and Linköping, all building successfully on the strong foundation of the Uppsala location I had helped establish back in the autumn of 2001. On top of everything else, we organized several large-scale events that drew huge crowds, including the impressive health and sports exhibition known as The Exhale Athletic Fitness Weekend, and we proudly took over the hosting duties for the Swedish National Bodybuilding and Fitness Championships, relocating the prestigious event from Stockholm to Västerås to inject fresh energy, excitement, and a much stronger sense of local community connection.

From 2003 through 2009, I also dedicated a substantial amount of my time as a volunteer with the Swedish Bodybuilding and Fitness Federation (SKKF.) contributing my skills to website development, detailed competition coverage, and high-quality professional photography. This was my personal way of giving something meaningful back to the very sport that had launched and shaped my entire career — like quietly repaying a deep debt to the powerful river that had carried me safely downstream to entirely new horizons. The work went completely unpaid, yet it remained deeply rewarding on every level; I always viewed it as a heartfelt investment in the vibrant community that had given me so much inspiration and opportunity over the years.

The Exhale Athletic Fitness Weekend itself, held that May, stretched across four full, action-packed days (Thursday to Sunday,) with buildings filled to capacity and expansive outdoor areas alive with demonstrations and activities showcasing more than fifty different sports for the public to watch, try, and truly experience firsthand. Exhibition booths from nearly all the leading sports nutrition and supplement companies in Sweden lined the venue, creating an electric atmosphere. In the midst of this incredible energy, Roger and I had the special privilege of meeting up with renowned strongman legends Svend Carlsen and Jill Mills, proudly showing them our headquarters and one of the impressive new gyms. Svend generously judged one of the strongman competitions we organized that weekend, which ran in tandem with exciting powerlifting and weightlifting events. Naturally, the many local clubs who came to showcase their sports also arranged their own thrilling competitions in disciplines such as floorball, soccer, and basketball. We further elevated the weekend by hosting the Swedish National Championships in Athletic Fitness, during which my good friend Pia Jansson unfortunately suffered a serious foot injury involving multiple severe bone fractures. I immediately accompanied her in the ambulance to the hospital and stayed by her side until she was released a few hours later, before rushing back to continue covering the remaining festivities for Exhale Magazine. That unforgettable weekend truly became a landmark milestone in Swedish sports history — one whose scale, diversity, and impact have never been matched since.

We also launched a highly anticipated second edition of the innovative Talent Hunt project that year, this time carefully selecting six aspiring competitors instead of the original ten. Fredrik Boson and I once again shouldered the lion’s share of responsibility, guiding each athlete personally through every critical phase: hands-on coaching by phone and e-mail, meticulous nutritional planning tailored to their goals, intensive posing practice, stage presence training, and essential mental conditioning to build unbreakable focus. While Fredrik handled most of the direct coaching due to my increasingly tight schedule, I took on the challenge of building the entire dedicated website from the ground up, creating individual athlete profiles, regular progress blogs that documented every step, and an interactive forum that allowed fans and followers to engage directly with the competitors in real time. That forum quickly became something truly special and powerful. It forged a genuine, living connection between the athletes and their growing community of supporters, transforming what could have been a distant spectacle into an inclusive, shared communal journey everyone felt part of. The complete transparency and constant interaction generated tremendous excitement, held everyone accountable, and spread inspiration far and wide, making the full six-month transformation feel like a collective experience rather than an isolated challenge.

EXHALE

INNEHÅLL

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Norges fräckaste tvåbarnsmor!

DORIAN YATES
2003 IFBB DUTCH GRAND PRIX

2003: A few examples of my work with Exhale Magazine where I did all the layout and design using Adobe InDesign.

That summer offered only two very brief moments of genuine respite amid the nonstop momentum. The first was a precious three days of true rest spent in the beautiful Norwegian countryside with my close friend Pia Jansson, whose foot had almost fully healed by then. Pia had previously managed the Nutrition Outlet store in

Västerås with great dedication but had eventually grown frustrated with the overall direction and overwhelming workload, leading her to step away. She had been eagerly inviting me to visit, and those few peaceful days wandering through charming small villages, checking out different gyms together, and simply talking freely without the constant pressure of looming deadlines provided exactly the reset my mind and body desperately needed.

The second short break arrived right after a coverage assignment in Stockholm, when I was able to spend a memorable evening and night at Dalarö with my good friend Mikael Gustafsson, joined by several other cherished friends from the online forums I had originally started years earlier; including Patrik Iden, a truly goodhearted giant of a man at 150 kg (330 lbs,) and Simon Persson, the talented programmer who kept those forums running smoothly.

A few days later, at our Nutrition Outlet gym in Hälla, we organized the important selection process to choose the competitors who would proudly represent Sweden at the Body Fitness World Championships, where our local legend Carina Isaksson first began her long and dominant era in the sport.

As summer gradually deepened into autumn, however, the demands escalated to almost unimaginable levels. From an already punishing schedule of around eighty hours a week, I shifted to averaging between one hundred and one hundred twenty hours per week for four straight months — enduring seventeen-hour days (and sometimes even longer,) with only four to five hours of sleep on the good nights when I was fortunate enough to get that much.

We also organized the Swedish Bodybuilding Championships on October 18 and 19. I contributed to nearly every aspect behind the scenes, pouring energy into making the event run smoothly. I barely had time to cover or photograph it properly myself; instead, we brought in a professional photographer while trusted friends took detailed notes to ensure we could publish a comprehensive report in the magazine.

Two weeks later, I flew to Amsterdam to cover the prestigious Dorian Yates Grand Prix professional bodybuilding show. I traveled with a solid group: Fredrik Boson, Talent Hunt participant Lasse Eriksson, Roger's nephew Stian Skoglund, and Monica Malmkvist. During the intense weekend I had the memorable opportunity to speak with the rising IFBB pro Jay Cutler, who won the competition that night and would later go on to claim an impressive four Mr. Olympia titles from 2006 to 2010. I also enjoyed conversations with IFBB Pro Günter Schlierkamp, who was all smiles and laughter as always, and of course with the legendary Dorian Yates himself, the man who had once ruled the bodybuilding world with six consecutive Mr. Olympia victories from 1992 to 1997. I reconnected with Ernie Taylor from Birmingham, England, whom I had met previously during his visits to Sweden at Roger's kind invitation. Back in 2002, during their visits to Stockholm, Ernie and Roger had introduced me to the underground coach Paul Borresen, who co-published a short-lived but controversial mail-order magazine in the late 1990s that focused on steroid

regimens, advanced training protocols, and specialized nutrition strategies for competitive bodybuilders. I still have those rare issues carefully stacked away in a box, a thoughtful gift from Ernie himself, considering that I was a coach myself.

Early 2003: me and Roger Skoglund at our newly built gym in Hälla; me when Roger tried to push me to compete; and Heini Koivuniemi (Ms. Galaxy Europe,) Jill Mills (World Champion Strongwoman,) and Svend Karlsen (World Strongest Man three times.)

As a personal side note, I had even begun some early preparations that year to compete in bodybuilding myself, encouraged and supported by Roger. But the relentless daily demands and steadily accumulating stress soon made it painfully obvious that my body could no longer sustain both the crushing workload and the rigorous requirements of contest preparation. It raised a white flag in quiet protest: my energy levels crashed dramatically, recovery between sessions stalled completely, and the warning signs became impossible to ignore any longer.

November 1st, 2003, at the Dorian Yates Grand Prix in Amsterdam: Dorian himself, Jay Cutler and Ernie Taylor on stage and the Exhale crew after the competition (Monica, Lasse, Fredrik, and I.) I was so tired after months with only 4-5 hours of sleep a night, and it showed…

At first, the breakneck pace felt strangely intoxicating. I genuinely thrived on the adrenaline of keeping so many different plates spinning at once: meeting tough magazine deadlines, driving forward supplement development, overseeing gym construction projects, planning major events, coaching aspiring athletes, and constantly pushing the overall expansion of the business. But gradually the strain began to reveal itself in ways I could no longer brush aside or deny. My relationship with Jessica, which was already under serious pressure from the 170-kilometer distance separating Stockholm and Västerås, suffered deeply as a result. Weekends, when I had promised to return to Haninge, vanished entirely into work; our contact slowly dwindled to hurried phone calls squeezed between endless tasks.

We began to drift apart as exhaustion and prolonged absence took their inevitable toll. That slow separation remains one of my greatest and most painful regrets to this day. I had spread myself far too thin, burning the candle at both ends and right through the middle, and the relationships that mattered most to me ended up paying the heaviest price.

By December, I had finally reached my absolute breaking point. I made the difficult decision to resign.

Just days after stepping away, the pent-up stress that had been building for months exacted its inevitable and dramatic toll on my health. I collapsed with double-sided pneumonia combined with severe sinusitis, an illness that gripped me tightly and refused to let go for more than three full months. It served as a harsh, humbling reminder that even the sturdiest oak tree can bend, crack, or eventually fall when relentless gales blow without mercy or pause. My body had given everything it possibly could; when I stubbornly refused to listen to the earlier warnings, it finally forced me to stop completely.

Yet even now, when I reflect on that whirlwind year, the astonishing breadth of experiences I lived through, the invaluable contacts I forged along the way, the lifelong friendships that deepened so profoundly, and the sheer audacity of everything we managed to build together, excluding my regrettable loss, I would not hesitate for a second to relive it all. Regrets certainly have their rightful place in any honest story, but they do not define or overshadow a life that was lived with full commitment and heart. Each challenge I faced, each time I overreached, and every hard lesson etched into me through sheer exhaustion ultimately became a solid stepping stone forward rather than a permanent stumbling block. The storm of 2003 battered me fiercely, yes, but it also sharpened my vision and clarified what truly matters in life. It taught me the hard truth that ambition without any boundaries is like a fire that eventually consumes its own fuel. And above all, it reminded me that real, lasting strength is not measured by how much punishment one can endure endlessly, but by the hard-earned wisdom to recognize the moment when it's time to pause, rest deeply, and begin rebuilding stronger than before.

Spring 2004 to 2005: Rebuilding in Eskilstuna and the Birth of reFORM

By the spring of 2004 the worst of the storm had finally passed. I had spent the previous months recovering at Ragvaldsberg, surrounded by the quiet rhythm of the countryside, the steady company of family, and the simple healing power of rest. My strength returned not in a sudden rush, but gradually, steadily, like a tide that had been held back for far too long and was at last allowed to flow back in. With renewed physical capacity and a mind clearer than it had been in years, I made a deliberate

choice: to start anew and relocate to Eskilstuna. The invitation came from dear friends Monica Malmkvist, Fredrik Spång, and Lars Forss, who welcomed me into their circle and encouraged me to commit fully to the one pursuit that had always felt most authentic, coaching.

Rather than following the conventional path of one-on-one personal training sessions, I chose to innovate. I began working with three to four clients at once in the gym, creating small group sessions that proved far more efficient and effective than the traditional one-on-one model. The approach dramatically increased my earnings per hour while generating an unexpected and powerful synergy among the clients themselves. They motivated one another, held each other accountable, shared laughter through the toughest sets, and transformed what could have been solitary, grinding workouts into collective triumphs. It reminded me of a pack of wolves hunting together: each member stronger, sharper, and more capable as part of the group than they ever could be alone. The shared energy filled the room, encouragement echoed off the walls, friendly competition sparked smiles, and hard work began to feel almost joyful.

I reserved private one-on-one sessions for competitive athletes or those who sought and could afford undivided attention, where precision, full customization, and complete focus were essential. Although these individual sessions commanded premium rates, the group training with everyday gym-goers ultimately doubled my overall income. Looking back, I believe I was among the first in Sweden to pioneer this small-group coaching model at scale. Even today, few trainers, or “personal trainers,” fully embrace its potential, despite the clear advantages in motivation, consistency, and the creation of genuine community. For me, the shift was never solely about economics; it was about building an environment where transformation felt shared, supported, and sustainable, where no one had to face the iron alone.

I also began lending a hand at Power Gym in Eskilstuna, quickly forming a strong friendship with the owner, Mikael Ohlzon. Mikael was a true veteran of the sport, one of those rare individuals who combined deep passion for bodybuilding and weightlifting with a warm, down-to-earth demeanor that made everyone feel instantly welcome. Training alongside new friends like Fredrik Spång, Lars Forss, and Hillary Nambwaya became one of the brightest highlights of those years. We pushed each other through heavy sets, laughed through the grind, and shared the quiet satisfaction of watching progress appear in the mirror and on the barbell. I had the privilege of coaching all three through various bodybuilding competitions, moments of pride and shared victory that still bring a smile when I think of them.

Throughout 2004 and 2005 I maintained close and steady contact with my former colleague and good friend Fredrik Boson (previously known as Carlsson.) Fredrik had left Nutrition Outlet about a year after I did, driven by many of the same reasons: looming burnout, mismatched values, and the need for something more aligned with his own vision. In 2005 he took a bold step forward: he launched his own supplement store and, at the same time, began building a dedicated competition team focused

on bodybuilders and fitness athletes. He named the venture reFORM, a name that beautifully captured both the physical transformation of bodies and the deeper reformation he sought in our industry.

When Fredrik asked me to design the logo for reFORM in late 2005, I jumped at the opportunity. Working in Adobe Illustrator brought back fond memories of earlier creative sessions, late nights spent shaping ideas into visuals that could speak for themselves. The process felt like a small homecoming to the design work I had always loved. As his competition team grew, so did our conversations about a potential partnership. What followed would become a chapter etched firmly in the history of Swedish bodybuilding, a collaboration born from friendship, shared experience, and a mutual desire to build something lasting and meaningful.

Those years in Eskilstuna marked a quiet but powerful rebirth. After the whirlwind of 2003 had stripped away so much, I found myself rebuilding not just a body, but a life rooted in what mattered most: real connection, honest work, and the simple joy of helping others become stronger. Like a tree that bends deeply in the storm yet stands taller once the winds pass, I emerged steadier, more focused, and ready for the next chapter. The foundation laid in those months, through group training, new friendships, and creative collaboration, would prove essential in the years ahead.

2005 to 2007: Forging Legacies, Pioneering Nutrition, and Writing for a Nation

In 2005 my path crossed once more with Martin Kjällström, a towering figure in Swedish bodybuilding whom I had first encountered during my earlier days with Nutrition Outlet. By that point Fredrik Boson had taken Martin under his wing as his head coach, providing the meticulous guidance that would propel him forward. In late April that year, we both found ourselves at the Nutrition Outlet Grand Prix during the Exhale Weekend, the very event tied to the magazine I had helped launch back in 2003. Martin dominated his weight class with commanding authority, then went on to claim the overall title in a performance that left the entire audience in stunned silence. When he stepped onstage to receive his IFBB Pro Card, officially turning professional, the moment carried real weight and significance, a true milestone in a life fully dedicated to the iron. Martin was a genuine mass monster, tipping the scales well over 136 kilograms, or more than 300 pounds, while somehow maintaining exceptional conditioning, always just a few pounds away from being stage-ready. He resembled a colossal statue carved from living marble: imposing in sheer size, yet refined in every detail, with every muscle group etched in sharp clarity and raw power. Watching him accept that pro card brought one of those rare, pure joys in the sport, the kind that reminds you exactly why so many people pour their entire lives into this demanding pursuit.

2005: Martin Kjellström earning his IFBB Pro Card, helping out deworming the sheep, family Christmas celebrations at Ragvaldsberg (Göran's children and grandchildren, my brother and Elin) and me at Power Gym in Eskilstuna getting back into it again (and getting fatter.)

I assisted Martin with building his initial website, offering practical guidance on structure, content organization, and overall presentation, while also providing input on nutritional questions whenever he needed it. But the true credit for guiding him into the professional ranks belongs entirely to Fredrik, whose coaching was meticulous, patient, and deeply inspiring throughout the entire journey.

At the end of 2005 another door opened unexpectedly, bringing a new chapter in my writing career. Alex Danielsson, the new editor-in-chief of BODY Magazine, Sweden's premier bodybuilding and fitness publication, reached out with an offer I could not refuse. He invited me to contribute on a monthly basis to the country's leading print magazine in the field. Writing for such a respected outlet felt like a genuine honor, a meaningful continuation of the passion that had driven me since my earliest days with Ironmag and especially during my time running the Swedish

edition of Ironman. I accepted without hesitation. Starting in January 2006 I began writing feature articles for BODY, producing roughly ten per year on topics ranging from advanced training techniques to the latest developments in nutritional science. The following year, in 2007, I was given my own dedicated Q&A column focused on nutrition. That column allowed me to connect directly with readers in a personal way, answering their most pressing and often deeply felt questions with the same unfiltered honesty I had always brought to Ironmag, the B&K and Kolozzeum forums.

On January 17, 2006, I restructured my coaching company and returned to Västerås for the third time in my life. The city had become something of a recurring touchstone, a place where important chapters in my journey seemed to begin anew or deepen significantly. Fredrik was already well established there, successfully running his supplement store, so I rented space in the cellar of the building, setting up a humble but perfectly functional workspace. The arrangement allowed us to work closely together, collaborating seamlessly on the competition team we co-managed and occasionally sending each other silly memes on Messenger whenever boredom struck or when I heard he had a client in his office.

January of 2006: me and Fredrik Boson (Carlsson) teaming up with Team reFORM creating Swedish bodybuilding and fitness history.

Our shared focus remained firmly on that competition team, which quickly grew into Sweden's largest and most respected group dedicated exclusively to bodybuilders and fitness competitors. To give credit where it is truly due, Fredrik shouldered the bulk of the day-to-day operations: handling athlete communication, contest scheduling, posing sessions, and the countless small but essential details that keep a high-level team running smoothly. My role was supportive yet meaningful: I stepped in for diet and training program design when needed, contributed fresh promotional ideas, assisted with documentation and professional photos during the transformation phase and on competition day, and offered strategic input on long-term athlete development. The partnership felt natural, complementary, and profoundly productive. Together we helped shape the careers of many athletes who would go on to leave lasting marks on both the Swedish and international stages.

Of course, I also maintained my own growing roster of clients. Some competed as part of our team, while others came from entirely different sports. I had begun designing tailored nutrition plans and weight training programs for soccer players, ice-hockey athletes, martial artists, track and field competitors, and more. The variety kept the work fresh and constantly reminded me that the core principles of performance nutrition apply far beyond the bodybuilding stage, serving anyone serious about pushing their physical limits.

In 2006 Fredrik and I embarked on a project that would leave a lasting mark on the Swedish supplement landscape. Together we pioneered the country's first 4:1:1 BCAA powder, a formulation with four parts leucine to one part each of isoleucine and valine. We conducted extensive real-world trials, experimenting with different dosages taken before, during, and after workouts to determine optimal timing and observe the actual effects on performance and recovery. We pushed even further, exploring pure leucine supplementation to trigger muscle protein synthesis more directly, igniting those metabolic sparks that fuel the anabolic processes of repair and growth. These early explorations laid the foundation for my own in-depth research and field studies on para-workout nutrition in the following years: the strategic timing of specific nutrients before, during, and immediately after training sessions to maximize performance, accelerate recovery, and optimize long-term adaptation.

This groundwork directly gave birth to my initial Anabolic Pulse Protocol, inspired by landmark studies such as Julien Bohé's 2001 work on the latency and duration of amino acid-stimulated muscle protein synthesis and Paddon-Jones' 2005 research on differential stimulation through amino acid ingestion patterns. The protocol centered on timed "pulses" of amino acids throughout the day to stimulate repeated bouts of muscle protein synthesis, effectively keeping the anabolic window open far longer than traditional feeding patterns ever could. We implemented it with most of our clients from late 2006 onward, refining intricate workout nutrition strategies that later appeared in my second book, The Maximum Muscle Guide, released in early summer 2009. Those concepts were further adapted and expanded in my 2015 book Träningsnutrition. Sadly, as with so many true innovations in this field, elements of

the protocol have been widely plagiarized and diluted online by magazines, supplement stores, and so-called “bro-science” influencers, stripped of nuance and scientific context, then repackaged as quick fixes. But the original work, rooted in solid science, rigorous real-world testing, and proven athlete results, remained a cornerstone of my supplement philosophy for many years.

As 2006 transitioned smoothly into 2007 I continued supporting reFORM, serving my expanding roster of personal clients, and contributing monthly articles to BODY Magazine. Then, in early 2007, another significant opportunity arrived through a phone call from my old friend Michael Höglund, now content manager of Stadium, Scandinavia’s premier sporting goods retailer with over 150 stores spanning Sweden, Finland, Denmark, and Germany. The content team sought me out specifically for their customer magazine and online expansion. They recognized the value of having a well-known, prominent, and knowledgeable voice in the field, and they wanted me to help shape their content for a broad, active audience. Considering their massive reach and the chance to write more sport-specific articles beyond the narrow fitness industry, the opportunity really appealed to me and I accepted right away.

In May 2007 I began writing sport-specific articles for Stadium’s platforms while also taking on my own Q&A column in their customer magazine, addressing five to six reader-submitted questions each month with practical, no-nonsense advice.

People often ask about freelance writing rates during that era, especially from 2006 to 2011, when I was regarded as one of the leading authorities in Sweden. BODY Magazine, with a circulation of about 30,000 readers per month, paid 5,000 to 6,250 SEK per article, roughly 700 to 875 USD at the time. Stadium, reaching over 100,000 engaged customers across their printed edition, offered 8,000 to 12,000 SEK, approximately 1,100 to 1,700 USD. Those rates reflected not just the audience reach, but the deep trust placed in my voice and expertise. Most other writers received about 50 to 75 percent of that honorarium. As of 2026, I have published more than 590 nutrition articles for free on my website, you do the math of what that actually would be worth…

Those years felt like a steady climb after the storm; a time of quietly building legacies through dedicated coaching, nutritional innovation, and the written word. Like a craftsman who, after years of apprenticeship and learning, finally begins to shape his own tools and leave his unique mark on the material, I found myself creating something enduring and meaningful. The partnerships formed, the protocols developed, the articles published; they were all threads woven into a larger tapestry, one that honored the past while reaching toward a future where knowledge could be shared freely, honestly, and with real, lasting impact. The foundation grew stronger with every article written, every client transformation witnessed, every quiet moment of collaboration shared. And though the path demanded persistence and unwavering commitment, it rewarded me richly with purpose, genuine connection, and the quiet satisfaction of knowing the work truly mattered.

2007 to 2008: Trials by Fire, Radical Transformation, and the Birth of Two Books

As winter tightened its grip on Sweden in late 2006 and carried into 2007, the familiar enemy returned: my recurrent sinusitis. From January through February the inflammation settled in like a slow, persistent fog rolling over the landscape, clouding my head, draining my energy, and turning every breath into a small battle. I had grown used to these episodes over the years, but this time they felt heavier, as though the body was sending a quiet warning I had not yet learned to hear.

Barely recovered in March, a far more ferocious storm descended. High fever struck first, followed by swollen lymph nodes, widespread edema that puffed my face and limbs, and angry rashes that erupted across my skin. Painful blisters soon followed, spreading like wildfire. The doctors diagnosed erysipelas, an aggressive bacterial skin infection often called “wildfire disease” because of how quickly and fiercely it burns through the body. They prescribed antibiotics and the usual advice: rest and patience. The illness proved merciless. It raged for three grueling months, a true trial by fire that tested every ounce of resilience I had painstakingly rebuilt after the collapse of 2003. I spent those weeks in a haze of discomfort and helplessness, watching my body wage an internal war I could neither speed up nor control. At the time I had not yet fully understood the deeper terrain of health, the biological reality we will explore in the second chapter of this book. All I could do was endure.

I finally stepped back into the gym in late May, after more than five months of relentless illness. Returning to Bjurhovda Athletic Club (BAK) felt like a blessing, a slow crawl back toward life itself. The familiar smell of iron and chalk, the rhythmic clank of plates, the quiet focus of lifters who understood that progress comes drop by drop, all of it welcomed me home.

On June 2, 2007, my brother Mathias married his school sweetheart Elin in a beautiful ceremony filled with family, laughter, and love. A few days later they moved into a lovely house in Brattberget, Arboga, beginning a new chapter together. When the wedding photos arrived, I looked at them with fresh eyes and felt a sharp jolt of repugnance. Those five months of sickness had taken their toll. The man staring back at me was softer, heavier, a “fat slob” as I bluntly wrote in my journal. The sight was not merely disappointing; it was motivating. I needed a hard reset, a project to reclaim control, and I wanted it to be honest, public, and laced with a little self-deprecating humor.

Thus began “Operation Lean Bastard” in late June: a no-nonsense, tongue-in-cheek experiment in getting shredded while staying fiercely true to my principles. I returned to a strict ketogenic diet built around fatty meats, heavy cream protein shakes, minimal vegetables, and my evolving Anabolic Pulse Protocol for timed amino acid intake. I almost eliminated vegetables simply to avoid carbohydrates, as I did not really know about the extremely toxic defense chemicals, antinutrients, heavy

metals, and the deuterium in plant-based food; and their elimination certainly added to the success of the diet as the toxic load lowered. Each week was documented with a progress report, followed up by bi-weekly pictures, fully available on my blog and on my online forum.

My business partner Fredrik watched the plan unfold and jokingly nicknamed it the “grädde-dieten,” the heavy cream diet, teasing me about the “luxury” of consuming cream several times a day. But even he had to admit the results were striking. The transformation happened rapidly and visibly, and it made waves across the internet.

In just seven weeks I shed 7 kilograms, or 15.5 pounds, of fat while gaining 3.2 kilograms, or 7.1 pounds, of lean muscle, a textbook recomposition. I trained at Bjurhovda Athletic Club six mornings a week, each session lasting about forty-five minutes. I avoided cardio entirely; I had long since concluded that it was unnecessary stress on the body, a waste of time and resources when proper nutrition and resistance training could deliver superior results. The gym became my morning sanctuary. My only regular companion in those early hours was veteran bodybuilder Ulf Larsson, who had competed at the Mr. Olympia in 1987 when it was held in Gothenburg, Sweden. And of course, at times my path crossed with Bjarne Forsbom, the always-smiling, humorous man who handled memberships for the gym. He was the first to notice and comment on the slow, steady transformation unfolding each morning.

2009: Thomas, me, and Pia featured in BODY Magazine’s report on the Swedish Nationals where Peter once again took second place. And Michael Höglund, me, and Andreaz Engström representing BODY at Fitness Festivalen and Lucia Pokalen in Gothenburg.

After a brief November to December hiatus, as the calendar flipped into 2008 the experiment naturally evolved into something closer to full competition preparation: getting almost stage-ready lean. I maintained the ketogenic foundation eating to full satiety while incorporating strategic fasting windows of twenty-four to thirty-six hours twice weekly. These fasts amplified fat loss by elevating growth hormone and testosterone, both of which rise significantly during fasting, while allowing me to gradually increase caloric intake on feeding days to fuel metabolism and protect, or even build, muscle. As always, I did no “cardiovascular exercise” at all; only weight lifting and some strategic short fasting.

For most of 2008 I walked around in near-stage-ready condition, earning a reputation among friends, clients, and the industry as “the perpetually shredded guy,” ripped to the bone, a living testament to what disciplined ketogenic eating combined with intelligent fasting could achieve.

2007-2008: The first seven weeks of “hard diet” followed by easy diet and maintenance and then an easy diet again in 2008, bringing me close to a competition ready physique.

The data from “Operation Lean Bastard” and its natural sequel, “Operation Get Ripped,” along with years of coaching hundreds of bodybuilders and fitness athletes, became the foundation for my first book: The Body Transformation Guide, published in April 2009. My body fat was measured between 3.2 and 3.4 percent using the rigorous nine-point Parrillo skinfold method, with photos from the transformation serving as visual proof throughout the pages and in ad campaigns. My second title, The Maximum Muscle Guide, written in parallel, launched in June 2009.

Together the books represented far more than a shift in my career. They were a crystallization of everything I had learned about training, nutrition, fasting, and the body's remarkable capacity for change.

Looking back, those two years stand as a powerful lesson in resilience and renewal. Like a blacksmith who thrusts iron into the fire not to destroy it, but to soften it for reshaping, the trials of illness and the deliberate discipline of transformation forged something stronger. The sickness had stripped away illusions of control; the recomposition had proven what was possible when principles are held firm. Out of that fire came not just a leaner body, but two books that would guide countless others toward their own rebirth. The path had been brutal, yet it had clarified everything: true change is not gentle, but when approached with honesty, science, and unyielding commitment, it becomes inevitable.

The Talent Hunt Revival: Igniting a New Generation and Transforming Swedish Bodybuilding

As I put the final touches on my first two books, The Body Transformation Guide and The Maximum Muscle Guide, and stepped away from the intense self-experiment that had carved my physique back to razor-sharp condition, Fredrik Boson approached me with an idea that lit an immediate spark. Why not revive the Talent Hunt project, Talangjakten, and raise it to new heights under our own banner? The original version with Nutrition Outlet had delivered real success, but we both recognized something far greater waiting to be unlocked: a bolder, more expansive platform capable of inspiring an entirely new generation of athletes, proving the true power of our methods, and breathing fresh life into the Swedish bodybuilding and fitness landscape.

The possibility pulled me in completely. I took charge of promotion, leaning heavily on the extensive network I had built across the industry and media over the years. I posted detailed calls for applications on every major Swedish discussion board and online forum, while BODY Magazine kindly gave the project prime placement on their website, extending our reach far beyond anything we could have managed alone. The response was overwhelming, eclipsing the earlier iterations in scale and enthusiasm. What started as a single revival quickly grew into a cherished multi-year tradition, running successfully through 2008, 2009, 2010, and 2011.

The rules stayed straightforward, firm, and non-negotiable. Participants had to be true beginners, individuals who had never once stepped onto a competitive stage. They signed a binding contract pledging to follow our nutrition, training, and preparation protocols without deviation. Most importantly, they agreed to performance-enhancing drug testing to uphold fairness, integrity, and complete transparency.

Across those four years we reviewed more than 3,000 applications, an astonishing figure when you consider Sweden's modest population, the relatively small group training with serious intent, and the niche position bodybuilding holds compared to mainstream sports that dominate the headlines. This was never a casual makeover or a superficial quick-fix challenge. It required a demanding six-month journey: disciplined eating, intense training, rigorous posing practice, mental conditioning, and the courage to step under bright lights before judges and a live audience.

In 2008, to test the waters of our renewed vision, we partnered with Proteinfabrikken, a Norwegian supplement company that had recently expanded into Sweden. We selected six promising talents for that first revival. Among them were Nico Fara and Denice Lundevall, who would become lifelong friends, and Elinor Abrahamsson, who nearly a decade later, in 2017, would become Elinor Boson when she married Fredrik. Those early connections reminded us that the project was about far more than physiques; it was about building lasting bonds.

The Talent Hunt Project 2008: Joachim Bartoll (Coach,) Denice Lundevall, Monica Helénius, Elinor Boson (Abrahamsson,) Morgan Johansson, Nicola Fara, and Fredrik Boson (Coach.) Nuray Salibram is missing in this photo.

While The Talent Hunt undeniably served as a powerful marketing platform, showcasing our coaching services, our competition team, and the real-world application of my books, it always meant something deeper. At its heart, it was our genuine gift to the sport we loved: a conscious effort to infuse new energy, attract fresh competitors, fill events with larger crowds, and demonstrate that the road to the stage could be open to anyone willing to commit fully. We were not after personal glory alone; we wanted victories for the entire community.

Looking back now, I can say with certainty that we succeeded, and then some. It was like scattering seeds across soil that had lain fallow for too long. Within a few short years a thriving garden had taken root, bringing lush growth where once there had been only scattered patches.

After that promising 2008 revival, we carefully chose eight to twelve individuals each subsequent year, the number shaped by sponsorship budgets and available resources rather than our preference. Selection hinged on a careful blend of starting physique, estimated potential, personality, coachability, and above all, an unrelenting drive to excel. The chosen talents received full sponsorship: free supplements to power their progress, high-quality training apparel and gear, competition licenses, travel and hotel expenses, professional spray tans, and every essential detail needed to make their debut unforgettable. We designed individualized training programs, nutrition and supplement strategies, conducted regular body fat assessments using precise methods, and organized three to four team gatherings over the six months. Those gatherings went beyond planning; they built camaraderie and momentum, much like a band of warriors preparing for battle, each lifting the others when fatigue or doubt threatened to pull them down.

The Talent Hunt was never about shortcuts or surface-level change. It was about demonstrating what becomes possible when a true beginner receives structure, support, accountability, and the right fuel. It proved that the stage is not reserved for the genetically gifted or the pharmaceutically enhanced; it is open to anyone willing to commit fully to the process. In doing so, it quietly dismantled the illusionary gatekeeping that had long defined the sport. Like a single match struck in a dark room, each year's group of talents lit a path for others to follow, showing that transformation is not a privilege; it is a possibility, within reach for anyone who dares to grasp it.

By the end of the fourth year the project had accomplished far more than inspiring individuals; it had helped reshape the culture of Swedish bodybuilding. New competitors emerged, new classes were developed to meet the demand and the number of new competitors, audiences grew, and the sport felt more alive, more inclusive, more authentic. Many participants continued competing, and many went on to win the Swedish Championship in their respective classes.

In September 2008, at the old Gymoutlet in Hälla, Västerås, a facility I had helped build back in 2003, we held a small photo session with Jan Nordlund and Lena Hedblad, a true power couple in the Swedish bodybuilding world. Both had accumulated numerous victories since the 1990s and would continue to do so well into the 2020s. Jan, in particular, would become one of the most decorated bodybuilders in Sweden, claiming the heavyweight class championship across four decades and securing several world titles. Jan would later compete for our team, with Fredrik serving as his steadfast coach in the years ahead.

In early October the Swedish Championships returned to Västerås. A couple of our talents attended to get a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the machinery in action. Jan Nordlund claimed the title in his class once again. Long-time friend and our original Talent Hunt pick from 2003, Pierre Chaumon, won the under-100 kg class, while another good friend from my Haninge Hälsostudio days, Peter Österberg, took second.

The Talent Hunt may have concluded in 2011, but its spirit, that of empowerment, community, and the unwavering belief that anyone can rise, endures in every athlete who has ever stepped onto a stage because someone once believed in them enough to offer a chance. It was a reminder that the most enduring legacies are not built alone, but in the lives that we touch and the possibilities we help others discover.

2009: Illness, Resilience, and the Quiet Triumphs That Shaped a Legacy

During the month of March, I scheduled recurring photoshoots with Fredrik Boson at Gymoutlet to get some good exercise photos for my upcoming books while providing him with visual feedback for his upcoming competition. Any of the photos we did not use, I donated to the gym as they were looking into making a guide on how to use the equipment, something we helped put together in the years to come.

On March 21, as the first hints of spring began to soften Sweden's long winter, Fredrik, former Talent Hunt participant Denice Lundevall, and I traveled to Norrköping for the grand opening of Proteinfabrikken's first concept store. We were joined by my good friend Lars Forss, whose company I had enjoyed during my early days in Eskilstuna at Power Gym. As featured guests at the event, we mingled with the crowd, posed for photos, and discussed the second revival of the Talent Hunt project with the company's CEO, Ingmar.

A month later, in mid-April, Proteinfabrikken sponsored the Sweden Grand Prix in Varberg. Fredrik had decided to make a comeback and compete in the open Grand Prix class. Unfortunately, the heavy workload of running the supplement store, coaching and building the team had left him less conditioned than he hoped, and a bit of lingering water weight kept him from advancing to the final rounds. It was a bittersweet moment, yet it underscored the relentless demands we both carried.

On April 4, at 4:44 a.m., my brother Mathias and his wife Elin welcomed their first child, Nova Sofia Bartoll, into the world. I visited on April 9, just two days after my own birthday, and held her in my arms. She was a tiny bundle of perfection; a real cutie whose bright eyes and soft coos brought an instant wave of joy. That quiet, emotional visit provided a much-needed break from the constant pressure of work, a reminder that life holds moments of pure wonder amid the 12-hours a day grind.

April 9, 2009: Elin, Mathias and 5-days old Nova. October 21: Nova at my apartment in Västerås, now 6 months old and adorable.

By June 6, our new Talent Hunt participants gathered at Fredrik's house for a barbecue following an introductory training session at Gymoutlet. Among them was my longtime friend Magnus Branzén from BODY Magazine, whose friendship stretched back to the long afternoons and late nights at their office in the late 1990s, when I first learned the craft of publishing a printed magazine. Also present were Niklas Wimnell, Lena Alke who fifteen years later would appear on Robinson, the Swedish version of Survivor, Patrik Larsson who would become a force in bodybuilding, and Erik Björklund, a police officer from Västerås who had studied computer science alongside my brother.

The Talent Hunt Project 2009 in front of the reFORM store. Bottom row: Frida Synneby, Martin Living, Annelie Björk, Lisa Långbergs, Jannie Eriksson, Lena Alke, and Evelina Hammar. Second row: Erik Björklund and Sanna Lundkvist. Third row at top: Magnus Branzén and Niklas Wimnell.

Only days after launching that year's edition of The Talent Hunt, a project already generating real excitement and momentum, illness struck me again with sudden, ferocious intensity. It began as what could be described as a "common cold" or a "flu;" a severely sore throat that felt like swallowing shards of glass. Within a couple of days, the condition escalated dramatically into widespread swelling and edema caused by leaking blood plasma. The doctors and skin-health experts I consulted in Västerås diagnosed a streptococcus infection triggering a violent allergic response, a convenient label that, in hindsight, of course, was pure nonsense. At the time I lacked the understanding of German New Medicine and the Biological Terrain Theory that would later allow me to see through the illusion. Those frameworks would eventually reveal that such symptoms are not random assaults from external invaders, but the body's intelligent, purposeful efforts to detoxify, repair, and restore balance when the internal terrain has become overwhelmed, most likely from a lifetime of artificial synthetic dietary and sport supplements.

Mid-2009: the extreme edema I experienced from the alleged "streptococcus infection," and the release of my first two books; The Body Transformation Guide and The Maximum Muscle Guide, both featuring my business partner Fredrik Boson on the cover.

Even while battling this ordeal, feverish, swollen, and drained, I refused to let it derail my commitments and visions for 2009. I continued mentoring the Talent Hunt participants and my own clients through phone calls and emails when I could barely sit upright. Somehow, amid the storm, I pushed through another milestone in my writing career: the release of my second book, The Maximum Muscle Guide, on July 9, 2009. Weighing in at 154 pages with exercise photos featuring Fredrik, it was a lot larger than The Body Transformation Guide at 96 pages. Completing that work under such challenging circumstances felt like a small but defiant victory, a reminder that purpose can endure even when the body falters.

The Talent Hunt itself turned into a living laboratory for our methods. It energized the entire community and directly fueled the success of my first book, The Body Transformation Guide. In just eight months of 2009 more than 10,000 copies flew off the shelves, a remarkable achievement for a Swedish-language title aimed at a domestic market. From 2009 to 2018, before I retired the book as my methods continued to evolve and refine, it sold more than 30,000 copies, clear evidence of its practical value and real-world effectiveness in helping people reduce body fat safely and sustainably. My second book, The Maximum Muscle Guide, followed a similar path, moving over 20,000 units, an impressive number for a more specialized work focused on muscle hypertrophy, bodybuilding fundamentals, and advanced training principles. While The Body Transformation Guide appealed broadly to anyone pursuing fat loss, including aspiring competitors, The Maximum Muscle Guide spoke directly to those serious about building size and strength. Both books, written in Swedish for the local market, resonated deeply at home.

I received countless messages from readers who credited these books with changing their lives: stories of people who used the principles to coach themselves to competition-ready physiques and step onto stages in classic bodybuilding, traditional bodybuilding, and body fitness, often earning top placements. The chapter on “peak week,” that critical final stretch before a show or photoshoot where every detail from water manipulation to carb timing, sodium control, and training volume could make or break your presentation, proved especially powerful. Readers described it as receiving a master key to unlock their ultimate form, a precise roadmap for dialing in peak conditioning when it mattered most.

By early August I had clawed my way back to a fragile but functional state of health. We hosted a major team meeting for The Talent Hunt participants at our sponsor Proteinfabrikken in Norrköping. The energy in the room was electric: athletes sharing progress, asking questions, supporting one another, all united under the shared vision we had built together.

As a capstone to the year, in November we manned an expansive booth at the Allt för Hälsan exhibition for Proteinfabrikken, a sprawling four-day health and wellness event that ranks among the most enjoyable and fulfilling professional experiences of my life. I brought Elin’s sister’s seventeen-year-old daughter Sofia and her friend Rebecca to help with the booth and gain some working experience. Former talent

Denice Lundevall joined us as well. As I had appeared in Proteinfabrikken's advertisements in some of the largest newspapers alongside Swedish archery champion Mix Haxholm, throngs of fans and readers of my first two books converged on our stand, sparking hours of lively, heartfelt discussions on training, nutrition, fasting, recovery, and the broader truths I had begun to share. Those conversations, raw, honest, often deeply personal, reminded me why I had poured my soul into this work for so many years. It was never about fame or profit; it was about connection, empowerment, and the quiet joy of helping someone see a better path forward.

That same year we extended our sponsorship to the K1 MMA event Rumble of the Kings held at Hovet in Stockholm, broadening our footprint into the world of combat sports. It was a natural expansion: the same principles of disciplined nutrition, strategic recovery, and mental fortitude applied equally to fighters as they did to physique athletes.

Proteinfabrikken at "Allt För Hälsan 2009": Camilla Sandberg, Helene Ekvall, Mix Haxholm, Gulli Davidsson, Ingmar Davidsson, Joachim Bartoll, Denicé Lundevall, Sofia Andersson och Rebecca Collstam.

As winter approached, only a few days after we had attended the amateur bodybuilding competition known as Decembercupen in Lund, Sweden, sickness struck me again with the ever-recurring pneumonia. This meant I could not attend Luciapokalen and watch our talents step onto the stage. Once more I felt devastated and deeply bitter about my recurring poor health. It would still be almost another decade before I discovered the truths that would change my life forever.

Those months of 2009 were a stark study in contrasts: illness that knocked me down hard, yet triumphs that refused to be silenced. Like a tree battered by winter storms, stripped of leaves and bent by wind, I endured the cold, the sickness, the limitations,

yet new growth still pushed through. The books released, the Talent Hunt gained momentum, new lives were touched, and the work continued. Purpose, it turns out, can burn steadily even in the darkest seasons, quietly building toward the light that waits on the other side.

2010: Recovery, New Bonds, and the Relentless Refinement of Truth

It was not until February 8, 2010, that the pneumonia and lingering cold-like symptoms that had seized me in early December finally released their grip. After months of struggle, I could step back into the gym and begin training again. Over the following months my physique gradually returned to something close to the razor-sharp condition I had achieved in 2008 during my self-experiment, though now I carried a few extra pounds of muscle mass. The comeback felt steady, deliberate, a quiet victory over the body's stubborn resistance.

2010: yet another recovery from illness, the ever-repeating cycle every year before I discovered the truth about human health.

In June I traveled with Fredrik to visit Eddie Bengtsson at Lindesbergs Gym for a training session and to test some new ideas. Eddie had long been a familiar presence in the sport, always the calm, organized force managing the backstage area at competitions, guiding entire weight classes to the stage with clockwork precision. In recent years he had deepened his knowledge through PT training courses, sports massage classes, and more. The visit brought fresh perspectives and a welcome exchange of ideas. Eddie would go on to contribute meaningfully to Team reFORM in the years that followed.

I also photographed Fredrik at Gymoutlet for a simple training manual that we put together for clients, sponsored by the gym owners.

At the beginning of July, we held a kick-off for the latest edition of The Talent Hunt project in Norrköping, this time sponsored by Top Formula. Among the talents that year stood my longtime friend Anders Axklo, the television commentator, reporter, and passionate extreme sports enthusiast; Alex Wigfors, who would quickly become a close friend; and Michaela Augustsson, the last talent I selected only minutes before closing the review of applications. Her submission landed just hours before the deadline, and it spoke to me immediately. Michaela would soon become a regular training partner, a dear friend, and one of my personally sponsored athletes.

The Talent Hunt Project 2010: Haidar Abd Alkarem, Josefine Stridsberg (Magnusson,) Sabina Larsson, Joachim Bartoll (Coach,) Michaela Augustsson, Anders Axklo, Åse Jönsson, Alexander Wigfors, Jonas Lif, and seated, Linus Karlsson.

Former talent and good friend Denice Lundevall joined us to help over the weekend, as did sponsored athletes Sakawan “Flexman” Ahmed and Niklas Lovén. SKKF judge and amateur photographer Tomas Ivring also came along to document the weekend and share insights on the competition side, explaining what judges truly look for on stage.

During the summer Michaela moved from Karlstad to Västerås to study physiotherapy. We bonded quickly as I showed her around the city. Training together several times a week during The Talent Hunt, where I served as her coach, I saw her enormous potential. When the Talent Hunt project concluded at the end of the year I decided to sponsor her with my coaching services, committed to helping her reach the heights she was clearly capable of achieving.

In late 2010 the gym we had originally built for Nutrition Outlet at Hälla in Västerås back in 2003 was thoroughly renovated and reborn as Ironsport Gym. The modern, welcoming space quickly became a hub for serious lifters. Our Talent Hunt crew were among the very first visitors during the reconstruction on October 1, the day of the Swedish Bodybuilding Championships that year. The gym would not officially open until November. We held a team meeting at the new facility, then headed to the competition arena. For many of the talents it was their first real glimpse behind the curtain: observing backstage operations, feeling the rhythm of a live event, and absorbing the electric energy. That experience proved as valuable as any training session, a practical education in what they were ultimately working toward.

This year sickness spared me, allowing me to attend both Fitness Festivalen in Gothenburg and Lucia Pokalen, where our talents stepped onto the stage. Former talent Niklas Wimnell competed again under my coaching and took second place in Classic Bodybuilding. Josefine placed third in her class, and Michaela earned sixth among twenty-four contestants. The results were solid, and the experience fueled their fire for what lay ahead.

In the days following Fitness Festivalen, judge and photographer Tomas Ivring reached out, eager to do a photoshoot with Michaela. He invited us to Stockholm, where we spent time discussing the sport, The Talent Hunt project, and my decision to take Michaela under my wing to nurture her potential. A few days later BODY Magazine contacted me about a photoshoot featuring Alex Wigfors and Michaela. I accompanied them to Gumse’s Gym in Stockholm, where we spent a couple of hours working with photographer Marcus Syvertsen.

Dinner during Allt För Hälsan Expo 2010: Åse Jönsson, Anders Axklo, Denice Lundvall, Joachim Bartoll, Michaela Augustsson, and Jonas Lif.

2010: Niklas Wimnell at Lucia Pokalen. Michaela Augustsson and Alexander Wigfors at Gumse Gym for a photoshoot by BODY Magazine. And Christmas dinner with my family. My mother and her husband Göran to the bottom right.

That same year I dove deeply into innovative training methodologies, launching four separate evaluation programs that drew more than 120 applicants. In exchange for bi-weekly feedback and detailed progress reports, participants received fully customized training programs at no cost. This real-world testing allowed me to refine concepts, identify what truly worked, and discard what did not. Knowledge gained in isolation can never match the clarity that comes from hundreds of bodies moving through the same protocols.

I continued iterating and expanding those ideas in 2011, 2012, and 2013, involving another 200 participants overall. Each cycle sharpened the systems further, like a

craftsman repeatedly honing a blade: testing its edge against real material, removing imperfections, adjusting the angle, until it could cut cleanly and reliably every time. Those refined training protocols eventually coalesced into the 12-week muscle-building regimen featured in the updated edition of my book, The Maximum Muscle Guide 2016. The final product was stronger, more effective, and more practical because it had been forged in the fire of real people's results, not my earlier isolated experience with individual bodybuilders and Strongman competitors.

As you may have gathered by now, I have never committed an idea to print without exhaustive vetting. Every protocol, every recommendation, every chapter I have written rests on a foundation of thorough research, personal experimentation, and prolonged real-world application among clients and test subjects. I test ideas on my own body or with trusted clients, then with larger groups, observing closely, adjusting carefully, discarding what fails, and refining what succeeds. It is a slow, patient process, much like a master winemaker who allows the grapes to ripen fully on the vine rather than rushing the harvest. The result is not a quick, shallow vintage, but a deep, complex one that stands the test of time.

That commitment to authenticity, to truth over convenience, has always been my guiding principle, and it remains so today. Through these years of relentless testing and refinement, I was not just building training programs; I was building trust. Trust with my readers, trust with my clients, trust with myself. And trust, once earned through consistent, honest effort, becomes the strongest foundation of all. Like a stone bridge constructed over many seasons, each block laid with care, each layer tested by weather and time, the work of those years has endured, carrying me and many others safely across difficult waters to the other side.

2011: Growth, Shifting Alliances, MM Sports, and a Bold New Direction

The year 2011 opened with a noticeable shift in the professional landscape I had known for so long. Fredrik decided to close his supplement store and relocate much of his operations to Ironsport Gym at Hälla in Västerås. The move allowed him to focus more intently on coaching and team management, freeing him from the daily demands of retail. For me it meant setting up a proper home office in my apartment, granting greater flexibility to handle coaching clients, writing projects, and the various initiatives that kept pulling me in different directions. The arrangement brought convenience, yet it carried a subtle undercurrent of loss. We no longer saw each other every day. The easy rhythm of working side by side, sharing quick ideas across the room or laughing over old memories, gradually faded. We stayed connected through Messenger chats, brief check-ins, and the occasional shared joke, but the physical distance marked the end of an era. We had built something special together, and now that chapter was quietly closing.

In early January Alex Danielsson of BODY Magazine reached out to me once more, requesting a photoshoot with Josefine Stridsberg (formerly Magnusson.) Both of them asked me to come along, as I've had been Josefine's coach during her first body fitness competition and this was all new to her. This time editor-in-chief Alex himself joined me, and we met Josefine at Gumse's Gym. As Alex worked his magic behind the camera, the mood stayed light and playful. For Josefine, this was her first real professional shoot, and Alex guided her with his signature humor. He told her to exaggerate every feminine movement, then he demonstrated by strutting across the floor like a dramatized "gay dude," as he put it, complete with over-the-top dramatic flair. The moment was pure comedy, and I still regret not filming it. Alex's easygoing nature and quick wit shone through as always, turning the session into something genuinely fun.

Early 2011: Alexander Danielsson from BODY Magazine is very animated during his photoshoots, here with former talent Josefine Stridsberg. And Denice and I made it into BODY's coverage of Fitnessfestivalen 2010.

On January 28 Jimmy Knutsson visited me in the afternoon. I had first met Jimmy back in 2001 through Martin Bergström, and we had kept in touch on and off over the years. After a few hours of relaxed conversation and catching up, we finally headed to the legendary Bjurhovda Athletic Club for a solid training session. The familiar iron and chalk welcomed us like old friends.

On February 6 longtime friend and early Talent Hunt participant Anders Prinsström came by to discuss his contest preparations for that year's Swedish Championships. We trained together at the newly opened Ironsport Gym, where I now coached some of my clients. Michaela, whom I was personally sponsoring with coaching, nutrition, and training programs, joined us as well.

Early to mid-2011: me and Petra climbing walls like spiders. Doing body composition readings for Michaela. Me at our homestead Lilla Sand down by the lake Hjälmaren tending to Nova. And at the bottom, the turning area in front of our homestead Lilla Sand

On February 9 at 9:30 p.m., my brother Mathias and Elin welcomed their second child, a boy they named Liam. At 53 centimeters and 4175 grams, or 9.2 pounds, he arrived with presence. I joked that he was clearly destined for strength sports after seeing the beautiful hospital photos they sent.

While still under sponsorship from Top Formula, on February 26 Michaela and I were invited to the grand opening of their new store in Borås. We teamed up with Mikael Hancic and Petra Törnros for a lively day of talking, joking, and connecting with attendees and future customers. Petra and I bonded deeply that day. A few days later she invited me to lunch with fitness legend Carina Isaksson and friend Emelie Backlund. After heartfelt conversations and plenty of laughter, Petra challenged me to try wall climbing at a nearby sports center. Her background as a former heavyweight champion in the women's division and my own muscular build must have made quite a sight, but we both performed surprisingly well. The instructor was impressed, or at least that is how I remember it.

That evening my brother Mathias and his wife Elin visited with newborn Liam and his older sister Nova. The day felt full and cherished, a needed pause amid the constant motion of work.

On March 12 Fredrik and I organized a reunion for the 2010 Talent Hunt participants, combining training and plenty of good food. Many of them would continue competing for Team reFORM in the years ahead.

Two days later Denice Lundevall visited to discuss diet details and join me for a training session. I still remember us driving to Ironsport Gym in her car. As we pulled out, she mentioned she had forgotten her glasses and struggled to see clearly as night fell. I suddenly suggested we walk instead, and we both laughed it off as we always did.

In early April photographer Tomas Ivring reached out again, eager to shoot Michaela as she prepared for a spring competition. He also wanted to test new equipment. We traveled to Salem in Stockholm by invitation and spent another great day together. Tomas shared stories from his time as a police officer and investigator, which stirred memories of my own experiences in 1999 to 2001 when I trained combat sports with police and special forces in Stockholm. Those stories had quietly begun to alter my worldview, making the larger patterns of psy-ops and staged events on the world stage increasingly obvious.

As my maternal grandfather had passed away in 2010, my mother and her husband Göran sold Ragvaldsberg and moved back to Lilla Sand, the farmstead where I had grown up and that once belonged to my grandfather. It was his last wish that my mother took care of the farmstead and that it would remain in our family. In late April I spent four days there, cleaning and making the summer house on the main courtyard livable again so I could use it during the warmer months.

Mid-2011: My brother with newborn Liam. The reunion of the 2010 Talent Hunt at Fredrik's apartment. And Petra, me and Michaela at the grand opening of Top Formula's new store in Borås.

In May 2011 a significant new chapter began when the owners of MM Sports in Gothenburg reached out. At the time MM Sports stood as the second-largest supplement company and retailer in Sweden, an agile challenger steadily gaining ground against the dominant Gymgrossisten. I had crossed paths with Olle, Lelle, and Tim at various expos and competitions over the years, sharing engaging conversations about training, nutrition, and the industry's future. Olle had actually been among the first to adopt and produce the 4:1:1 BCAA powder Fredrik and I had pioneered back in 2006. Now they invited me to their main store second anniversary

celebration. I brought along my talented client, friend and former Talent Hunt standout Michaela Augustsson, seeing her star potential and hoping to position her within their sponsored team. The visit lasted a couple of days, and we stayed at Olle's mother's house, a warm, welcoming space that turned the trip into more of a gathering of friends than a formal business event.

Michaela and I also visited my good friend and former talent Niklas Wimnell for a great meal, conversation, and laughter that stretched late into the night.

During those days the casual talks with MM Sports turned serious. I was no longer tied to Fredrik's reFORM or his competition team, and I had quietly been seeking new opportunities. My only remaining commitment with Fredrik was the 2011 Talent Hunt. The chemistry with the MM Sports team felt immediate and strong. What began as an anniversary invitation evolved into a full-time collaboration agreement. I partnered with Olle's right-hand man Tim Nygren to build a new competition team and assist with broader business development.

Mid-2011: Tim Nygren and me. Some of our athletes during the store anniversary festivities. And Niklas Wimnell, Michaela and me at Niklas' apartment.

Mid-2011: first care-packages from MM Sports and Celsius.

In April I also received a full personal monthly sponsorship from Magnus Fejerstam and Jesper Ståhl at the energy drink company Celsius.

On July 3 we held the kick-off for The Talent Hunt Project 2011 with eight eager participants. Together with Fredrik, Eddie Bengtsson stepped in as a coach, dividing the eight between the three of us. I now represented MM Sports, while Fredrik and Eddie stood for Ironsport Gym and Fightline.

In late July my work on the summer house reached fruition. I invited good friends Niklas Wimnell, Jesper Ståhl, and Michaela to spend four inspired vacation days at the family farmstead Lilla Sand. We walked the property and surrounding community, simply enjoying nature, the animals, and the quiet stillness of the countryside. In the evenings my mother and Göran hosted us for dinner filled with storytelling and laughter.

The day after leaving the farmstead, Niklas, Michaela, and I traveled to Gothenburg for the annual “brännbollsfesten,” a rounders tournament held in Slottskogen and

organized by MM Sports. Our new competition team, named Team Body Science, met up with that year's Talent Hunt contestants. Niklas Wimnell's friend Erik Frid was one of the selected few. After the initial grouping, Erik Frid, Christoffer Myrsäter, Sanne Åkerstrand, and Stina Fries immediately requested to be coached by me and join Team Body Science, while the other four talents — Elinor Medhammar, Emelie Wallgren, Emil Jönsson, and Matilda Svensson — were coached by Fredrik and Eddie. To ease the workload, I recruited Michaela and Niklas as my assistant coaches as they both were now fully sponsored athletes by MM Sports and full-fledged members of our Team Body Science.

Top: July 26-29, Niklas Wimnell, Michaela, and Jesper Ståhl on vacation at our homestead. Bottom: The Talent Hunt gang of 2011: Christoffer Myrsäter, Stina Fries, Emil Jönsson, Emelie Wallgren, Viktor Källberg, Elinor Medhammar, Erik Frid, Matilda Svensson and Fredrik Boson (coach.) Kneeling: Joachim Bartoll (coach) and Eddie Bergkvist (coach.)

On August 17 Anders Prinsström visited again as he prepared for the Swedish Championships. We finished the day at the legendary Bjurhovda Athletic Club, which also offered excellent ceiling lights for posing practice.

This pattern continued through the autumn with visits from Peter “Bicepsmannen” Ljungberg, Jenny “Kitsune” Adolfsson, and several of that year’s talents — Erik Frid, Sanne Åkerstrand, and Stina Fries — all checking in for coaching, body fat measurements, and training sessions. Meanwhile my involvement with MM Sports expanded steadily across strategy, marketing, product development, team management, and more.

On September 24 I traveled once again to Gothenburg to spend time with the MM Sports crew and our growing Team Body Science. We met at the old Exhale Gym, the facility we had built back in 2003 and named after the magazine Roger and I once launched. Niklas Wimnell, Kristian Sewén, Peter Ljungberg, Jenny Adolfsson, Knasen Eikedal, Stina Fries, and others joined us. The next day we gathered at Sportlife Gym in Almedal for a more conference-style meeting combined with a training session.

After planning and collaboration I returned to Västerås on September 29 and began preparations for the Swedish Championships on October 1. The night before, after weigh-ins, I did a photoshoot with our Team Body Science athlete and IFBB professional bodybuilder Ahmed Ahmed. Next to Anders Graneheim and Johan Oldenmark, Ahmed possessed one of the most symmetrical and aesthetic physiques in the Swedish bodybuilding scene.

After a quick detour to Lund to cover the Nordic Championships on October 22, we arranged another team meeting in Gothenburg between October 28 and 29. More than thirty of our athletes attended. I paired up with Kristian Sewén to deliver short lectures and lead an open debate where new athletes could ask anything related to the sport and contest preparation.

As Michaela prepared to step onto the stage alongside our other talents during Fitnessfestivalen, Tomas invited us back to Stockholm for another photoshoot. As long as the photographer is skilled, these sessions offer excellent portfolio material and sponsor content. On November 23 we returned to Gumse’s Gym for a few hours of work followed by pleasant conversations about the sport and insider stories.

After coaching at Decembercupen in Lund on November 26, I stayed in Gothenburg to work with MM Sports for a week as Fitnessfestivalen, including Luciapokalen, took place from December 2 to 4.

As momentum with MM Sports continued to build, my involvement deepened across nearly every aspect of the company. In late November 2011 I officially joined their headquarters staff as a full-time employee. I continued living in Västerås, commuting to Gothenburg by train, a four-hour journey each way. I would immerse myself at their offices for one or two weeks at a time, working round-the-clock and sleeping in

an overnight apartment at the headquarters building. Then I would return home to Västerås for a few days up to a week to manage personal ventures, coach clients who had booked in-person sessions, and continue writing.

Like a river that splits into two streams only to find its way back together stronger downstream, 2011 marked a natural divergence and a powerful new convergence. The close collaboration with Fredrik had run its course, giving way to fresh opportunities that allowed both of us to grow in different directions. Yet the foundation we had built together endured, carrying forward into new partnerships, new talents, and a broader mission. The year was not without its quiet farewells, but it overflowed with possibility, connection, and the steady forward motion that comes when you remain open to the next current.

Late 2011: Ahmed Ahmed at nJoy in Västerås during the Nationals. Michaela from one of the photoshoots in Stockholm (photo by me.) Bottom: one of many Team Body Science meetings that we arranged where I talked nutrition, contest preparation, and answered question about anything within the industry.

2012 to 2014: Rapid Growth, Deep Collaboration, MM Sports, and the Inevitable Turning Point

The year 2012 picked up exactly where 2011 had left off, with constant travel between Västerås and Gothenburg. My days centered on building the competition team, refining the supplement line, and nurturing the rapidly expanding webshop. What began as a complement to the physical stores soon outpaced them entirely, becoming the main engine of revenue and reach.

As I became more deeply immersed in the day-to-day running of MM Sports, I made the decision to relocate permanently to Gothenburg. Through sheer luck, an apartment became available: a family who had recently bought a house and were in the process of moving decided to keep the rental rather than let it go, knowing how difficult it was to find good places in the city and how steadily values were rising. Everything aligned smoothly, I signed the papers, and on June 1 I moved to Västra Frölunda. The change brought a new rhythm, a new view from the window, and a deeper sense of commitment to the company that had become my daily world.

Michaela Augustsson had grown into one of the most vital and inspiring members of our competition team. Fully sponsored by MM Sports and personally supported by me, she brought not only remarkable talent and dedication to the group, but also a warmth and spirit that uplifted everyone around her. Beyond the professional bond, she had become a close and deeply cherished friend, the kind of connection that adds real meaning to the hard work we all poured into the sport.

Whenever her demanding university schedule in Västerås allowed, roughly once a month or every other month, Michaela would make the trip to Gothenburg to stay at my place for a few days. Those visits struck a perfect balance between focused work and much-needed restoration. We dove into planning and strategy for the competition team, trained with intense purpose in the gym, explored the hidden gems and vibrant energy that Gothenburg offered, and then unwound in the evenings simply as friends. We would hang out, meet up with other athletes in the community, share stories, and fill the nights with easy laughter. Those moments felt like precious breathing room amid the relentless storm of growth and ambition that defined our days. They served as gentle reminders that, even in the midst of constant momentum and drive, genuine human connection remains the true anchor, the steady force that keeps everything grounded and worthwhile.

When the opportunity arose to sponsor the MMA event Best of the Best in Linköping on April 27, 2012, I asked Michaela if she would like to step into the spotlight as a ring girl. She agreed immediately, excited by the chance to gain yet another unique experience in the world of combat sports and fitness. I also reached out to Sanne Åkerstrand, our former participant from the 2011 Talent Hunt, and she happily joined in, bringing her own enthusiasm to the evening. As for me, I spent the event photographing the intense fights whenever the action unfolded in the ring, then

shifted to managing our expedition booth during the breaks, connecting with attendees, sharing knowledge about nutrition and training, and representing the team with pride.

2012: my modest home office in Västerås before moving to Gothenburg. And the ring girls at Best of the Best 2012; Sanne Åkerstrand and Michaela Augustsson from Team Body Science/MM Sports.

At that point, between 2011 and 2012, Gymgrossisten still reigned as Sweden's largest supplement and apparel provider, backed by a massive corporate structure. MM Sports, however, was the agile challenger: innovative, fast-moving, hungry, and customer-obsessed. Under our collective efforts the company expanded at a breathtaking pace, challenging the "giant on the throne" in creative, personal, and fiercely competitive ways.

Tim Nygren and I tackled everything side by side, like two craftsmen building a house from the foundation up. We enhanced the webshop (which by 2012 generated the majority of revenue,) maintained multiple active websites and forums, launched the novel fitness-strength competition Rep-Power, oversaw sponsored teams across bodybuilding, fitness, and martial arts, developed new supplement lines and products, designed apparel collections, and drove the opening of additional stores nationwide. I also handled IT support for the office, warehouse, and retail locations, troubleshooting servers, optimizing networks, and solving problems on the fly. The atmosphere felt more like a tight-knit family enterprise than a faceless corporation: dynamic, collaborative, full of passion and shared purpose. Within the six months prior to my move to Gothenburg, our hard work delivered dramatic results. Sales more than tripled. By the end of 2012, after settling in and working even harder, we had more than doubled that increase again, propelling MM Sports into near-parity with Gymgrossisten in recognition and market share. The growth was fast, exhilarating, and relentless.

In 2012 and 2013 I spearheaded the development of several new supplements, including a carefully balanced Vitamin D3 + K2 blend, Jacked T3 (a synergistic combination of iodine, L-tyrosine, and selenium to support thyroid function), and a comprehensive B-vitamin complex designed for optimal absorption and utilization. I contributed to numerous other formulations, always emphasizing quality over hype. Back then I did not yet know the deeper truths about supplements; I followed the mainstream accepted science, working alongside chemists who were just as unaware, simply repeating what they had been taught.

Tim and I worked tirelessly on the webshop together with a skilled Russian programmer who was an expert on the platform. We optimized user experience, streamlined checkout, improved product descriptions, and ensured the system scaled with our explosive growth.

By mid-2013 the nearly ten-fold revenue increase in just two years brought inevitable changes. External firms were brought in to handle web development and marketing, and a new CEO was hired to work directly beneath the owners (a position Tim and I had previously filled in practice). My role gradually shifted from jack-of-all-trades, where I touched every aspect of the business, to communications lead. I overhauled all supplement descriptions and labels — more than 150 products — to ensure full compliance with evolving European regulations, maintaining consistency, accuracy, and scientific integrity. I remained actively engaged with the competition teams and continued writing monthly articles for the website and the newly launched magazine.

Amid the rapid expansion that had transformed MM Sports into a powerhouse, subtle cracks began to appear. Staff turnover accelerated, bringing fresh faces and new energy, yet also a growing sense of unfamiliarity. Certain assurances, particularly the promised royalties on the supplements I had developed and helped bring to market, were never paid. While new colleagues like Martin Ripendal became genuine friends, the company I had joined and poured my heart into no longer felt like the

same place. My new position, though well-compensated at around 60,000 SEK per month, equivalent to about 8,500 USD/month in 2014, carried a generous salary but little alignment with my deepest expertise or the work that truly ignited me.

Then, at the start of 2014, pneumonia struck again, the familiar unwelcome guest that had visited too many times before. I took two weeks to recover, and when I returned to the office, something had shifted inside me. The fever had cleared, but so had my perspective. I looked around the headquarters, at the bustling teams and the polished systems, and realized I no longer recognized the vibrant, family-like enterprise I had helped build into one of Sweden's leading forces in the supplement industry. The spark that had once drawn me in had dimmed, replaced by structures and priorities that no longer matched my own.

After a few reflective months, I made the decision to step back. I revived my own companies and transitioned to a consultancy role, maintaining collaboration with MM Sports through most of the year. By the close of 2014 we parted ways amicably, with mutual respect and no lingering bitterness. The chapter had run its course, and closing it felt like releasing a breath I had been holding for too long.

Through it all, certain friendships and successes shone brightly. Michaela Augustsson, whom I coached from 2010 to 2014 and who embraced my training and nutritional principles with near-perfect precision, became a cornerstone of Team Body Science. She went on to claim the Swedish Championship in Athletic Fitness multiple times, a living testament to what disciplined application of the right methods can achieve. Watching her rise from a determined Talent Hunt participant to a multiple-time champion remains one of the most rewarding chapters of those years. Her success was never mine; it belonged to her commitment and genuine love for training and always improving, yet it felt like shared victory, proof that the right guidance, paired with unwavering effort, can move mountains. She later got together with Kristian Sewén and they now have two beautiful kids together.

And speaking of friends. My first encounter with Johanna Forsberg happened during the lively store celebration for MM Sports in 2011. Amid the excitement of the event, she approached me as one of the attendants. She had read my books and closely followed our Talent Hunt Project, and she introduced herself with genuine enthusiasm as a big fan. That initial conversation sparked an immediate connection; one built on shared passion for the sport and a mutual respect that felt effortless from the start. As the months passed, we stayed in touch, exchanging messages and ideas. When I eventually moved to Gothenburg, our friendship deepened naturally. We began spending a great deal of time together, sharing meals, watching Asian movies, having long conversations, and quiet moments that revealed the depth of her character. Johanna is one of those rare individuals who gives freely and generously, always offering support, time, and energy without ever expecting anything in return. Her selflessness became one of the qualities I admired most about her, a quiet strength that made every interaction feel meaningful and uplifting.

During my years closely involved with MM Sports, Johanna stepped up in ways that went far beyond ordinary friendship. She frequently volunteered to help at exhibitions and events, helped with assembling our booths, staying through every hour of the day to engage with visitors, and remaining until the very end to pack everything away. She traveled with us, shared hotel rooms on the road, and poured the same level of commitment into each occasion as any official team member. Yet she was never part of the company payroll, nor formally on our sponsored roster. She did it all simply because that is who she is: someone who shows up fully for the people she cares about, offering help and hard work out of pure loyalty and kindness.

Looking back, her presence added an irreplaceable warmth to those busy, demanding years. In an industry often driven by ambition and self-promotion, Johanna stood out as a reminder of what true friendship looks like, steady, reliable, and deeply generous. To this day, she remains one of my best and closest friends, a constant source of support and joy, and someone whose selfless spirit continues to inspire me long after those shared chapters came to a close.

Another friend from that period who left a lasting mark was Mikael Hamrin. Before I met him, Mikael was a 130-kilogram, 286-pound elite-level gamer who had spent years immersed in virtual worlds. By chance, he discovered fitness, picked up a copy of The Body Transformation Guide, and in a single year shed 60 kilograms, or 154 pounds, of fat. The transformation was nothing short of remarkable. I met him through Magnus Johansson, a skilled personal trainer and valued member of Team Body Science, who had helped him. Mikael’s relentless dedication and steady progress soon earned him a place as a sponsored athlete. More than that, he became a very good friend, always ready to help out and often joining me at the gym for training sessions filled with laughter and encouragement.

Magnus Johansson and I even had plans to open our own athletic-oriented training center in 2014. We had found the perfect location, negotiated terms, and were on the verge of signing the papers when family obligations forced us to put the project on hold. The dream did not die; it simply waited for the right season. I still have copies of the business plan with the bank's approved seal and the contract archived among my files.

Looking back, those years at MM Sports were a masterclass in rapid growth, collaboration, and the realities of scaling a passionate vision within a competitive and expanding industry. Like a small boat that catches a powerful wind and suddenly surges across the water, we rode a wave of momentum few could have predicted. We built something real, something that touched hundreds of thousands of lives through better products, better information, and better coaching. And though the journey together eventually reached its natural conclusion, the lessons and many of the precious friendships endured.

And this is where my prologue ends and my main story begins.

Top: Erik Frid, Michaela Augustsson and yours truly on our way to the weigh-ins at Lucia Pokalen. Bottom: from the third anniversary of the MM Sports store and our Rep Power competition; Michaela, Erik, Ulrica Merkel, and Johanna Forsberg.

Quick Recap: The Sudden Move to Gothenburg and the Path That Followed

If you happened to skip the prologue that traced my earlier journeys, let me offer a brief but clear recap to set the stage for what comes next.

In mid-2011 I began working with MM Sports, starting with their competition team and gradually becoming more involved in the company itself. At first the arrangement meant constant travel: two weeks in Gothenburg, then a few days or a week back home in Västerås, then back again. It was a rhythm of trains, late nights, and early mornings, but it allowed me to test the waters without fully letting go of my established life. By June 2012, however, the pull became too strong to resist. I uprooted everything and moved permanently to Gothenburg, diving headfirst into a true jack-of-all-trades role at MM Sports. My days revolved around sports and health supplements, managing their rapidly growing online platforms, guiding sponsored athletes, and crafting tailored nutrition and training strategies to help them reach their absolute peaks. The work blended creativity with science, instinct with precision, and it felt alive in a way few things ever have.

By mid-2013 the company had transformed into a full-fledged incorporated entity. What had once been an agile, passionate startup with a family-like spirit began to feel more like a formal corporate boardroom. The intimate energy that had drawn me in started to fade, replaced by new structures, new faces, and new priorities. Sensing the shift, and also not receiving the royalties I had been promised on the supplements I developed, I made the choice to step back and reclaim my independence. I transitioned to a consultancy role while still collaborating with MM Sports through much of 2014, keeping a bridge open while forging my own path forward. It was a time of quiet transition, a deliberate turning of the page without burning the old one.

During this period, I launched the Classic Muscle Newsletter, a bi-weekly dispatch that became my direct line to readers. Each edition delivered four to six articles covering everything from practical nutrition and resistance training techniques to detailed breakdowns of emerging studies and broader health insights. Truth be told, a great deal of my content involved dissecting research papers with a sharp eye, exposing flawed methodologies, biased interpretations, or overstated conclusions that often hid beneath polished abstracts. To curate those pieces, I would speed-read over a hundred studies every month, sifting through layers of noise to find the few genuine gems worth sharing. It felt like panning for gold in a vast, muddy riverbed: most of what came up was silt and gravel, but every so often a small, bright nugget would catch the light, revealing a truth that could actually move the needle for people.

I sustained the newsletter until late summer 2017, when illness forced me to pause after thirty-two editions and more than 180 articles. That body of work still stands as a testament to my commitment to cutting through fitness myths and delivering information that was honest, practical, and grounded in reality. In 2015 and 2016 I also contributed articles to Gymgrossisten and their website, but we will circle back to those efforts shortly.

For now, let us pick up the thread from where we left off in the earlier chapters. The years at MM Sports had been a whirlwind of growth, collaboration, and hard-earned lessons. Like a river that carves a new path after years of following the same course, I had reached a natural fork. The current had carried me far, faster than I expected, but the landscape was changing, and so was I. The prologue ends here, not with a full stop, but with a breath, a moment of stillness before the deeper story begins. What follows is the heart of the journey: the revelations, the battles, the quiet awakenings that reshaped everything I thought I knew about health, the body, and the world itself.

Early May 2014: The Arrival of Lovec

In early May 2014, shortly after my fortieth birthday and my departure from MM Sports, Magnus Johansson and I were deep in the pursuit of a shared dream: opening our own Athletic Training Center. We envisioned a 24-hour gym dedicated to sport-specific training, where young athletes could access our expertise during the day, partially funded by sports clubs and schools, while evenings and mornings remained open to anyone seeking a fully equipped facility. I drafted a detailed business plan, and both the Gothenburg Municipality and the banks responded with enthusiasm, ready to move forward.

We scouted numerous locations until we discovered the perfect one: a vast two-floored building on Agust Bark gata in Högsbo. The upper floor stretched an impressive 80 meters, offering space for a sprint track, sled dragging, and endless possibilities. Everything seemed aligned, the vision within reach.

Amid these preparations and my final weeks at MM Sports, my good friend Martin Ripendal and his partner Amanda welcomed a Staffordshire Bull Terrier puppy they named Amber. Staffies have always been one of my favorite breeds, and I had previously fostered several over the years. Seeing Amber sparked a deep, long-held longing, a thread that stretched back to my childhood and my first dog, Bordie. I wanted to bring a dog into my home again, not just any dog, but something larger, more unique, more attuned to the wild.

A few days later, Erik Frid, one of my close friends and early Talent Hunt participants who had since become a valued member of the MM Sports competition team, introduced me to his sister’s friend, Anna Sundh, and her striking Czechoslovakian

Wolfdogs. Anna had recently welcomed a new puppy named Korall into her life, and she invited me to join her for a walk through the lush paths of Slottsskogen park in Gothenburg. We strolled together with Korall and her older female, Trassel, the crisp air filled with the sounds of birds and the playful energy of the dogs. The moment I laid eyes on Korall, something shifted inside me. An instant, undeniable connection sparked. This was the breed that resonated deeply with my spirit, a recognition that felt almost predestined. Anna mentioned that a few puppies remained available from the same litter, and without hesitation, I reserved one of the last ones, the food-dominant big male who already stood out with his bold presence and confident demeanor.

On May 2 and 3, 2014, I set out on a journey that would bring one of the most profound companions I have ever known into my life. Accompanied by Erik Frid, I drove across borders to the Czech Republic, stopping overnight in Leipzig, Germany, to collect the puppy from the renowned and highly respected Od Úhoště kennel. Upon arrival, I spent several enriching hours with the breeder, Hana, immersing myself in conversation, absorbing her wealth of knowledge about the breed, and carefully reviewing and signing the contract. As we began the long drive home, the tiny pup, still unsteady on his legs, suddenly threw up in the back of the car, drawing a hearty laugh from Erik and marking the trip with an unforgettable, humorous moment. That evening at our hotel in Leipzig, I gently bathed him, turning what could have been a minor mishap into a small, intimate ritual that forged our first real bond. He settled on the floor beside my bed that night, his soft breathing a new and comforting sound. In the morning, we explored the hotel grounds together on a leash, and he took to it effortlessly, as if he had been walking by my side his whole short life. The remainder of the journey back to Gothenburg unfolded calmly, punctuated by frequent stops to stretch our legs, let him sniff the world around him, and build those early threads of trust.

Dogs had always been an intermittent but deeply meaningful passion throughout my life, quiet threads of loyalty, presence, and unspoken understanding woven into even my busiest and most demanding years. The timing now felt perfectly aligned to welcome one fully into my daily existence. With my coaching and writing businesses thriving from a home office setup, I could offer the constant, round-the-clock availability and attention that a wolfdog truly demands.

I chose the Czechoslovakian Wolfdog with deliberate care and intention. This breed stands apart as one of the few with an unadulterated lineage, exceptional robustness, impressive longevity, and strict breeding standards that preserve a high wolf content. Unlike many heavily domesticated breeds molded over centuries primarily for appearance or easy docility, a wolfdog retains sharp, primal instincts: an extraordinary ability to read both human and animal cues with uncanny precision, profound subtlety in communication, and the capacity to form bonds of almost unbreakable depth and mutual respect. To share your life with one transcends the conventional notions of “pet” or even “friend.” It becomes a true partnership, a

vigilant sentinel always by your side, a living mirror to your own energy and emotions, a companion who demands full presence and offers unwavering loyalty in return. Yet they are not suited for everyone. A wolfdog requires extensive time, consistent mental stimulation, and, above all, a confident, calm, and authoritative leader. Without that steady guidance, they can falter, much like a powerful sailing ship adrift without a firm hand on the helm, tossed aimlessly by every shifting wave and gust of wind.

Lovec as a pup and with me at a rest-stop in Germany. Bottom: Erik playing with Lovec later that summer at our family's homestead Lilla Sand. And Lovec with his sister Korall, a happy reunion.

After thoughtful consideration, I selected the Slovak name Lovec, meaning “hunter,” a word that also carries within it the gentle echo of “love.” It felt like the perfect emblem for his essence: fierce and purposeful in his instincts, yet deeply affectionate and devoted all at once. From that first journey home, Lovec began to weave himself into the fabric of my days, a presence that would bring immeasurable depth, challenge, and joy to the chapters that followed.

Welcoming Lovec reshaped my daily life in ways both practical and profound. As a puppy we ventured outdoors six to seven times a day for short, careful walks, always mindful not to overtax his still-developing skeleton and joints. This steady rhythm house-trained him quickly and instilled early habits of outdoor elimination. He spent countless joyful hours playing with Martin and Amanda’s Staffordshire Amber, the two of them tumbling and chasing in a blur of fur and energy. As he matured into young adulthood our routine expanded: roughly two hours daily at various dog parks for essential socialization, where he made friends across every imaginable breed with his calm confidence and social grace. We added another hour or two dedicated to exercise, tracking scents through forests, hiking trails, or even biking together to truly tire his boundless energy. I documented much of this journey on YouTube, and the videos quickly gained surprising popularity. In 2014 few people in Sweden, or anywhere, were familiar with the Czechoslovakian Wolfdog. Viewers were captivated by Lovec’s commanding presence, his effortless social intelligence, his playful spirit, and his almost preternatural calm in any situation, like a wise old soul housed in the body of a youthful, powerful predator, navigating the world with innate poise and quiet dignity.

The most captivating aspect of raising Lovec, however, was the effortless depth of our connection. Unlike traditional training methods with commands and rewards, Lovec never needed formal instruction. From the very first day I brought him home we forged an intuitive bond that felt almost telepathic. We communicated through subtle shifts in body language, fleeting glances, and the smallest gestures. A single look, a slight tilt of the head, or a quiet word was enough; we understood each other instantly. While I have always worked with dogs using non-verbal cues and mutual respect, with Lovec it reached an almost ethereal level, as though we shared a silent language written directly into our beings, forged not through repetition but through recognition.

In mid-May Magnus and I received the contract for the building we wanted to rent for our Athletic Center. A few days later, however, Magnus had to withdraw due to family obligations. I fully understood and supported his decision. The dream paused, but it did not vanish.

In October 2014 I launched my own online membership publication, the Classic Muscle Newsletter, delivering five to six new articles and eight to ten research reviews every month. It quickly became popular, especially among personal trainers in the fitness industry. I would go on to publish thirty-two editions until the storm hit me in 2017.

I also continued my field research on training methodologies, recruiting over one hundred people willing to test twelve-week specialized programs in exchange for detailed feedback.

At the end of 2014 I began planning and writing two new books for the Swedish market: one focused on training nutrition, refining the protocols I used around workouts, and another on my amino acid protocols that had taken shape all the way back in 2006 and had been fine-tuned ever since.

As Lovec and I roamed Gothenburg's parks, forests, and coastal paths together, I founded a dedicated Facebook group to coordinate dog meets, playdates, and informal training sessions. Within just a few months the group grew to over fifty members, with more than twenty becoming active regulars who gathered nearly every day. Finding companionship for park visits or long walks became effortless, creating ideal opportunities for socialization, play, and the simple joy of shared presence among dogs and their people.

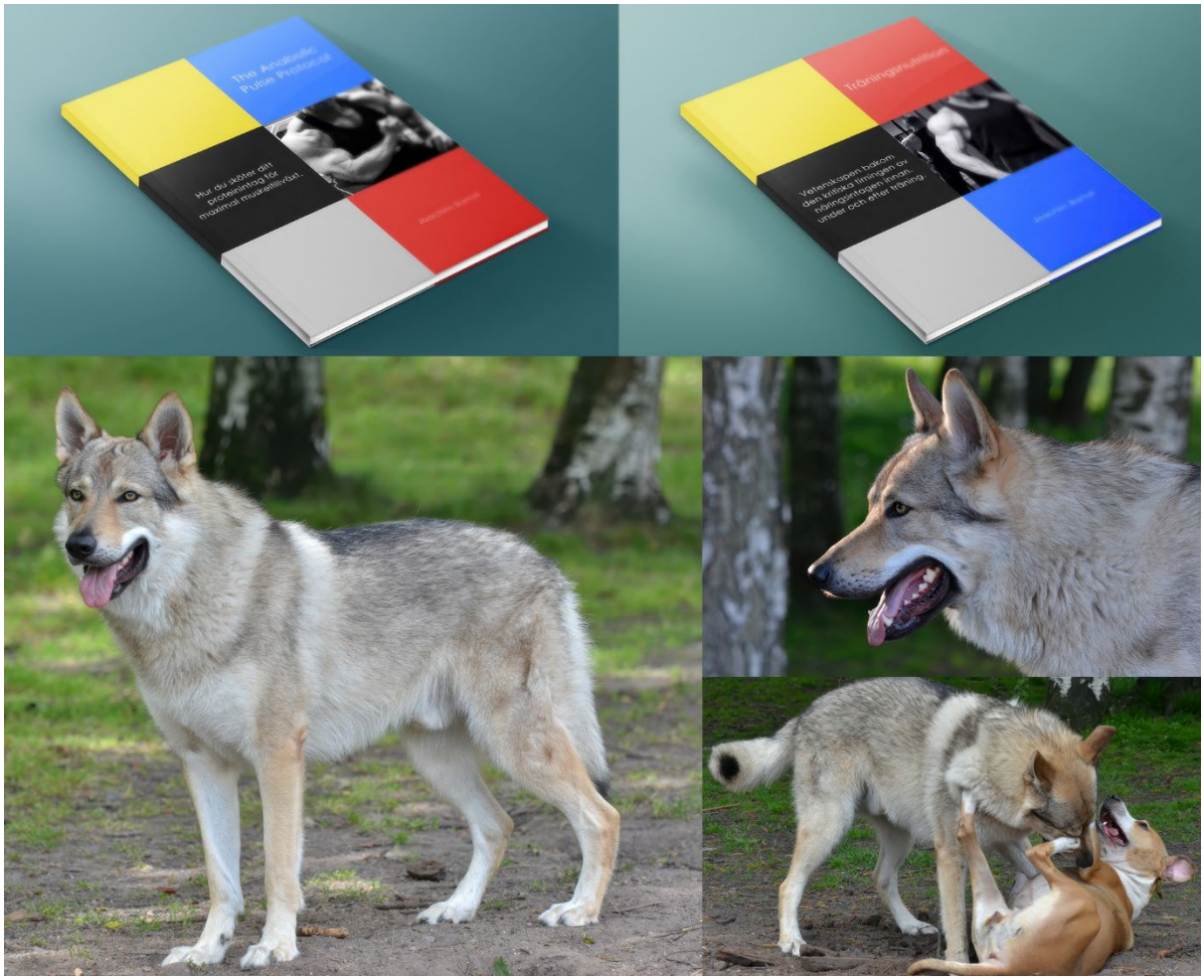
Lovec was more than a pet; he was a mirror, a teacher, and a quiet guardian. He reminded me daily that true partnership is built on mutual trust, presence, and respect, not dominance or control. In a world that often demands noise and performance, he offered stillness and authenticity. Like a compass that points true north even when the storms rage, Lovec guided me back to what matters most: connection, loyalty, and the courage to live in alignment with one's deepest nature.

Mid-Spring 2015: Meeting Isabella and the Gentle Winds of Change

On January 22, 2015, I released my third book, Träningsnutrition (Training Nutrition,) available only in Swedish. The book focused on the critical window of nutrient timing and manipulation the hour before, during, and the hour after exercise, designed specifically for advanced athletes, particularly those in bodybuilding and fitness who sought every possible edge in performance, muscle building and recovery.

A month later, on February 21, I published my fourth book, The Anabolic Pulse Protocol. This work delved deeply into the science of pulsing protein and amino acid intake throughout the day between scheduled meals to stimulate repeated bouts of muscle protein synthesis, maximizing growth far beyond traditional feeding patterns. Together, these two books represented the culmination of what Fredrik Boson and I had first explored back in 2006, refined over nearly a decade through my own experiments, client results, and large-scale field testing with recruited subjects. Much of the core material had already appeared in my earlier articles for BODY Magazine and on my own website only to be plagiarized, oversimplified, or misunderstood and bastardized by others in the industry. Writing these books felt like a quiet act of reclamation. They were my way of setting the record straight, of presenting the truth

unfiltered, my original approach, grounded in real-world results, and offered with the hope that they would finally reach people exactly as intended.



My third and fourth books; The Anabolic Pulse Protocol and Träningsnutrition. Bottom: Lovec during his first year.

Mid-spring 2015 brought a new and unexpected light into my life: Isabella Stapleton. She was thirty years young, street-smart, endlessly curious, intelligent, strikingly beautiful, and yet carried an adorably shy, almost gentle demeanor that made her feel approachable in the best possible way. Isabella ran her own dog daycare business while working part-time as a nurse in elderly care, a demanding yet deeply compassionate combination of roles that spoke volumes about her character. We met at the dog park at Positivparken, where Lovec, as always, drew plenty of attention, especially from the dog-loving local kids. We struck up a conversation, exchanged numbers, and the next day we met again for a walk with our dogs. After our initial meeting and a couple of walks, we transitioned into a relationship and her trio, two powerful American Bullies and a spirited Pitbull/Am Staff mix, brought vibrant, joyful energy to every outing. From the very first meeting they connected flawlessly with Lovec, moving together as though they had always known each other. She also had an adorable five-year-old son, Jayden, who quickly became fascinated with my PlayStation 4 and Xbox One gaming systems.

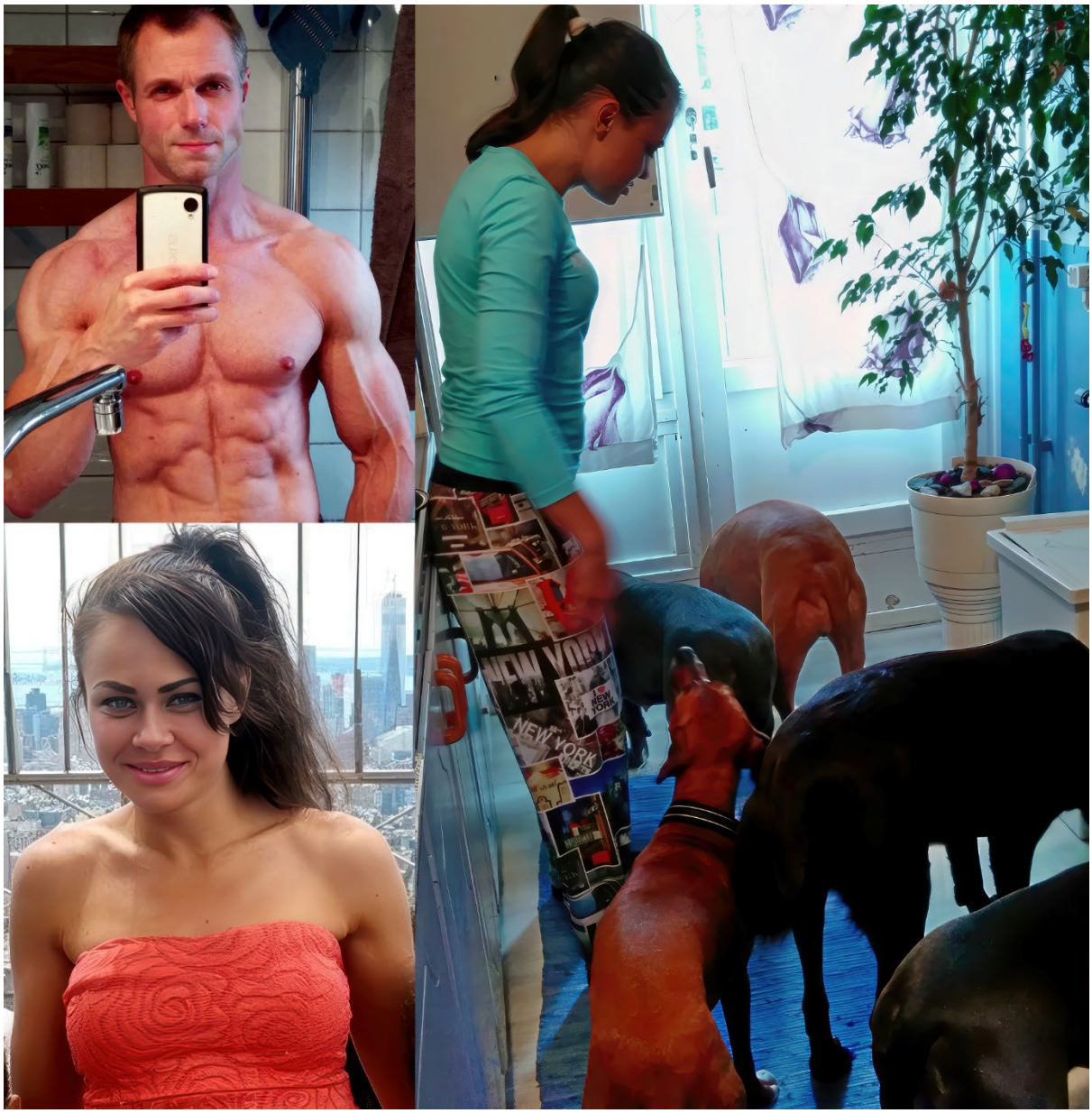
Top: the first day I met Isabella at Positivparken's dog yard, and the local kids adored Lovec. Bottom: Isabella and Lovec, from our adventures in Fiskebäck where the dogs could enjoy the sea and cool down.

We fell into a rhythm that felt like breathing. Long, unhurried adventures became our daily ritual. Dog parks were a regular stop, but our greatest joy came from extended woodland treks or aimless urban wanders across Gothenburg. We would set out with no fixed destination, simply letting the conversation and the dogs guide us. More often than not, we became so absorbed in talking — about life, health, dreams, the absurdities of the world — that we lost all sense of direction, stumbling upon hidden parks, forgotten viewpoints, or quiet corners of the city we had never seen before. Those accidental discoveries, followed by the playful challenge of finding our way

home without a GPS, became a running joke between us, one we still laugh about to this day. Our outings, especially in the wooded areas, could stretch five hours or longer, not because we planned marathons, but because the combination of good company, fresh air, and the simple happiness of watching the dogs run free made time feel irrelevant. We were simply present, reveling in each other's company and in the natural world around us.

More pictures of our adventures, of Isabella, Lovec and her dogs. In Picture at top: our pack of dogs, lined up and photographed by Isabella. From top and down: Chucky, Diosa, Bonita, and Lovec on the right.

To make this new rhythm sustainable, I restructured my workday. I front-loaded all professional responsibilities; writing, client sessions, research, and correspondence into the early mornings and forenoons when Isabella had daycare assignments. This freed the afternoons and evenings entirely for us. For efficiency and steady energy, I naturally adopted a version of intermittent fasting: skipping breakfast, consuming a quick, nutrient-dense shake of raw eggs, protein powder, and heavy cream before heading out, then sharing a hearty, meat-based evening meal together, and often, a dessert in the form of pie and custard (our guilty pleasure that became an inside joke.) That eating pattern emerged organically, without rigid rules or forced protocols, just a semi-ketogenic style that felt intuitive and effortless.



Autumn of 2015 and a downsized Joachim from walking daily and only sporadically visiting the gym. And Isabella with a lot of dogs, as usual.

Predictably, this combination of increased daily activity, time outdoors, and strategic nourishment sculpted me leaner than I had been in years. Although a bit down-sized, I sustained an athletic, defined build despite lifting weights only sporadically, perhaps a few sessions per month (and not a single workout during the summer.) That resilience stemmed from a foundation built over decades. I had been training with weights somewhat regularly since age thirteen, giving me a solid athletic base that proved remarkably durable. Even during long absences from the gym — weeks or months lost to recurring pneumonias, sinusitis, and other ailments — I never shed more than a few pounds of muscle mass and some intracellular water. Whenever I returned to training, the muscle came back quickly. In shape, I always retained a muscular, athletic appearance even after extended breaks. This pattern repeated throughout my life: get sick, lose some size, return to the gym, regain it in weeks, then lose it again with the next health crisis. It was a vicious cycle I had long accepted as part of my reality. That cycle of disease also explains why I never turned to anabolic steroids or growth hormone to chase size and stage competition. The thought of blowing up dramatically only to lose it all during the inevitable next illness felt both frustrating and profoundly unhealthy. I wanted progress that could endure, not temporary illusions that crumbled under pressure.

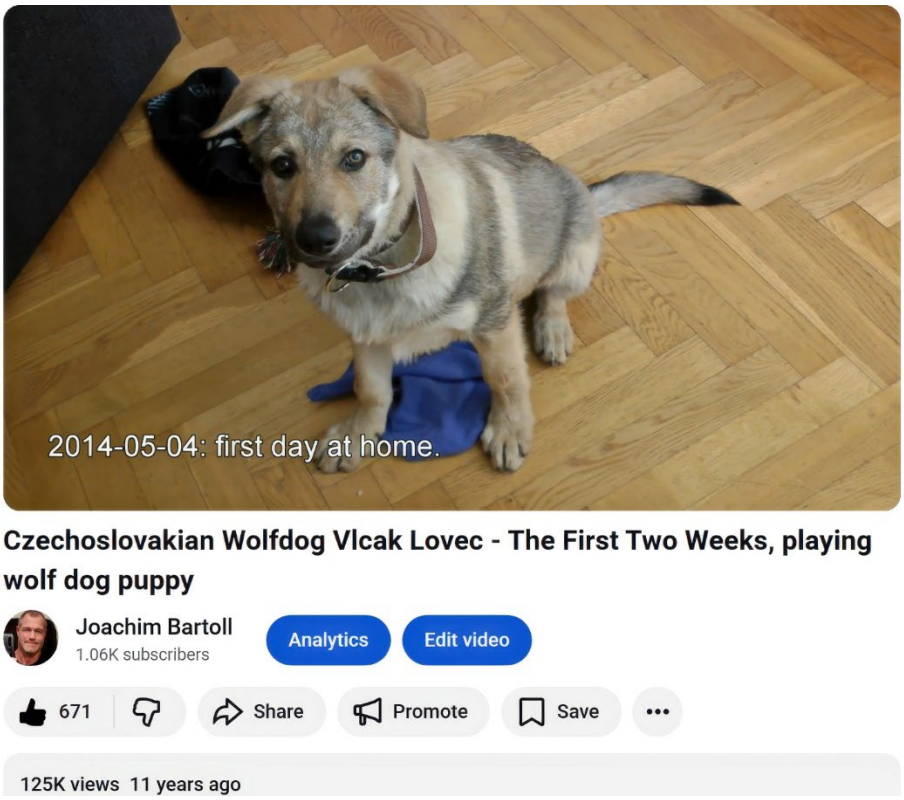
A few pictures from our long treks with our dogs and Isabella's daycare dogs.

As 2015 progressed, I spent most of my free time with Isabella, her young son Jayden, and our combined pack of dogs. The days felt full in the best way: walks, laughter, shared meals, the simple joy of watching the dogs play and the child explore. We also spent time with lovely friends we had met through my dog group,

including David Arnfjell Rodmar, Alice Stenlöv, Alva Louise Odhner, Emelie Carlsen, Magnus Björkman, Gabriella Sporrefält, Paulina Leinsköld, and Kajsa Friis-Liby, often exploring coastal areas or gathering at the dog yard.

Yet, as beautiful as it was, the relationship accelerated too swiftly. Living out of two apartments, traveling back and forth, with growing responsibilities on both sides, cold feet set in. We parted at the end of 2015, a decision that, while deeply painful, was necessary for both of us to breathe. Like a young tree planted too close to another, we had intertwined beautifully but needed space to grow strong roots of our own.

Those spring and summer months of 2015 remain vivid: a season of new love, long walks, rediscovered simplicity, and the quiet certainty that life, even amid its storms, can still offer moments of pure, unscripted joy. The winds of change had carried me far, but they had also brought unexpected gifts: a deeper connection to nature through Isabella and Lovec, the warmth of new friendship and family, and the gentle reminder that sometimes the most profound growth happens not in the gym or the office, but in the quiet spaces between, where presence, love, and shared silence take root and quietly transform everything. Little did I know that these lessons would repeat in only a few years amidst the darkest storm.



Lovec on YouTube. 32 videos of dog awesomeness in total.

Early 2016: A New Book, an Unexpected Upheaval, and the Quiet Return to Roots

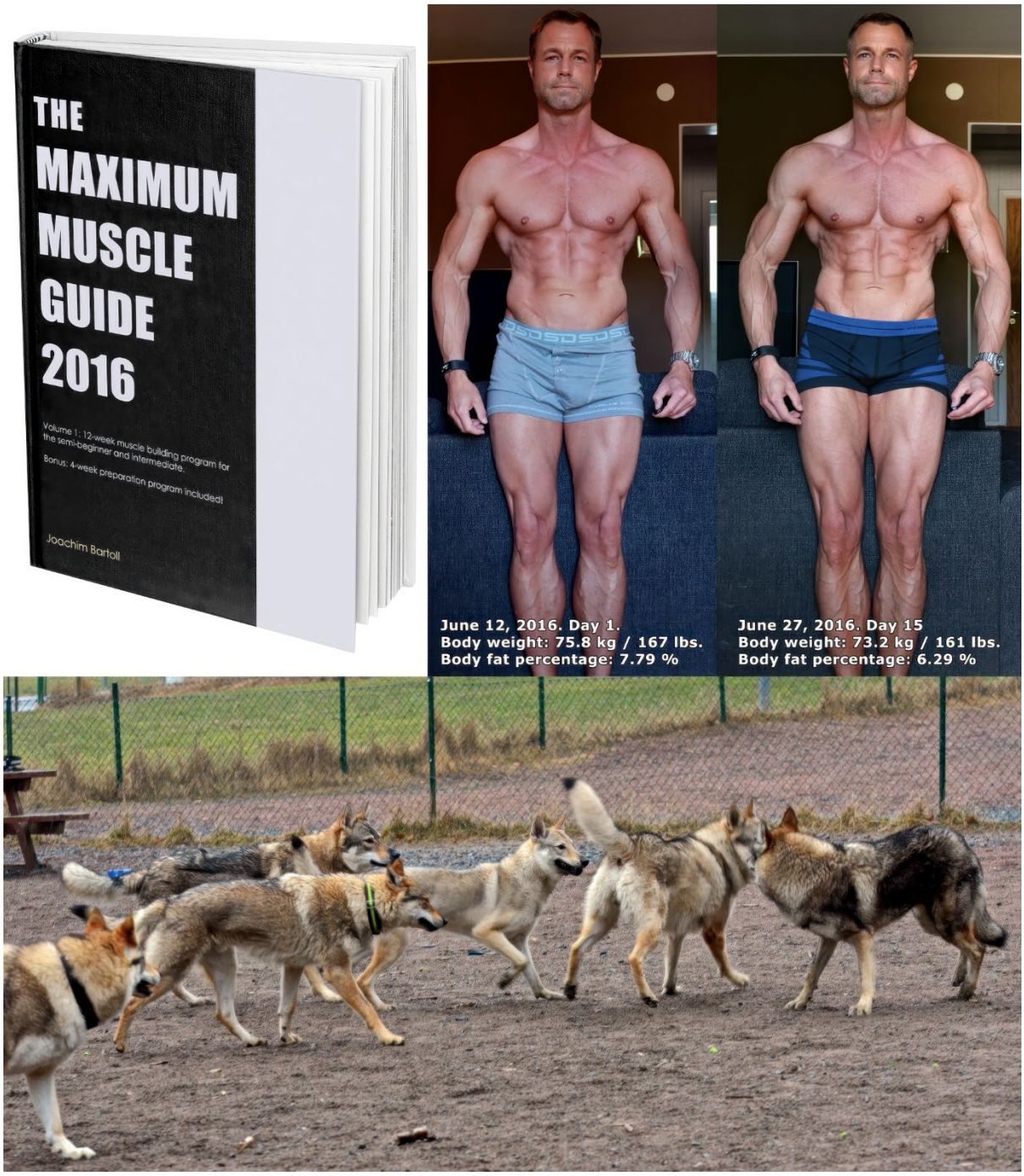
In early 2016, with the weight of the previous year still lingering in the background, I turned my focus inward and began assembling my fifth book, The Maximum Muscle Guide 2016. This work represented the true culmination of everything I had learned through years of hands-on coaching and the extensive field research I had conducted with more than one hundred dedicated participants. At its heart lay a comprehensive twelve-week training program, carefully designed to be highly adaptable, allowing individuals to modify it according to their experience level, recovery capacity, and specific goals. Each phase came with in-depth scientific explanations, breaking down the reasoning behind every method, exercise selection, volume adjustment, and progression strategy. Spanning 106 pages, the book served a dual purpose: it was both a practical, periodized training blueprint and a thorough training manual that anyone serious about building muscle could follow with confidence.

I had first outlined the book during 2015, but the real work unfolded in concentrated bursts during the early months of 2016. Writing became a kind of refuge, a way to channel energy and focus when other parts of life felt unsteady. The emptiness and quiet pain that had followed our decision to take a breather in the relationship still echoed in the background, and pouring myself into this project offered structure, purpose, and a sense of forward motion. About two months later, on March 10, the book was complete. It launched immediately and sold hundreds of copies in the first days, accelerating into the thousands as the months passed. Seeing the response felt deeply validating, a reminder that the knowledge I had fought so hard to refine and test could truly reach people and change their lives.

Between June 12 and June 27, as in 15 days, going from a semi-low carbohydrate mixed diet, I did another ketogenic fat loss experiment, eating to satiation, with two days of fasting each week. In those two weeks I lost 2,6 kg (5.7 pounds,) and my body fat percentage, as measured by a 9-point skin fold formula, went from 7,79% to 6,29%. That was a loss of 1,3 kg (2.9 pounds) of pure fat in two weeks and likely a loss of 1,3 kg of water weight.

Only a couple of days after the book’s release, another upheaval arrived, sudden and disorienting. I discovered that the apartment I had rented since June 2012 had been sublet to me illegally by the family I had trusted. They had presented themselves as owners who were moving to a house and wanted to rent out the apartment. In reality, it was a rental apartment they themselves leased, and they had used my rent to cover their own costs while pocketing a small profit. Their lease had been terminated a month earlier, rendering my entire residency unlawful. The shock hit hard. I had only two months to find a new place in a city notorious for its chronic housing shortage, especially when bringing a large wolfdog like Lovec into the

equation. Available apartments were scarce, often furnished, and almost always came with strict “no pets” policies. As the deadline loomed closer, I expanded my search nationwide, eventually turning my gaze toward Arboga, the small town of my childhood.



The release of my fifth book, The Maximum Muscle Guide 2016 and my quick 15-day fat loss experiment. Bottom: Lovec is leading a pack of wolfdogs during one of our Czechoslovakian Wolfdog gatherings in Gothenburg

Arboga held deep roots: family ties, familiar faces, a slower pace of life, and a sense of familiarity that felt grounding in a moment of uncertainty. My coaching and writing business required nothing more than an internet connection and a computer, so the

move offered a practical interim solution. The plan seemed straightforward: establish myself in this quiet, familiar place, nurture my growing educational and coaching ventures, reconnect with kin, and give myself the space to breathe and rebuild. Once the business stabilized and generated steady income, I could return to Gothenburg, explore other cities, or even consider opportunities abroad, an idea that had begun to feel increasingly alluring. At least, that was the blueprint I carried with me as I packed my belongings and headed toward the town where so much of my early life had unfolded.

Paulina Leinsköld joined us with her Am Staff mix-breed whenever she could get away from school and work. Bottom right: me and Lovec just before leaving Gothenburg.

The move felt like stepping off a fast-moving train onto a quiet platform. For years I had been carried by momentum — building teams, launching products, writing books, chasing growth in a city that never slowed down. Now the rhythm changed. Arboga offered stillness, open skies, the familiar scent of pine and earth, and the

comfort of knowing the streets by heart. Lovec seemed to sense it too; he explored the new surroundings with calm curiosity, as though he understood we were settling into something different. In that quiet town, surrounded by memories and the steady presence of a wolfdog who had become my truest companion, I began to see the next chapter not as a retreat, but as a deliberate pause, a chance to listen more closely to what life was asking of me next.

Mid-2016 to Early 2017: A Growing Darkness and the First Silent Warning

In the early autumn of 2016, life felt like it was unraveling at the seams. The sharp, aching sting of the breakup with Isabella still lingered, a quiet wound that refused to close quickly. The abrupt and shocking loss of my Gothenburg apartment, due to the illegal sublet I had unknowingly been part of, had left me scrambling. I had to say painful goodbyes to the friends and their dogs who had become such a vital, joyful part of my daily existence. Amid all this emotional turbulence, a small but persistent new concern appeared almost unnoticed. On the outer side of my right upper thigh, just beneath the skin, a subtle lump began to form.

At first, I dismissed it completely. My days were filled with long, rugged walks alongside powerful dogs through forests, yards, and uneven terrain; environments that naturally invited bruises, scratches, scrapes, and the occasional hard knock against a tree root or rock. On top of that, I had recently returned to more intense gym sessions, incorporating explosive movements like high pulls from the hang and power cleans, where the barbell makes forceful contact with the thighs during the hip drive. A bump like this seemed par for the course, just another temporary mark of the physical life I had chosen to reclaim after so much disruption.

At the same time, I was pouring tremendous mental and emotional energy into reinventing my coaching business. I was automating processes, building new educational systems, and pivoting toward a more scalable model that could reach more people without unnecessary work. The workload was heavy, creative, and exciting, but undeniably stressful, adding another layer of strain to an already taxed system.

Weeks turned into months, and the lump did not fade. Instead, it persisted and slowly enlarged. By late 2016, it had become noticeably protrusive, something I could easily feel and even move slightly under my fingers. One end felt metallic-hard, almost like a small embedded object, while the growing tip was firmer, denser, expanding outward along the line of the iliotibial band on the side of my thigh. Concern finally overrode dismissal. I contacted my doctor and secured a referral for surgical removal and pathological analysis. Whatever this was, it did not belong there, and I wanted it gone.

In January 2017, I underwent the procedure. The chief surgeon removed a sizable, stringy mass that had partially fused to the IT band at its softer, still-growing end. What was supposed to be a quick, routine excision stretched to 35 minutes, more than double the planned 15, as the surgeon worked carefully to separate it without causing further damage. The excised tissue was striking: a fibrous core with a black-bluish, almost glittering appearance, speckled with whitish scar tissue and elongated, thread-like black tendrils that extended outward. When stretched out, the entire mass measured between five and six centimeters, roughly 2.3 inches.

January 11, 2017, the day after surgical removal of the tumor-like growth, and January 15 after removing the bandage.

Six different experts spent the next ten weeks scrutinizing it under microscopes, consulting databases, and debating among themselves. They were baffled. The dark-bluish, web-like strands were unlike anything in their records; the material did not match any known pathology. Ultimately, they settled on a vague and contradictory conclusion: “a lipoma cancerous growth with unknown and unidentifiable mass,” yet they added that they “thought” it was benign and non-threatening. We will unpack these deeply problematic and misleading statements later, revealing the profound misconceptions embedded in conventional cancer diagnostics and terminology.

The official post-surgery report remained clinical and restrained: “Has since September noted a coil-shaped relatively variable resistance on the outside of the right thigh, proximally. It has slowly increased in size and possibly increased consistency.” And further: “Incision over palp resistance. It turns out to be a partially fibrotized lipoma, multi-lobed, extending in different directions in the subcutis but not down the muscle fascia.”

Ten weeks later, after exhaustive additional examinations and consultations with six other pathologists and so-called cancer experts: “PAD's response has come on the removed mass from the outside of the right thigh. It has been the subject of a lot of extra examinations and has also been discussed with six other pathologists. Some parts and threads could not be identified. It has been concluded that it is basically a lipoma with an extensive reactive process, possibly residual state after trauma. There has been no evidence of any suspicion of malignancy. No further action. Letter to the patient.”

Besöksanteckning

Antecknad av [redacted] *(Läkare) på CLG Kirurgmottagningen, Capio Läkargruppen, CLG Kirurgmottagningen*
2017-03-27 13:51

Aktuellt

PAD svar har kommit på den bortopererade knöl från utsidan av höger lår. Prep har varit föremål för en hel del extra undersökningar och också diskuterats med sex andra patologer. Vissa delar och trådigheter kunde inte identifieras. Man har kommit fram till att det i grunden är ett lipom med en omfattande reaktiv process, möjligen resttillstånd efter trauma. Man har inte kunnat påvisa något som inger misstanke om malignitet. Ingen ytterligare åtgärd. Brev till patienten.

The PAD's response (in Swedish.)

Around the time of the extraction from my right leg, a new concern emerged on the opposite side. I noticed a new area of hardness developing on my left leg, positioned similarly along the iliotibial band near the hip. Determined not to let this escalate unchecked, I turned to one of the most powerful tools I had come to trust: prolonged fasting. I undertook a disciplined five-day water fast, allowing my body to initiate a deep internal cleanse and activate heightened autophagy, the cellular recycling process that clears damaged tissue and debris. I followed this with a return to a strict ketogenic diet heavy in animal-based foods, but still with some toxic vegetables and seed oils. The approach appeared to halt the progression of the new hardness; it stabilized, no longer growing. And in the process, I experienced a noticeable resurgence of energy and mental clarity, as though my body had been granted a brief but profound reprieve from an unseen, ongoing battle.

Looking back on that period, it feels like standing at the edge of a darkening forest. The path behind me had been bright with achievement, connection, and momentum, yet ahead lay shadows that grew longer with every step. The lump, the surgery, the vague and contradictory diagnosis, the emerging hardness on the other leg. These were not random inconveniences. They were quiet signals, whispers from a body that had carried me through so much, now asking, perhaps pleading, for me to listen more deeply. At the time I could not yet hear the full message. I was still interpreting everything through the lens of conventional medicine, still believing the body could simply be cut, medicated, or forced back into line. The truth, as I would later discover, lay in a far more elegant and intelligent direction: the terrain itself.

Mid-2016 to Early 2017: The Descent from Stability into Darkness

From April through June 2017, a fragile but deeply welcome period of relative stability finally arrived. The storm clouds that had gathered for so long began to part, if only slightly, granting me a narrow window of clearer, quieter days. For the first time in what felt like ages, I could channel my returning energy into the new business venture I had been quietly nurturing for months. Ideas flowed more freely than they had in a long time; progress, though modest, felt tangible and real. Each small step forward served as a quiet reminder of the resilience I had painstakingly rebuilt through countless health hurdles, a testament to the fact that even after repeated knockdowns, the human spirit can rise again when given a moment to breathe.

Yet, as so often happens when life begins to feel manageable once more, the demands started to creep in like shadows lengthening at dusk. My workload mounted relentlessly: client sessions, writing, research, website development, marketing, the endless small tasks of building something meaningful from scratch. Stress began to weave its insidious threads into my daily existence, subtle at first, then tightening like vines around a once-strong tree. What had been a carefully structured, nutrient-dense ketogenic diet gradually eroded. It devolved into a haphazard “balanced” diet, one that prioritized quick bursts of energy over true nourishment. I slowly began to lean on convenience: more carbohydrates for perceived “fuel,” fewer quality fats, less attention to micronutrient density. It was akin to fueling a high-performance engine with subpar gasoline, a shortcut that might keep the machine running in the short term, but inevitably invites sputtering failures, overheating, and long-term damage that could have been avoided with premium care.

By July 2017, the warning signs became impossible to ignore. Each morning upon waking, I experienced peculiar symptoms reminiscent of a cold or flu: fatigue, mild body aches, a general sense of being “off.” These typically dissipated after a few hours, yet they returned faithfully every day. In hindsight, I came to understand this as the body’s innate, intelligent mechanism for detoxification: a natural process designed to expel accumulated toxins, poisons, and cellular debris through what conventional medicine labels as “colds” or “flu,” bearing no relation to external germs or pathogens (a concept we will explore in greater depth later). And since my diet had slipped, the only time my body could attempt to detoxify was during the short fasted-sleep window, hence the symptoms in the morning. Unlike fleeting, seasonal illnesses, however, this one lingered stubbornly, intensifying with each passing day and refusing to yield.

At first, I dismissed the persistence, attributing it to the cumulative toll of my increasingly demanding schedule. But by September, more alarming signals emerged. Afternoon energy crashes left me utterly depleted, as though someone had

pulled a plug on my vitality. Lapses in focus disrupted my workflow; simple tasks that once flowed effortlessly now felt like wading through thick mud. My short-term memory faltered as names, numbers, and recent conversations slipped away like sand through fingers. Vision blurred after prolonged concentration, and my thinking slowed to a frustrating crawl, making even basic decisions feel laborious. Afternoons became nearly impossible for anything requiring mental effort; reading a book, watching a short video on YouTube, or even following a conversation became shrouded in an overwhelming brain fog, a disorienting mental haze comparable to navigating a thick, fog-shrouded forest path where every step forward demands caution and every turn risks losing your way entirely.

Now mornings were the time of day I had the most energy and clarity, likely because my body was now so ill, my terrain so compromised, and the diet had inflicted nutrient deficiencies so profound that I could no longer detoxify during sleep. That, of course, meant toxins accumulated even faster from the poor diet I was following. I was literally digging my own grave without even realizing it.

Compounding these mental struggles, my weight began to plummet dramatically. In just three months, 12 kilograms, or about 27 pounds, vanished. Given that my body fat percentage had long hovered in the single digits, this loss was predominantly lean muscle mass, a clear, distressing indicator that something was profoundly amiss. It was alarming, to say the least. A stark reminder that when the body is pushed beyond its limits for too long, it begins to consume itself in a desperate bid for survival, breaking down its own tissue for fuel and repair materials it can no longer obtain from the outside.

By October, the accumulation of symptoms; physical, mental, emotional, prompted me to seek medical attention. I visited my assigned doctor, underwent basic blood and stool tests, and was granted long-term sick leave to step back from the fray, with strict orders to simply rest. The decision was both necessary and devastating. I was forced to shutter everything in my professional world: closing my businesses, canceling commitments with clients and refuse any new obligations, abandoning the ambitious educational project I had poured my heart into for months. And there was no monetary compensation; I had to start living on my savings, which we will return to later in the story.

Now my sole focus shifted to mere survival, navigating one day at a time through the dense mental fog. Concentration could be sustained for only a few fleeting minutes at a time. Attempts at reading, writing, or even following a simple conversation drained me completely. Words jumbled in my mind or emerged substituted entirely for what I intended. Speaking for more than a few minutes became exhausting; I had to concentrate fiercely to keep up with the conversation topic and to find the right words, and sometimes they still came out wrong, flipped, replaced, or lost altogether.

At the start of 2017 I weighed about 74 kg (163 pounds) and around late summer the weigh-loss accelerated, and by the end of the year I weighed around 57 kg (125 pounds.)

While my physical deterioration with extreme muscle loss and with dark circles forming beneath my eyes and wrinkles appearing, the erosion of my cognitive faculties terrified me more than any physical ailment ever had. I had always prided myself on a razor-sharp mind, perpetually brimming with ideas, creativity, theories, connections, and the ability to articulate them clearly. I relished engaging with people, delivering talks to audiences large and small, drawing energy from those interactions. Now, reduced to a zombie-like husk of my former self, I dreaded venturing outdoors. I feared chance encounters that might spark conversation, interactions that would sap what little energy I had left, exacerbate every other symptom, and leave me humiliated by my inability to speak coherently.

Forgetting words, flipping them, stumbling through sentences; I felt like an elderly rambler, far older than my actual years, trapped in a body and mind that no longer obeyed.

On December 21, after enduring a six-week wait, I finally underwent an MRI scan on my left leg, a procedure intended to shed light on the persistent hardness that had appeared opposite the first tumor. The scan itself was a formality, a step toward understanding. But the results would not materialize until late March 2018, leaving me suspended in a limbo of uncertainty that only amplified the challenges ahead. It was a waiting game I had not asked for, a slow-burning test of patience when patience was already in short supply.

Through it all, a quiet truth began to emerge: the body does not break randomly. It speaks in the language of symptoms, signaling when the terrain has become too toxic, when the load has grown too heavy, when the inner balance has been lost. I had ignored the whispers for too long, and now the message roared, shaking me to the core. Like a tree that bends under relentless wind only to snap when the storm becomes too fierce, I had reached the breaking point. Yet even in the darkness, a small, stubborn spark remained; the knowledge that survival, true survival, begins not with fighting the symptoms, but with listening to what the body is trying to say. The descent was deep, but it was also the beginning of a different kind of ascent, one that would demand everything I thought I knew and offer in return something far more profound.

Plunging into the Abyss: Hitting Rock Bottom in Late 2017 and Early 2018

In the waning months of 2017, I found myself spiraling downward, a relentless plunge that extended into the early days of 2018. This period stands as the darkest and lowest chapter of my entire life, a time when every passing hour felt like sinking deeper into a vast, shadowy chasm where even the faintest traces of light struggled to reach me. The vibrant, driven person I had once been, full of energy, purpose, and unbreakable determination, seemed to be fading away before my eyes. Each day eroded another small piece of who I was, leaving behind only a hollow shell that fought desperately to hold itself together.

Mornings offered the only fragile illusion of normal life. Upon waking, I would experience a brief, precious burst of clarity, a narrow window when I felt somewhat connected to the world and not yet on the brink of complete breakdown. During those fleeting hours, I could manage simple chores within the quiet safety of my home, tasks that required little thought or physical strength. My energy reserves had dwindled to something perilously low, like a flickering lantern running on the last drops of oil, yet they carried me just far enough to get through the morning.

Even the most basic forms of entertainment slipped beyond my reach. Watching short videos became impossible, as the quick cuts and flashing images triggered immediate exhaustion, snapping my focus like a frayed wire. Listening to podcasts proved just as futile, my mind lagging so far behind the spoken words that I would grasp one idea only to realize I had already lost the entire thread of the conversation. Continuing felt pointless.

Stepping outside for even the simplest errands, such as a quick morning trip to the grocery store, often exacted an enormous toll. A brief exchange with a cashier or a passing neighbor could drain me so completely that I would stagger home, collapse into bed, and spend the rest of the day in deep recovery from the overwhelming weariness. Physically, I could still handle light activities early in the day, loading the laundry or vacuuming for a few minutes, but my mental sharpness evaporated as the hours advanced. By nine or ten in the morning, any task demanding even mild concentration turned into a grueling battle, my thoughts slogging through a thick, viscous swamp. By eleven or noon, a profound lethargy settled over me, clouding clear reasoning and making it nearly impossible to process even straightforward information. A few hours more, and my senses dulled to an alarming degree, as though I were moving through a heavy mist with muffled hearing. The world blurred at the edges, sounds arrived from a great distance, and my actions lagged, my body responding sluggishly to every command, like a film reel stuttering out of sync or a marionette puppet with its strings hopelessly tangled.

Balance betrayed me frequently, causing me to stumble into furniture or walls. This disorienting state felt utterly surreal, almost nightmarish, as though I had become a stranger trapped inside my own body, directing it clumsily from somewhere far away, ensnared in a haze from which there seemed no possible escape.

In truth, I was functioning at barely four or five percent of my former capacity. Each night’s rest replenished me just enough to hobble through the following dawn, but with every cycle, I drained a fraction more of that vital essence, resembling a fading battery inching closer to complete depletion and irreversible silence. The deterioration unfolded slowly, relentlessly, instilling a quiet, growing terror that became impossible to ignore.

Imagine a mighty oak tree, once towering and resilient, now poisoned at its roots by unseen toxins seeping deep into the soil. At first the leaves wilt subtly, branches weaken, and the trunk begins to sway under winds it once defied without effort. That was my body during those months, assaulted from within, its foundations crumbling under the accumulated weight of harm, a living parable of how neglect, misguided nourishment, and prolonged wrong choices can bring even the strongest among us to the edge of collapse.

Throughout this phase, I clung tightly to the belief that a so-called balanced diet remained essential for fueling my body, especially as I watched my weight plummet at an alarming rate. I knew chronic inflammation raged through my system like a

wildfire, a firestorm that any misstep could fan into even greater fury, straining my organs further and spawning fresh miseries in an endless loop of suffering. Yet I had not yet grasped the simple, profound truth that these were not the disease itself, but merely symptoms, outward manifestations of my body desperately struggling to detoxify and heal a poisoned internal terrain. The real issue lay deeper, in the fundamental mismatch between what I was consuming and what my biology truly required.

Certain foods triggered severe reactions almost immediately. Grains, bread, or pasta ignited psoriasis-like rashes that flaked and itched relentlessly across my skin, accompanied by cold-like symptoms: excessive mucus, a constant drip from my nose, and swelling from fluid buildup that puffed my limbs and face. Consuming more than fifty grams of carbohydrates from any source in one sitting caused sugar to spill into my urine, my vision to cloud over, a persistent ringing in my ears, and a drowsiness so overpowering it threatened to pull me under completely, eerily reminiscent of uncontrolled diabetes. Even protein, which had once been my trusted ally, turned treacherous. More than twenty grams at a time caused albumin to appear in my urine, turning it a milky, opaque white, a stark and terrifying sign that my kidneys were under siege. I, who had once effortlessly consumed eighty to one hundred grams of protein in a single meal, now faced open revolt from my body at a mere fraction of that amount.

Edema waxed and waned around my eyes, across my face, and in my lower legs, rising and falling in rhythm with the surges of internal inflammation, like ocean waves driven by a storm I could neither control nor fully foresee. The warning signs mounted inescapably: my kidneys hovered on the brink of collapse, my liver labored under crushing pressure, and my thyroid had slowed to a near standstill. Blood tests, as we will explore soon, would later confirm this grim reality in stark, undeniable detail.

Amid the crushing fatigue and impenetrable brain fog, even the act of nourishing myself became an epic struggle, comparable to climbing a sheer cliff with weighted ankles and vision shrouded in mist. I tried reverting to a strict ketogenic approach, only to discover that my system now rebelled against large amounts of fat as well, likely because I had become lax in my methods, mixing heavy cream or coconut oil into warm coffee-protein shakes instead of choosing solid fats from fatty meats or butter. Liquid fats absorb rapidly and often overwhelm a fragile gut, while their solid counterparts digest more slowly and gently, proving far kinder to a body already on the edge.

As a side note, I have long avoided combining substantial amounts of fats and carbohydrates in the same meal due to the Randle Cycle, a metabolic competition where glucose and fatty acids vie for oxidation, resulting in inefficiency, increased inflammation, and added stress on the body. I first warned readers about the risks of mixing high fat and high carbohydrate intake in the same meal as early as 2003, in the second issue of Exhale All Sports Magazine, explaining how such combinations

sabotage performance much like pouring oil and water into an engine, leading to inefficiency, potential breakdowns, and long-term damage.

Thus, with the nutritional understanding I possessed at the time, I settled on what I believed to be the least taxing strategy: non-draining ketogenic-style meals (fats paired with proteins) in the mornings while mental sharpness still lingered, allowing me to prepare food while I could still think clearly. Afternoons and evenings shifted toward more easily accessible carbohydrates with minimal protein, since my zombie-like state masked the lethargic effects of carbs. I reasoned that this pattern might supply enough quick energy to at least maintain my weight or slow the rapid loss. Clinging to outdated beliefs, I still incorporated certain vegetables and fruits, convinced they offered benefit, and even added poisonous vegetable and fruit powders, a grave miscalculation that only intensified the internal toxemia, ravaging tissues and organs further, much like pouring accelerant onto glowing embers and igniting a fire that consumed everything from within.

Predictably, no real turnaround arrived. My efforts merely slowed the descent of my weight-loss for brief moments, but the slide continued. By January 2018, my weight had fallen to fifty-eight kilograms, or one hundred twenty-seven pounds, and it kept dropping. Since the summer of 2017, I had lost eighteen kilograms, forty pounds, most of it precious muscle mass. Soon afterward, widespread edema began to swell my body, most noticeably in my face, a final, desperate warning flare from a system that had been pushed far beyond its limits, signaling that my organs were teetering on the very edge of complete collapse.

The Unveiling Bloodwork and the Resounding Void of Medical Guidance

In October 2017, as the symptoms grew too loud to ignore any longer, I underwent initial bloodwork to probe the root of my escalating decline. The tests were meant to offer clarity, a map through the fog, but the results never reached me for personal review, a frustrating oversight that felt like yet another small betrayal in an already bewildering ordeal. My physician, upon review, also discovered that crucial panels had been overlooked entirely, necessitating a second draw in early December. Tragically, the lab merely patched the gaps instead of performing a full repeat, denying us the opportunity for side-by-side comparisons across those pivotal weeks. Such a comprehensive view might have illuminated the trajectory of my decline, like markers on a map illuminating the path of a meandering river and guiding us toward the currents driving my decline.

From the fragmented data that finally arrived, several anomalies stood out in stark relief. My thyroid-stimulating hormone, TSH, had plummeted from 3.6 in early 2017 to a mere 1.2 by early 2018. In conventional interpretation, this sharp drop might

suggest an overactive thyroid — hyperthyroidism — where the gland floods the system with excess hormones, prompting the pituitary to dial back TSH production as a regulatory response. Yet my T3 and T4 levels lingered at the lower end of the reference range, and none of the classic hallmarks of hyperthyroidism were present. I experienced no heat intolerance that left me sweating through clothes, no erratic mood swings or tremors shaking my hands, no parched skin begging for moisture, no insomnia robbing me of rest, and no racing heart or irregular rhythms pounding in my chest. The mismatch was confounding, as though the body’s hormonal orchestra was playing discordant notes with no conductor in sight. Nothing aligned logically; it painted a picture of a system in utter disarray, unraveling thread by thread as life slowly ebbed away.

From the vantage of biochemistry and endocrinology, chronic inflammation, often fueled by dietary toxins, wreaks havoc on thyroid function. In humans, the intrusion of plant-derived antinutrients like lectins and oxalates ignites severe tissue damage resulting in persistent inflammation, disrupting hormonal balance. This could manifest in erratic TSH levels, as the body's regulatory systems strain against the assault. Elevated inflammation markers correlate with thyroid imbalances, where the gland's output wanes or surges unpredictably, compounding fatigue and metabolic disarray. In my case, this misalignment hinted at deeper toxemia, a buildup of internal poisons from years of misguided nutrition forcing down carbohydrates around workouts, vegetables, nuts, seeds and tons of artificial supplements, eroding the very foundations of health.

Blood albumin soared to the ceiling of 55 grams per liter, an anomaly given my meager daily protein intake of just 60 to 70 grams, a shadow of my previous feasts. This elevation, against such sparse consumption, screamed of systemic inflammation, kidney impairment, and the insidious presence of cancer. It was as if my body, in a frantic bid for survival, hoarded what little protein it could, sounding frantic alarms amid an enduring bombardment. Physiologically, albumin serves as a sentinel of nutritional status and inflammation; its unnatural spike reflected the body's desperate compensation, a biochemical cry for reprieve from the toxic load that plants and carbohydrates impose, binding nutrients and inflaming tissues.

Lactate dehydrogenase, or LD, erupted to 3.9 microkatals per liter, shattering the standard bounds of 1.8 to 3.4, a far cry from my lifelong baseline below 2.0. This surge indicated widespread tissue breakdown, particularly from beleaguered organs and muscle tissue. Biochemically, LD surges in response to cellular breakdown, often triggered by chronic inflammation from dietary mismatches, where glucose from carbs glycates proteins, forming harmful advanced glycation end-products that accelerate decay.

Alkaline phosphatase, or ALP, ascended to 2.1 microkatals per liter, breaching the norm of 0.6 to 1.8. This rise often signals liver distress, rheumatic conditions, diabetes, or other organ maladies, a whisper escalating to a persistent echo of inner discord. In the context of human biology, ALP elevations tie to inflammatory

cascades, where plant toxins overburden the liver's detoxification, straining its enzymatic pathways. Endocrinology reveals how such imbalances disrupt hormone synthesis, further entangling the web of decline. Stool examinations, mercifully, showed no glaring digestive flaws, offering a slender thread of relief by excluding malabsorption as the chief villain in my vanishing weight, though it did little to dispel the overarching shadow.

Equipped with this fragmented evidence and my mounting afflictions, I sought counsel from multiple physicians and experts in Sweden's public system, a framework dubbed health care yet feeling more like a bureaucratic labyrinth to keep people on drugs and medications. Their collective verdict offered no solace, no concrete strategies, not even speculative paths forward. With grave and measured tones, they projected that I might not survive beyond three months. The only support they could extend was the grim promise of a hospital bed when self-care became impossible, a final refuge as my systems failed one by one.

One physician even floated the idea of prescribing amphetamines to combat the crushing mental fog, a suggestion I rejected outright. I sensed it would only accelerate the damage, like pouring accelerant onto a smoldering fire in a desperate attempt to warm a freezing room. Beyond that, I yearned for unvarnished truth, to discern if any efforts would bring change, for better or worse, unclouded by pharmaceutical veils that masked the body's honest signals.

In those consultations, depleted as I was, I could scarcely formulate coherent responses. The doctors had no map for this journey. They had no answers. And so, once again, I was left to my own devices, to find my own way through the darkness.

But even in that moment of abandonment, a quiet certainty remained. The body wants to live. It fights to survive. It signals distress not to punish, but to be heard. And somewhere beneath the exhaustion, the fear, and the uncertainty, I still believed that if I could remove enough of the poisons and supply enough of what it truly needed, the tide could turn. The ship could be saved. The journey could continue.

The Darkest of Times and a Glimmer of Light

In early January 2018, as the shadows of my decline grew longer and heavier, a painful realization settled over me with crushing clarity. Even with sporadic help from friends and family, I no longer possessed the physical strength or mental sharpness required to provide Lovec, my magnificent Czechoslovakian Wolfdog, with the daily care he truly deserved. A wolfdog of his caliber needs far more than basic attention. He requires at least two to three hours of purposeful activity each day; vigorous exercise to honor his athletic heritage, mental challenges to engage his keen intelligence, and above all, the steady presence of a confident, authoritative leader to guide him. Yet there I was, struggling to complete even twenty-minute walks, not only

because my body was frail, but because my mind was so clouded and fatigued that even the simplest decisions felt monumental. I noticed him becoming increasingly protective, shadowing me more closely, positioning himself between me and the world. It was an instinctual response to my vulnerability, as though he sensed the alpha had grown weak and the pack needed safeguarding. Continuing to keep him in that state would have been profoundly unfair, bordering on neglect. It was like chaining a wild, noble spirit to a sinking ship — denying him the freedom to run, explore, and thrive as nature intended. With a heart that felt heavier than any weight I had ever lifted, I began the agonizing search for a new home for him, placing his well-being above my own attachment and grief.

Lovec in 2017, and with Martin and Amanda's Staffordshire Bull Terrier Amber, during a two week stay at us in June of 2016.

A week later, Lovec found his new family in northern Sweden; a household already blessed with a female Czechoslovakian Wolfdog and two Huskies. It was a pack where he could roam freely, chase adventures, and receive the companionship and stimulation he craved. The separation tore at me deeply, a raw, gaping wound in an already battered soul. But I drew quiet comfort from the knowledge that he would flourish in ways I could no longer provide. That truth, painful as it was, became the only thing that mattered in the end. Love, I learned, sometimes means letting go so that the one you cherish can fully live.

Compounding this emotional devastation came a second blow that felt almost cruel in its timing. A water leak was discovered in the basement of my apartment building, quickly escalating into a full-blown crisis. Investigations revealed a burst pipe hidden between my unit and the one above. Repairs were non-negotiable. Workers arrived with tools and determination, dismantling my bathroom, tearing out a wall, and ripping up sections of flooring. The renovation dragged on for six long weeks — a chaotic unraveling of my home that mirrored the unraveling I felt inside. I was forced to evacuate to temporary housing, packing what little I could carry and leaving behind the familiar space that had witnessed both my arrival chasing dreams and my collapse into nothingness.

Thus, in the midst of saying goodbye to my faithful companion, I was uprooted once more, cast into unfamiliar rooms and routines. At that absolute nadir, I felt like the walking dead — a hollow vessel drifting through days that blurred into one another. Lovec was gone. The doctors' grim prognosis still echoed in my ears: mere months left, if that. Isolation threatened to swallow me whole. Yet in this bleakest hour, when hope seemed little more than a fading ember, a message from the past broke through the darkness like a sudden shaft of sunlight. It was a single point of light, fragile but real, and it changed everything.

Rekindling Bonds and Rediscovering the Path to Renewal

In the midst of that unrelenting darkness, a single point of light appeared, fragile at first but growing steadily brighter. That light came from my ex, Isabella Stapleton. She had moved to New York only a few months before I was forced to leave Gothenburg for Arboga, each of us, in our separate ways, trying to outrun painful memories and carve out some kind of fresh beginning. When we finally reconnected, she told me that she had panicked, that our separation had left her empty and desperate to flee, and as she had studied in New York many years ago and still had some friends there, that was where she fled. She had recently heard from Lovec's breeder, Hana in the Czech Republic, that I was gravely ill and had to relocate Lovec. At that very same moment, Isabella herself had been searching for a wolfdog puppy, missing both me and the unique presence Lovec had once brought into her life. Life in New York had not unfolded as she had hoped. She struggled to find

stable housing, encountered people who took advantage of her, felt the constant weight of distance from Sweden's quieter, more familiar rhythms, and carried the deep ache of our separation. All of it had worn her down over time.

Our first tentative messages carried a rare kind of honesty and openness. We shared our struggles, our fears, our small daily victories, without pretense or filter. We encouraged one another, held space for the pain, and slowly rediscovered the unbreakable bond that had always existed between us, even through the years apart. For me, that reconnection became the gentle but firm push I needed to return to my truth-seeking roots, to become once again the relentless explorer I had always been at heart, to reboot my life with a determination I thought had been lost forever. For Isabella, it gave her the courage to take the decisive step of returning to Sweden, which she did in the summer of 2018.

Early 2018, Isabella in New York and with her new Czechoslovakian Wolfdog dog pup Maikoh.

This reconnection arrived like a lifeline thrown into turbulent waters, pulling me back from the depths of isolation and despair. In those fragile exchanges, I felt a warmth begin to rekindle inside me, a quiet reminder that even in the bleakest moments, human connection can illuminate the way forward when nothing else can. Isabella's voice, though separated by an ocean, became a steady anchor. Her empathy acted as a balm for wounds that medicine had failed to reach. As we shared our stories, the crushing weight of my illness felt slightly less suffocating, and a small but real spark of motivation flickered to life, urging me not merely to survive, but to fight to reverse the damage, to reclaim the possibility of thriving once again.

We spoke and messaged every day, as much as my limited energy would allow. While I struggled to focus and often searched for the right words, Isabella, along with my father and my brother, were the only people I could speak to on the phone without caring about how scattered or slow I sounded. Writing messages proved much easier, as I could respond at my own pace, whenever a window of energy appeared, especially since New York sits six hours behind Sweden. In those precious morning hours, when my mind still held a sliver of clarity, even if only for ten or fifteen minutes at a time, I began to dig deeper into literature and research I had only skimmed in the past. I explored dry fasting, the mechanisms of autophagy, the body's innate ability to heal itself when given the right conditions, and the fundamental truth of our natural, species-appropriate diet: raw animal-based nutrition, the hypercarnivore way of eating that human physiology had been shaped by for millions of years.

From the perspectives of anthropology and biology, the evidence is overwhelming. Our ancestors, including Neanderthals and earlier hominins, thrived as top-level carnivores, deriving the vast majority of their sustenance from animal sources. Stable isotopic analyses of ancient remains reveal diets almost exclusively reliant on meat for protein and energy, especially since there were virtually no real edible plants available before the agricultural revolution, which fundamentally altered and, in many ways, destroyed humanity. This evolutionary blueprint is etched into our very anatomy: our dentition, jaw structure, stomach acidity, and digestive tract all confirm that humans are obligate hypercarnivores when it comes to thriving fully. We are adapted to extract optimal nourishment from raw or lightly cooked meats, organs, and fats, while plant matter, laden with defense chemicals and antinutrients, serves only to disrupt our internal harmony.

In biochemistry and human physiology, this animal-based approach stands as the cornerstone of genuine health. It provides bioavailable complete proteins for tissue repair, saturated fats for hormone production and cellular integrity, and cholesterol essential for every vital function, including tissue repair. Carbohydrates, so often praised in mainstream narratives, convert to toxic glucose that inflames tissues, promotes advanced glycation end-products, and fuels chronic diseases, including the very cancer that had ravaged my body. By contrast, embracing animal-based foods eliminates these burdens, creating a state where the body can detoxify and regenerate without the constant interference of plant toxins such as lectins, oxalates, and linoleic acid, all of which biochemistry shows accelerate inflammation and cellular damage.

Dry fasting takes this principle even further, amplifying healing through enhanced autophagy, the body's natural cellular recycling process in which damaged components are broken down and repurposed. This leads to reduced inflammation, improved mitochondrial function, and even documented anti-tumor effects in physiological studies. In endocrinology, fasting triggers powerful hormonal shifts, boosting growth hormone and insulin sensitivity to help reverse metabolic chaos.

Biochemistry reveals how it induces deep ketosis from stored fats, starving aberrant cells while promoting longevity. Terrain theory, rooted in biology, offers the clearest lens: disease does not arise from external invaders but from internal toxemia, the accumulation of poisons from poor diet and environment. Cancer itself manifests as a protective response, the body's attempt to encapsulate and isolate toxins. By purging these through dry fasting and a strict hypercarnivore regimen, the terrain is restored, allowing the innate healing mechanisms to take over.

I had believed, after more than twenty years at the elite level of fitness and nutrition, that I understood the field completely. I was wrong, profoundly wrong. Parts of the picture had been deliberately obscured by powerful economic interests: the food industry, the supplement industry, and pharmaceutical giants whose profits depend on confusion and dependency. The ketogenic diet and intermittent fasting had been powerful tools compared to the typical modern diet, but when my health had deteriorated so far, they proved mediocre at best. I needed to go back to the very beginning, to the roots of what our physiology was actually constructed for.

Like a man who has wandered far from the source of a river, only to realize the water he has been drinking downstream is polluted and diseased, I turned upstream. I sought the original, pure stream: the diet that shaped our physiology before agriculture, before processing, before the modern world convinced us that grains, seed oils, and synthetic vitamins were essential. What I found was not complicated. It was ancient, elegant, and devastatingly effective. And when I began to apply it fully, the change was not gradual. It was profound.

Studies in endocrinology highlight how carnivore diets enhance detoxification and immune responses, with nutrients like long-chain fatty acids from meat bolstering the body's ability to combat cancer cells. Human physiology adapts seamlessly to this ancestral pattern, reducing chronic inflammation and supporting organ recovery in ways no other approach can match.

That reconnection with Isabella, that return to first principles and to the essence of human nutrition, became the true turning point. It was the glimmer of light in the darkest hour, the spark that reignited the explorer within me. Imagine a weary traveler, lost in a vast forest, his path obscured by overgrown vines of deception and old habits, until a familiar voice calls from beyond the trees, guiding him back to the clear trail he once knew so well. This was our bond, a living parable of how love and truth intertwine to lead one home.

The road ahead would still be long and difficult, but now there was direction. Now there was hope. And now, for the first time in years, I felt the real possibility that I might not only survive, but truly live again. The abyss had not claimed me yet. With her voice in my ear and the truth taking root once more, I began to climb. Slowly. Painfully. But unmistakably upward. Toward light. Toward life. Toward home.

The Revelation: Shattering Illusions and Embracing Biological Truth

My desperate search for real answers eventually led me to a small but powerful selection of groundbreaking works; books that systematically dismantled the illusions I had held onto for decades and uncovered truths that had been buried under thick layers of misinformation, dogma, and commercial interests. These writings struck me with such immediate force that they reshaped everything I thought I understood about human nutrition and health.

I started with Weston A. Price's monumental Nutrition and Physical Degeneration, a detailed study of isolated traditional societies that remained untouched by modern processed foods. Price traveled the world documenting how communities thriving on diets rich in animal foods, full-fat dairy, organ meats, bone marrow, fish, eggs, and wild game displayed perfect dental arches, robust bone structures, strong immunity, and remarkable resistance to disease. In sharp contrast, when the same people adopted refined grains, sugars, and vegetable oils from modern commerce, rapid physical degeneration set in, often within a single generation, with widespread tooth decay, facial deformities, narrowed jaws, and a surge of chronic ailments appearing almost immediately. The evidence was stark and photographic: traditional diets built strong, healthy bodies, while the "displacing foods" of civilization destroyed them.

Next came Vilhjalmur Stefansson's The Fat of the Land, which recounted his years living among the Inuit on an all-meat diet consisting of seal, whale, caribou, fatty meats, and fish. Stefansson not only survived but emerged healthier than ever, directly challenging the deeply entrenched belief that humans require plants, carbohydrates, or fiber for survival. His observations were later put to the test in controlled experiments, where he and a colleague subsisted on meat alone for extended periods under medical supervision, showing no ill effects, only sustained vitality and normal health markers. This powerfully underscored the incredible nutrient density of animal foods and their complete sufficiency for long-term human health and energy.

Then there was F. William Engdahl’s Seeds of Destruction, which exposed the hidden agendas behind the genetic manipulation of crops and the industrial agriculture system. It revealed how profit and yield were prioritized over genuine nutrition and safety, turning modern food production into a mechanism that undermines human health on a massive scale.

Finally, Aajonus Vonderplanitz’s We Want to Live: The Primal Diet made a compelling case for raw animal foods as a profound pathway to healing. He argued that cooking destroys vital enzymes, bioavailable nutrients, and the inherent life force present in raw meat, organs, and other animal products; elements essential for deep recovery and true vitality.

Even a quick skimming of these works hit me with an immediate, visceral resonance. The universal truths they laid bare completely inverted the nutritional worldview I had accepted for so long, exposing it as tainted by decades of dogma, commercial manipulation, and pseudoscience. For more than twenty years, I had mastered the art of sculpting stage-ready physiques, creating exteriors that impressed judges and captivated audiences, projecting an illusion of flawless health. Yet beneath that polished surface, chaos had been quietly building: relentless inflammation, hidden nutrient deficiencies, hormonal disruptions, and a body silently crying out for the nourishment it had been systematically denied. This revelation cut straight to the core. True health, genuine healing, and real human flourishing were never about superficial aesthetics, they were rooted in biology, physiology, and biochemistry, about finally supplying the body with what evolution had shaped it to require over hundreds of thousands of years.

The realization that humans are more or less obligate hypercarnivores struck me like a bolt of lightning: instinctive, undeniable, and almost embarrassingly obvious in hindsight. We are apex predators designed to thrive primarily on animal foods; meat, fat, organs, eggs, and occasional raw dairy. Plants served merely as survival rations during times of scarcity, never as staple nourishment. For millions of years, as our ancestors roamed the steppes and savannas, there were practically no edible plants available anyway. That singular insight became the master key, unlocking the door to recovery, vitality, and a life no longer dominated by chronic illness.

From anthropological and physiological evidence, early humans, including Homo erectus and earlier hominins, functioned as hypercarnivores for roughly two million years, deriving well over 90 percent of their energy from animal sources through specialized hunting of large game. Stable isotope analyses of ancient bones, along with genetic, metabolic, and morphological studies, confirm our clear adaptations: high stomach acidity to digest meat and neutralize pathogens, a digestive tract optimized for protein and fat absorption, and a profound reliance on nutrient-dense animal foods for brain development, sustained energy, and overall health. Biochemistry reinforces this further, showing how animal-derived cholesterol, complete proteins, and saturated fats fuel hormone production, cellular repair, and steady energy without the oxidative damage or metabolic stress from plant-based carbohydrates or polyunsaturated fats.

I purged all plant-based foods from my regimen without delay. Because I was so exhausted and so far gone, I didn't bother with any gradual transition phase. I jumped straight into raw hypercarnivory, starting with raw meat and raw organ meats, beginning with veal liver as my daily superfood. Improvements began within days, even despite some initial gut discomfort as my microbiome adapted and dormant enzymes reactivated. After about a week, my digestion stabilized completely. From the very start, I relied on ruminant meat, eggs, liver, bone marrow, and fish roe as my core staples. The transformation unfolded as a powerful cascade of renewal: energy slowly returned, inflammation receded, mental clarity sharpened

(even if only for a few hours at first,) and my body began rebuilding at a pace I had long thought impossible.

I had known for years about the presence of antinutrients in plants; phytic acid, lectins, oxalates, tannins, saponins, and countless others. These are sophisticated defense chemicals that plants have evolved to deter predators, binding essential minerals, damaging gut linings, disrupting hormonal balance, and inducing oxidative stress. For so long, I had acknowledged their existence but downplayed their impact, stubbornly including nuts, seeds, vegetables, fruits, and a barrage of supplements in my diet, convinced they filled supposed nutritional gaps. That persistence came from deep indoctrination into what passes for mainstream nutrition science; a contrived pseudoscience I had devoted my professional life to mastering and promoting. It was as if I had spent decades constructing a magnificent castle on shifting sands, only to watch its foundations crumble under the weight of honest inquiry.

Unlearning all of this required profound courage. I had to dismantle the programming absorbed from textbooks, courses, seminars, certifications, and industry echo chambers — an intricate web of misinformation engineered to create dependency on processed products from the food industry and symptom-suppressing pharmaceuticals from the medical establishment. Their so-called solutions treat effects while ignoring the root cause: fundamentally inappropriate foods that accumulate toxins, create deficiencies, and disrupt the biological terrain.

Delving deeper into biology and biochemistry, I uncovered exactly how these plant defense mechanisms wreak havoc, how modern selective breeding has made food plants sweeter yet far more toxic, how contaminated soils concentrate heavy metals, and how industrial farming depletes even the limited nutrients plants once offered. Terrain theory, as I have explored extensively in my own reflections on disease, reinforces this truth: ailments like cancer arise not from external pathogens but from internal toxemia; the buildup of poisons from poor diet and environment. Cancer itself is a protective encapsulation of toxins; a survival mechanism the body deploys until the terrain is cleansed through proper animal-based nutrition.

A wholly new world unfolded before me, with every piece aligning in startling clarity. We had all been deceived, generation after generation, into viewing plants as benevolent staples of health. In reality, they are survival rations at best. Emergency edibles loaded with 20 to 200 defense chemicals per species, engineered to harm predators and ensure the plant's reproduction. The field of nutritional science, as conventionally taught and promoted, stood exposed as nonsense: a profit-driven scam that glorifies the "balanced diet" as the pinnacle of wellness when it is, in truth, the greatest deception of all. We have been enticed into consuming cheaply manufactured, toxic slave foods; grains bloated with fertilizers, vegetables saturated in pesticides, fruits engineered for shelf life over substance. This system secures control over the food supply while channeling us into the medical industry's embrace, dependent on pills and procedures for the very conditions it helped create. Like

sheep grazing in a poisoned pasture, we consume unknowingly, our life force sapped for corporate profit.

The truth is simpler, more ancient, and infinitely more powerful than the elaborate lies we have been fed. When we eat as nature designed us, abundant animal foods in their whole, raw, or minimally processed form, the body ceases its struggle. It thrives. Inflammation recedes, hormones realign, energy steadies, cognition sharpens, and healing accelerates. The castle I had built on shifting sands collapsed, but in its ruins, I discovered bedrock: a foundation of truth capable of supporting genuine health, enduring strength, and authentic life.

That realization transcended the intellectual; it was profoundly visceral. It reshaped everything. And it paved the way for the most rapid, profound recovery of my entire existence. The master key had been discovered. The door stood open. And I was finally prepared to step through.

The Awakening: Unlearning Decades of Nutritional Deception and Embracing True Biological Nourishment

This awakening also reignited my deep appreciation for the extreme importance of micronutrients, all the vitamins, minerals, and trace elements that the body requires in precise chemical forms to function, repair, and thrive. These nutrients exist in specific structures that our animal physiology has evolved to recognize, absorb, and utilize efficiently. In plants or synthetic supplements, however, they appear in forms alien to our biology: inorganic compounds, poorly bioavailable complexes, or molecular versions requiring inefficient, energy-consuming conversions. Scientific reviews comparing bioavailability show that vitamins from animal sources are always far superior, with preformed vitamin A (retinol) at around 74 percent bioavailable, vitamin B12 at 65 percent, and others like biotin, folate, niacin, and B6 ranging from 61 to 89 percent. In contrast, plant-derived forms, such as beta-carotene for vitamin A, achieve only about 15.6 percent bioavailability, and many minerals suffer even greater losses due to binding by antinutrients.

The body might extract as little as 4 to 8 percent of certain vitamins and minerals from plant sources, with the remnants often turning toxic and burdensome, accumulating in tissues and contributing to oxidative stress, tissue damage, and organ harm. Any nutritional deficiency, even the lack of a single micronutrient, compromises the body’s ability to function optimally, resist stressors, detoxify effectively, and heal properly. It sets off a cascade of failures, like a single weak link in a chain that eventually dooms the entire system.

Reflecting on my own history, I shuddered at the toxicity I had systematically inflicted upon myself since the late 1990s. I had taken herbs, adaptogens, caffeine pills, and an exhaustive list of supplements: vitamin D3, vitamin K2, multivitamins and

multiminerals, vitamin C, B-complex, magnesium, zinc, selenium, chromium, resveratrol, glucosamine, MSM, curcumin/turmeric, ashwagandha, rhodiola rosea, maca root, ginkgo biloba, and countless others. All of them, I now understood, were extremely toxic, synthetic or plant-based imposters masquerading as health aids. Fortified supplements often flood the body with artificial vitamins and minerals derived from industrial processes, leading to accumulation, cellular damage, and even reduced cognitive function. Studies have linked excessive B-vitamin fortification to hindered recovery in certain conditions. Vegan protein powders, marketed as clean alternatives, are riddled with heavy metal contaminants, often showing five times more cadmium than whey-based options, with high percentages of samples exceeding lead, cadmium, and arsenic levels, especially in organic varieties, due to uptake from polluted soils and concentration during processing.

These metals, absorbed from contaminated environments and amplified through processing, intensify oxidative stress and tissue breakdown. Chelated minerals, artificially bound for supposed better absorption, prove unnecessary and risky on a proper diet; they bypass natural regulatory barriers but linger unmetabolized, fostering plaque buildup and cardiovascular issues. Even the vitamin D3 plus K2 combination I once developed and promoted turned out to be a perilous duo, acting as endocrine disruptors with poor bioavailability, depleting magnesium, skewing hormones, risking hypercalcemia, vascular calcification, kidney stones, suppressed immunity, and chronic fatigue.

This self-created toxicity, layered atop previous health struggles, suddenly explained the harrowing crisis I now found myself in: the crushing fatigue, organ strain, and near-collapse. It was as if I had been slowly poisoning my own well, drop by insidious drop, only to drink deeply from it year after year. We will delve deeper into that chapter of my story soon, unraveling how these revelations tied directly into my recovery.

Ensuring that all nutrients arrive in their most bioavailable forms, without any accompanying toxins, became my guiding mantra for health, longevity, well-being, and peak performance. That pinnacle is achievable solely through animal-based foods. This means consuming every nourishing part of the animal and its products: fatty meats, organs, bone marrow, and eggs. Nature’s complete package, delivered in organic, bioactive structures identical to our own biology. On the opposite side of the spectrum stand plant-based foods: grains, legumes, vegetables, fruits, nuts, and seeds. They are the antithesis for humans. They brim with antinutrients that greedily bind essential minerals, thwarting absorption to safeguard the plant’s own progeny and ensure seeds pass through the digestive tract undigested. Over 500 variations of lectins alone disrupt digestion and hormones; saponins dissolve cell membranes; phytoestrogens skew hormonal balance; oxalates form kidney stones. These sinister defense chemicals, evolved to deter herbivores, act in humans as poisons, hormone disruptors, and cellular dissolvents, inflicting widespread inflammation, leaky gut, and chronic diseases such as metabolic dysfunction-associated steatotic liver disease

(MASLD,) formerly known as non-alcoholic fatty liver disease, where carbohydrates and seed oils drown the organ in fat, progressing to inflammation, scarring, and eventual failure, a silent epidemic affecting 30 to 40 percent of adults worldwide, completely absent in our hunter-gatherer ancestors.

The scant micronutrients that plants do contain are incompatible with our biology, demanding laborious conversion in our bodies with efficiencies as low as 4 to 8 percent for vitamins and 10 to 60 percent for minerals and amino acids, leaving toxic residues behind. Humans are not herbivores. We lack the multiple stomachs, elongated guts, and specialized enzymes required to extract meaningful sustenance from cellulose-bound fare. Plant foods are utterly devoid of natural vitamin A (retinol,) B12, D3, K2, cholesterol, heme-iron, carnosine, taurine, DHA, omega-3, CLA, CoQ10, and creatine, all essentials for brain health, energy production, and cellular repair. Attempts to derive DHA from plant-based ALA yield conversion rates typically below 4 to 9 percent, often functionally meaningless, while plant-sourced omega-3 arrives rancid and oxidized, spawning toxic aldehydes that ravage cells.

Layer on pesticides, GMOs, fungal infestations, and incomplete proteins, and the verdict is inescapable: plant foods are mere emergency edibles, a sugary lifeline during famine or failed hunts, granting just enough glucose to persist in scavenging until better prey is found. They were never intended for year-round consumption, not even as dietary complements. Indulging heavily in them condemns one not to thriving, but to mere survival: a slow, insidious decline marked by accumulating damage, shortened lifespan, and chronic disease. Like a weary traveler feasting on roadside weeds when a bountiful herd of deer awaits just over the hill, we squander our potential on inferior fare, blind to the abundance nature designed specifically for us.

For deeper insights into nutrition, our ancestral primal hypercarnivore diet, the perils of plant antinutrients, and the supremacy of animal foods, covering benefits like disease prevention, hormone balance, enhanced cognition, and warnings against plant toxins that drive obesity, dementia, and chronic illness, please visit my nutrition archive at https://bartoll.se/nutrition-quickstart/. It is all free, unfiltered, and free of ads or clutter, offered in the same spirit of truth-seeking that has guided me since the beginning.

This profound shift in understanding marked the true turning point, where I shed the weight of decades of misinformation and stepped fully into alignment with our species' biological destiny. The path forward, though demanding, promised not just survival, but a vibrant, uncompromised existence.

Early 2018: Descent to the Nadir and the Return to Primal Origins

Early February 2018 marked the absolute lowest point of my physical decline, the nadir where everything seemed to hang in precarious balance. At the doctor's office one morning, the scale showed a weight of just 56 kilograms, or roughly 123 pounds. At my height of 173 centimeters, about 5 feet 8 inches, this was the most emaciated I had been since I was seventeen years old, after my first extreme diet when I lost 24 kilograms, or 53 pounds, in mere months. Muscle mass had largely evaporated, leaving my frame skeletal and fragile. Body fat hovered just below 5 percent, measured by the rigorous nine-skinfold Parrillo method. The contrast was stark and painful when I thought back to 2008, when I maintained near 4 percent or lower at 74 kilograms, or even 2016, before the tumor emerged, when I carried about 5 percent at 76 kilograms. In total, I had lost at least 18 kilograms, 40 pounds, of hard-earned muscle, a devastating erosion that felt like watching a carefully sculpted statue gradually dissolve under relentless, unceasing rain, its once-sharp contours softening into vulnerability and fragility. Still, when the doctor glanced at me, he remarked that I looked ripped and athletic. I was never sure if he was trying to offer some small comfort or if he was truly oblivious to the gravity of what was happening beneath the surface.

Early 2018, the difference from withering away and being full-blown by edema from struggling kidneys and a damaged liver. Less than three months to live according to the experts...

Bolstered by the rekindled unbreakable bond, the unwavering love, and the constant encouragement from Isabella, I finally made the full, uncompromising commitment to our natural, species-appropriate hypercarnivore diet on February 22. This was no half-measure. It marked a profound return to the primal sustenance that human physiology had been shaped by for millions of years: abundant animal foods in their most intact, nutrient-dense raw forms. My daily staples centered on fatty cuts of

meat, predominantly beef and lamb for their exceptional richness and bioavailability, often in convenient ground, or minced, form so I could eat it directly from the package without much effort. I blended in pork and wild boar occasionally for variety, and to amplify nutrient density I incorporated daily servings of veal liver, occasional bone marrow for its stem-cell-supporting properties and life-sustaining fats, wild game meats a few times weekly for their untamed vitality, and small accents like aged cheese, mackerel, sardines, and fish roe, or caviar, for concentrated omega-3s and powerful micronutrient bursts.

Liver, in particular, became my daily super supplement. I would dice it fresh, store the pieces in a glass jar in the refrigerator, and allow it to age slightly through natural fermentation. Each day I consumed a few bites, harnessing the beneficial bacteria that proliferated and the crucial vitamins, especially K2 in its highly bioavailable MK4 form, that surged as the liver ripened. This simple, nature-driven enhancement required no synthetic interference, just time and patience. Biochemistry supports this practice fully, as organ meats like liver provide preformed, highly absorbable nutrients, including MK-4, which supports bone health, cardiovascular function, and overall vitality far more effectively than plant-derived precursors ever could.

I also experimented with aging certain cuts of beef, lamb, and deer to further boost bacterial activity and vitamin content, placing fatty portions on a metal grid in the refrigerator and patting them dry daily with paper towels to control moisture and prevent spoilage. After a week or so, a brief light sear added flavor if desired, but I savored most of my meat raw or rare-blue, preserving every possible nutrient in its living, unaltered state.

It is worth pausing here to emphasize a fundamental truth: cooking is highly unnatural and diminishes food in profound ways. It evaporates metabolic water along with its vital electrolytes, degrades heat-sensitive nutrients like certain B vitamins, and begins denaturing proteins, reducing their quality and bioavailability. Prolonged heat transforms the very structure of food, much like overfiring clay warps a potter's vessel, leaving it brittle, cracked, and less functional, while also generating toxic advanced glycation end-products. Thus, I minimized cooking entirely, a choice made easier by my profound fatigue and brain fog at the time. Raw preparation felt instinctive, effortless, and profoundly right from the very first day. Human physiology, with its high stomach acidity, is perfectly equipped to handle raw or fermented animal foods, neutralizing potential pathogens while preserving nutrients, an adaptation honed over eons of hunting and scavenging.

Humans are obligate hypercarnivores, engineered to thrive on animal foods, capable of short-term survival on plants but at a steep cost of accumulating damage and toxicity. In our ancestral past, we often feasted on kills that were partially fermented or "rotten" from environmental exposure, a practice our biology accommodates seamlessly. Echoes of this endure in global traditions: Japan's katsuobushi, fermented skipjack tuna, Korea's jeotgal, fermented seafood, Scandinavia's surströmming, fermented herring, and filmjölk, fermented milk, Portugal's alheira,

fermented sausage, India's ngari, fermented fish. These customs honor fermentation's gifts: enhanced digestibility, probiotic richness, and amplified nutrient profiles, reminding us that "rotten" in nature's context often means ripened to perfection, not spoiled. Such processes boost bioavailability and support profound healing by fostering beneficial microbes and reducing the need for high-heat interventions.

Normally, I always recommend a careful transition from a typical balanced diet: first slowly adopting a ketogenic approach, then moving to a cooked carnivore diet, and finally reducing cooking while slowly introducing raw meat. This gradual shift helps adjust the gut microbiome, lower stomach acid pH that may have been skewed by earlier toxic foods, and encourage the production of essential enzymes. However, as I was only months from dying, I had no time or energy for any transition or even cooking throughout the day. I jumped into raw hypercarnivory over the course of a single day. Fortunately, I had been following a semi-ketogenic diet for months with some carbs in the afternoon, so my gut health was not completely devastated — and the minor stomach upset I experience from the quick and radical dietary change subsided within a week.

Adopting this natural human diet yielded immediate uplift. A subtle but unmistakable surge in energy appeared, especially in the early mornings, as if dawn's light had finally pierced through long-held clouds. While the hypercarnivore shift laid the essential foundation for healing, it was Isabella's daily presence, our shared vulnerabilities, laughter, dreams, and quiet encouragement that proved the true lifesaving anchor. We understood each other on a soul-deep level, confiding anything without reservation, supporting without judgment. She knows my strengths and my weaknesses, and where to push if needed — and so do I whenever she needs a new direction. To this day, she remains not only my closest confidante but one of my life's greatest treasures, a beacon in storms past and present, a reminder that healing is never a solitary endeavor.

Like a traveler lost in a vast, barren desert who suddenly stumbles upon a hidden spring, I had found the source of renewal I had been searching for all along. The water was pure, abundant, and exactly what my body had been crying out for. The journey back to health had not ended, it had just begun, but the direction was finally clear. The path ahead would still be long and challenging, but now I walked it with something I had not felt in years: genuine, grounded hope and a new understanding of human physiology and our origins. The body wants to heal. It's encoded within us. It's how we survived and thrived as a species for millions of years. And when we remove what poison it, and finally give it what it truly needs, it does not merely recover, it reclaims its birthright. Vitality. Strength. Life itself.

The Turning Point: Embracing Fasting, Autophagy, and the Body's Remarkable Capacity for Self-Healing

Feeling fortified by the steady return of vitality and the growing trust in my body's signals, I carefully gauged my nutrient reserves and concluded they were sufficient to withstand the rigors of extended fasting. I had come to understand intuitively that one should never fast in a state of deficiency. Depriving the body of nutrients when it is already starved risks shutdown rather than renewal, like attempting to sail a vessel across open ocean with empty holds and no provisions, destined to drift aimlessly until it founders.

In early March 2018, I mapped out extended fasts with profound healing potential in mind. Mid-March brought my first bold endeavor: a meticulously structured 9-day fast, inspired by vintage Russian medical literature, such as the works of practitioners like Sergey Filonov and Leonid Schennikov, who extolled dry fasting durations of 7 to 11 days for reversing even severe modern ailments. The protocol was precise: one day of electrolyte-infused water to prepare, three days completely dry (no liquids at all,) one day of electrolyte water to stabilize, another three days dry, and finally two days of electrolyte water to gently restart digestion before refeeding. Nine foodless days in total. On the hydrated days, I consumed 2 to 3 liters of my custom electrolyte blend: sodium, potassium, and a touch of sodium bicarbonate dissolved in water to maintain fluid and mineral balance without interfering with the deep detoxification process. This fractionated approach, alternating dry periods with careful rehydration, drew from established Russian traditions of therapeutic dry fasting, where durations beyond a week were conducted under close supervision for maximum therapeutic effect.

This inaugural fast became my watershed moment. It steered me decisively away from the doctors' grim decree of "three months to live" and onto a path of vibrant reclamation. Prolonged fasting, especially beyond 48 hours, ignites a remarkable symphony of repair within the body. It elevates key inflammation markers such as C-reactive protein (CRP,) tumor necrosis factor-alpha (TNF-α,) and interleukin-6 (IL-6) as part of a purposeful detoxification and regeneration process. CRP binds to damaged cells and marks them for clearance; IL-6 stimulates the production of acute-phase proteins that neutralize toxins and promote tissue regeneration; TNF-α induces apoptosis (programmed cell death) in irreparable cells while encouraging angiogenesis to build new blood vessels for repair and even new T-cells. This temporary increase in "inflammation" is not destructive, it is healing's forge, the controlled burn that clears debris and makes way for renewal. Research on prolonged fasting shows that these markers often rise during the fast itself, reflecting an adaptive, pro-inflammatory response that supports detoxification, only to normalize or drop below baseline levels afterward, particularly in cases of chronic inflammation rooted in toxicity or poor diet. Keep in mind that inflammation is simply

the physiological response and manifestation to detoxification and healing, and if you need to heal, you want inflammation to rise as long as it is controlled.

At its peak, between 36 and 72 hours, autophagy intensifies dramatically: the body's masterful recycling program dismantles damaged or dysfunctional cells, breaking them down into raw materials and energy for constructing fresh, healthy ones. Toxins stored in fat are released, debris is purged, and the system cleans house. Autophagy ramps up significantly around 24 to 48 hours into a fast, peaks between 36 and 72 hours, and sustains in prolonged fasts, selectively targeting cancerous or aberrant cells while preserving healthy ones. In my case, it shrank the left leg tumor to near-invisibility from the outside after this very first extended fast, like a master sculptor chiseling away imperfections to unveil the pristine form beneath. This is why prolonged fasts beyond 72 hours are so extremely effective for healing and life extension.

For me, the benefits extended far beyond cellular cleanup. Organs began to rejuvenate, systemic inflammation decreased noticeably as tissues healed, and detoxification pathways opened with new efficiency. The pattern aligned perfectly with the historical feast-famine cycles our ancestors endured, cycles that modern science is only now beginning to understand as essential for long-term health. Yet the risks are real for those who are undernourished. Without adequate bioavailable nutrient stores from animal foods, fasting can accelerate breakdown rather than promote renewal. Optimal durations for profound healing generally begin at 72 hours and extend to 5 to 7 or even 11 days, performed a few times yearly when the body is ready, as supported by Russian clinical experiences and emerging research on fasting's role in modulating autophagy for therapeutic outcomes.

The revelations that emerged after this first extended fast were nothing short of transformative. They reshaped not just my physical state but my entire understanding of the body's innate wisdom. Perhaps the most astonishing was the effortless breathing that greeted me for the first time in 39 years, a freedom I had never truly known, unburdened by the lifelong shadow of asthma that had demanded three daily inhalations of medication simply to function. I kept the inhalers nearby for a short time, a cautious relic of habit, before tossing them in the trashcan in a moment of pure, unadulterated liberation, like finally shedding those invisible but extremely heavy chains that had bound me since childhood. Allergies, too, which had tormented me every year with pollen's relentless assault from late March through the sweltering summer months, simply dissolved into oblivion. Respiration flowed unhindered year-round, even as I gradually reintroduced exercise later in 2020, activities that once triggered gasping attacks without pharmaceutical intervention. Now, there was only pure, natural ease, as though the body had finally reclaimed its rightful rhythm and was no longer at war with itself.

Early 2018, when I adopted our natural species-specific hypercarnivore diet and did some prolonged fasting.

This cure was no accident. It was the direct outcome of the natural hypercarnivore diet's profound healing power, which addresses root causes through nutrient density and the complete elimination of toxins and damage-inducing compounds (only present in plant-based foods.) Asthma and allergies, so often misattributed to external allergens or "genetic" fate, stem from internal imbalances: chronic inflammation fueled by toxemia, nutrient deficiencies, and a disrupted biological terrain. Plant-based foods exacerbate this with their vast arsenal of defense chemicals, over 20 to 200 per species, including polyphenols and phenols that mimic hormones, disrupt endocrine balance, contribute to cellular damage, hormonal

havoc, and decreased testosterone. Antinutrients like phytic acid, lectins (with over 500 variations,) saponins, and oxalates bind to minerals and proteins, rendering them unusable while damaging the gut lining, leading to leaky gut and systemic inflammation that manifests in respiratory distress. By contrast, an animal-based diet delivers bioavailable essentials: retinol (true vitamin A), B12, D3, K2, heme-iron, carnosine, taurine, DHA, omega-3, CLA, CoQ10, and creatine, all absent in plants, supporting tissue repair, immune modulation, and powerful anti-inflammatory pathways.

Equally astonishing was the complete absence of true “sickness” since fully embracing hypercarnivory. What once plagued me, debilitating episodes striking three to four times yearly, lasting two to three weeks, with sinusitis dragging on for up to three, all vanished entirely. Now, only fleeting detox symptoms appear: a runny nose persisting for mere hours or a mild fever flickering through the night, resolving without intervention as the body orchestrates its own symphony of renewal. My longest such episode since 2018, as I write this in December 2025, spanned just 12 hours of cold- and sinus-like discomfort, no drugs, no remedies, simply allowing the process to unfold. Before the change of diet, these were prolonged battles on “balanced” regimens overloaded with supplements; now, “sick days” have dwindled to occasional sniffles once or twice annually across more than seven and a half years. Not even the “flu,” nature’s profound deep cleanse for purging heavy toxicity, has visited me in the last 8 years. This shift is worlds apart, a testament to the carnivore diet’s role in fortifying the internal terrain against imbalance.

We will explore the truths of “sickness” and “flu” in due course, but the essence is clear: no germs, pathogens, or viruses assail us from the outside. That is a profit-driven myth engineered to perpetuate medical dependency and fear. Illness arises solely from within, a poisoned internal terrain created by toxins, nutritional deficiencies, mental trauma, stress, or injury. According to terrain theory, symptoms are not harbingers of invasion but the body’s intelligent healing responses: fever to accelerate detoxification, inflammation to repair damaged tissues, mucus to expel debris. The contagion hoax crumbles under scrutiny, historical populations thrived in “unclean” environments without vaccines, and modern “outbreaks” align not with transmission but with shared exposures to toxins or traumas, such as children in schools facing separation conflicts amid nutrient-poor diets. A carnivore approach eliminates these vulnerabilities by supplying complete, bioavailable nutrition: animal fats and proteins that stabilize hormones, bolster healing and detoxification, and thus prevent the toxemia that masquerades as infectious disease. It is like fortifying a castle with unbreachable walls: no invaders breach because the foundation itself is impregnable.

Fasting’s enchantment is amplified through autophagy, the body’s masterful recycling program, where damaged or dysfunctional cells are dismantled into energy and raw materials for forging fresh, vital ones. This process ignites around 8 to 16 hours into a fast, ramps up significantly at 24 to 48 hours, peaks between 36 and 72 hours, and

sustains in prolonged fasts, selectively culling cancerous or aberrant cells while preserving the healthy. In my case, it shrank the left leg tumor to near-invisibility after the very first extended fast. Autophagy's role in cancer is revelatory: tumors are not rogue enemies but natural, protective responses, a kind of scar tissue or encapsulation formed to contain toxins or chronic assault, as seen in colorectal cancer where irritating fiber and carbohydrates from plants damage the colon lining, prompting reactive growths to strengthen the barrier. Plant toxins, defense chemicals disrupting cells, antinutrients blocking absorption, and carbohydrates spiking glucose to toxic levels fuel this process. Carnivore eliminates those triggers, allowing autophagy to dismantle unnecessary or harmful masses. Fasting synergizes beautifully, elevating inflammation markers such as CRP (binding damaged cells for clearance,) IL-6 (neutralizing toxins and regenerating tissues,) and TNF-α (inducing apoptosis and promoting new blood vessel growth,) an initial surge for detoxification, followed by resolution and ultimately lower baseline inflammation, especially in chronic cases rooted in toxicity or poor diet.

This turning point, blending the hypercarnivore foundation with strategic dry fasting, unveiled the body's astonishing power to heal when given the right conditions. What began as a desperate grasp for survival evolved into a profound trust in nature's design, a journey from the brink back to boundless vitality.

A Gift of Seamless Digestion: Restoring Gut Harmony

Yet another profound gift that emerged from this dietary transformation was the complete perfection of my digestion, a facet of my health that had long been a source of quiet frustration and discomfort. For as long as I could remember, indigestion had been a constant companion, manifesting as episodes of weekly diarrhea, particularly during my carb-heavy bodybuilding phases when I loaded up on carbohydrates before, during, and after my workouts to fuel mass gains. Experiments with increasing fiber intake, which I had been taught was essential for "gut health," only exacerbated the looseness and discomfort, turning what should have been a natural process into a burdensome ordeal. Medical tests repeatedly came back negative for bacterial or fungal overgrowths, so I resigned myself to blaming it on the scars of my childhood illnesses, accepting it as an unavoidable legacy.

But the truth, as it unveiled itself through my shift to hypercarnivory, was far more revealing: my intestines had been damaged over years of consuming mismatched diets and supplements, with an imbalanced microbiota struggling under the assault of plant-based toxins. Those "normal" test results merely reflected the sickly baseline of populations subsisting on the same or worse plant-heavy trash, not the pinnacle of optimal vitality that nature intended. From the vantage of human physiology and biochemistry, plants introduce a barrage of defense chemicals, over 20 to 200 per

species, including lectins, oxalates, phytic acid, saponins, and polyphenols, which bind minerals, damage gut linings, disrupt hormones, and fuel chronic inflammation. These antinutrients block absorption of essential elements like zinc and iron by 50 to 80 percent in some cases, while fermentable fibers and carbohydrates promote bacterial overgrowth, leading to gas, bloating, and loose stools. Animal-based foods, by contrast, deliver complete, bioavailable nutrients without these saboteurs, allowing the gut to heal and function as designed.

Nutrition, when simplified to its essence, boils down to honoring our obligate hypercarnivore nature, thriving on animal-based sustenance like fatty meats, organs, and eggs, which provide nutrients in forms perfectly attuned to our biology. Plants, by contrast, demand laborious and inefficient bioconversions, yielding toxins as byproducts that accumulate and erode health over time. This revelation was like discovering that I had been forcing a finely tuned engine to run on contaminated fuel, wondering why it sputtered, when premium, species-appropriate resources were the key to smooth operation all along.

The switch prompted an initial adjustment period: loose stools flared briefly as my gut flora recalibrated to a world without the fermenting fibers and sugars that had fueled bacterial overgrowths, while enzymes like cathepsins surged to facilitate autolysis, the self-digestion of proteins, and my stomach pH optimized for the acidic environment ideal for breaking down animal tissues. Human stomach acidity, averaging around 1.5, aligns closely with that of scavengers and obligate carnivores (often 1.0 to 2.0,) a powerful evolutionary adaptation that neutralizes pathogens in raw or fermented meats while preserving nutrients. Then, by the second week, as I leaned increasingly into near-raw consumption, flawless movements became my new normal. Absorbing an astonishing 90 to 95 percent of my food intake, compared to the lower efficiencies often seen on mixed or plant-heavy diets where indigestible fibers and antinutrients reduce overall nutrient uptake, I came to relish one effortless, one-wipe bowel movement every day or every other day. Residue-free and without strain, it mirrored the seamless elimination seen in nature's animals adhering to their species-specific diets, where waste is minimal and the process unburdened.

Humans stand alone in the animal kingdom for the peculiar ritual of wiping after defecation, an unnatural artifact born of improper fare that leaves sticky, fermenting remnants behind. On a physiology-aligned regimen, this becomes obsolete, a quiet testament to restored harmony, where the gut operates as a precision instrument rather than a battleground. The myth that raw meat rots in the gut, fostering acidity and disease, crumbles under scrutiny; our low-pH stomach acid rivals that of scavengers, neutralizing microbes while fermentation in aged meats enhances probiotics and vitamins like K2 (MK4), boosting bioavailability without harm.

Historical tribes like the Inuit, who thrived on raw, frozen, or fermented animal foods such as seal, whale, and caribou, maintained robust health with dense bones and resilient bodies, free from the chronic digestive ills plaguing modern plant-eaters. Similar patterns appear among the Hadza hunter-gatherers and Nenets reindeer

herders, whose traditional diets emphasize animal sources and yield minimal digestive complaints, underscoring the efficiency of our carnivorous heritage.

Hypercarnivory not only armored my gut but rendered it utterly resilient, no digestive upsets in nearly eight years, a stark and liberating reversal from the prior turmoil of runs and multiple wipes. Farting, that embarrassing hallmark of poor digestion stemming from the fermentation of indigestible fibers and sugars, vanished entirely, along with the bacterial overgrowths it signaled. If you experience flatulence, it is a glaring red flag that your diet is fundamentally flawed, profoundly unnatural, yet rarely questioned in our indoctrinated society where such symptoms are normalized as “just part of life.” Even I, deeply immersed in conventional “nutrition science” for decades, had overlooked its absurdity until embodying the truth firsthand.

Meat, in its raw or minimally processed form, protects and heals: its anti-inflammatory properties stem from nutrient density, saturated fats, cholesterol, heme-iron, that quell oxidative stress without the plant-induced sabotage of defense chemicals.

This profound shift in digestion became one of the clearest signs that I had finally aligned with our species' true nature, a quiet victory that spoke volumes about the power of returning to what our biology demands. The gut, once a source of daily struggle, now finally functioned with effortless grace, a living proof that true health blooms when we nourish the body as it was meant to be nourished.

The Path of Renewal: Progressive Fasting Protocols and the Prioritization of Deep Healing

After the inaugural 9-day fast, I turned once again to the nutrient-dense animal foods that had become my foundation. Raw liver, surging with bioavailable MK4 vitamin K2, supported vascular health and calcium regulation. Bone marrow, rich in stem cells and growth factors, fueled regeneration at the deepest levels. I ate steadily, intuitively, allowing my system to absorb and utilize every morsel with remarkable efficiency. Pounds returned slowly but surely, not as fat, but as lean, functional tissue. The body, finally receiving what it had been starved of for so long, began to rebuild with quiet determination, drawing on the complete, bioavailable nourishment that our hypercarnivore physiology demands, as emphasized in my nutrition resources and supported by the ancestral evidence of thriving on animal-based sustenance.

Then came a 7-day fasting variant: five consecutive dry days flanked by a single day of electrolyte-infused water on either end (one day water, five days dry, one day water). This harnessed the intensified detoxification of dehydration, purging deeper layers of accumulated toxins that water fasting alone might not reach, aligning with the fractional dry fasting approaches developed in Russian medical traditions by

practitioners like Sergey Filonov and influenced by Leonid Schennikov, who explored extended dry periods up to 11 days for profound therapeutic effects. Late May introduced a 5-day protocol: four dry days bookended by half-days of water (half a day water, four days dry, half a day water). Each iteration built upon the last, like layers of a fortified wall, strengthening my resilience brick by brick, progressively deepening autophagy and cellular cleanup while the body adapted to these cycles of deprivation and replenishment.

Four months of hypercarnivore and about three prolonged fasts and I re-gained muscle weight without any exercise at all; going from 56 kg to 62,5 kg, a gain of 6,5 kg or 14 pounds, simply by nourishing my body.

By late May to early June, my body fat had dipped once more to 5 percent, a lean state where every vein and muscle fiber stood out in sharp relief. Also, my blood tests gleamed with perfection, markers of vitality that spoke of a body operating at peak efficiency, not survival mode. I tapered off the extended fasting regimen, committing fully to animal-based sustenance for ongoing repair. I deliberately refrained from doing any kind of physical activity or exercise, choosing instead to channel every available resource toward detoxification and profound healing. It was like conserving the precious fuel of a flickering flame through a long, cold night, rather than squandering it on fleeting, wasteful flares that illuminate little but burn out quickly. Exercise, while beneficial in stable times, mobilizes LDL cholesterol temporarily as the body rushes it to mend micro-tears in muscles and tissues, a

necessary repair that, during vulnerable healing phases, diverts resources from deeper systemic recovery. This added metabolic demand can interrupt the delicate balance, slowing the resolution of inflammation and toxin clearance. On a carnivore foundation, lipids optimize naturally: cholesterol levels align precisely with needs, HDL efficiently recycles unused portions, and the complete absence of plant carbohydrates or seed oils prevents the glycation and peroxidation that skew profiles toward disease. Avoiding exertion allowed my body to prioritize the intricate, almost orchestral dance of regeneration, unencumbered by unnecessary burdens.

Fasting's true potency hinges on a foundation of robust reserves: abundant nutrients and sufficient body fat to propel the intricate processes of autophagy, hormone regulation, and cellular renewal. Nutrient deficiencies, rampant among those on vegan, fruitarian, or plant-centric diets, thwart this potential, courting systemic collapse rather than triumphant revival, as the body lacks the raw materials to forge ahead. Many conventional fat-loss diets falter in the long term precisely from this hidden malnutrition; the body, starved of bioavailable essentials, revolts with insatiable cravings, leading to weight rebound and a frustrating cycle of failure. My own triumph was rooted in the pre-fast nourishment from animal sources, those bioavailable powerhouses fueling the production of hormones, enzymes, and exosomes essential for thorough cleanup, meticulous repair, and the genesis of fresh stem cells. It is a parable of the wise builder who stocks his storehouse before the storm arrives: when the skies finally clear, he emerges not just intact, but stronger, while the unprepared face ruin.

Though I emerged vastly improved, health markers evoking the vigor of a man a decade younger, with asthma and allergies eradicated, the tumor diminished, all achieved in a mere three months that defied the doctors' death sentence, some residuals lingered, like faint echoes of a receding thunder. Mental stamina remained curtailed; focus waned after short bursts. Hypersensitivity to sounds and movements in crowded spaces persisted, as though the world amplified its chaos to overwhelm my still-healing senses. An early 2018 brain scan had unveiled scarring and excess tissue on my brainstem, a silent scar from past battles. The summer follow-up revealed marked shrinkage, a testament to progress, yet the effects waned gradually, a patient mending that demanded time, patience, and trust.

In the end, nature's wisdom prevailed where modern medicine had faltered, a fraudulent edifice riddled with scams, peddling human kibble plant-slop as salvation while ignoring the body's sovereign intelligence. My odyssey affirmed a timeless truth: heed the sagacity inscribed in our very cells, not the dictums of white-coated authorities whose remedies so often mask rather than mend. It is the parable of the wise oak, bending gracefully to the winds of adversity, its roots anchored deep in the earth's primal truth, outlasting the brittle towers of artifice that crumble under their own weight. The tree does not resist the storm; it yields, adapts, and grows stronger in the aftermath. So too did I. And so, in time, can anyone who chooses to listen to the body's quiet, ancient wisdom.

The Tumor Unveiled: A Deepening Enigma and the First Threads of Resolution

As I mentioned earlier, the MRI of my left leg, taken on December 21, 2017, had been a long-awaited step toward some form of clarity. I had hoped it would provide answers, a clear diagnosis, a path forward. Instead, the results did not arrive until late March 2018. When they finally came through the orthopedics department in Västerås, I scheduled a meeting with one of their specialists for April 9, 2018, expecting, perhaps naively, some concrete plan or explanation. What I received instead was a reality far more daunting than the lump I could feel beneath my skin had ever suggested.

The imaging revealed a mass significantly larger than I had imagined. It measured 7.5 centimeters (about 3 inches) wide at the top of the upper outer thigh, tapering to 3 centimeters (1.2 inches) in thickness as it extended inward toward the bone. The structure stretched a full 16 centimeters (6.3 inches) in length and narrowed to 3 centimeters in width near the knee. It had aggressively invaded the vastus lateralis muscle, the powerful outer quadriceps, burrowing beneath the iliotibial band, that thick, fibrous sheath running along the thigh's side like a natural tension strap. This location and sheer size made surgical intervention extraordinarily challenging. The mass had woven itself so deeply into the surrounding tissue that removal would have required excising a substantial portion of my leg muscle, potentially more than one-third of it, given how much mass I had already lost through illness and atrophy. The very thought felt like contemplating the amputation of a limb that, however weakly, still carried me through each day.

The medical community, confronted with this formidable entity, simply refused to act. Their collective response was a shrug of helplessness: “We cannot do anything to help you, and you seem to be managing well on your own. Continue whatever it is you're doing. Just keep us informed if things change.” In a strange way, I felt relieved by their abdication. It stripped away the last illusion that conventional medicine held the answers I needed. Over the course of this harrowing journey, I had come to see the system for what it truly was: a vast machine exceptionally skilled at masking symptoms with toxic pharmaceuticals, but utterly incapable of addressing root causes or restoring genuine, lasting health.

Symptoms, after all, are not the disease itself. They are the body’s intelligent, purposeful reactions to stressors, clear signals that something is deeply wrong beneath the surface. True healing demands that we identify and remove those stressors, not merely silence the alarm bells. Drugs, by their very nature, cannot achieve this. They only temporarily suppress the body’s response while the underlying damage continues its quiet, relentless work. I will explore this fundamental misunderstanding in greater depth in the chapters ahead.

In the meantime, I sought perspectives beyond Sweden's borders. I connected with doctors and practitioners in other countries who had encountered and successfully removed similar unidentified "masses" from their patients, anomalies that echoed the one I had examined back in 2017, and likely the one now occupying a third of my left leg. These cases were often described using terms like "Morgellons" or "nano robotic particles," referring to self-replicating fibrous structures resembling nanotechnology, with origins shrouded in mystery. Theories circulated widely: possible contamination through fortified food supplies and dietary supplements, or even deliberate dispersal via weather modification and geoengineering programs, which involve daily aerial spraying of heavy metals such as aluminum, barium, and other compounds over populated areas. As someone who has spent decades navigating elite circles, high-ranking researchers, connected individuals, and political figures who operate behind the curtain, I have heard countless such accounts, many corroborated from multiple independent sources. Little surprises me anymore. The world presented through mainstream channels is a carefully curated illusion; more than 99.9 percent of the population remains oblivious to the deeper mechanisms at play. Television and media serve precisely this purpose: to keep minds occupied with fabricated narratives, propaganda, and distractions, ensuring the masses stay compliant, fearful, and uninformed.

What struck me as particularly striking was the precise location of both tumors, one on each leg, corresponding exactly to where I had carried my cell phone in my pockets during countless long walks with Lovec since May 2014, and even before that. The lumps had originated precisely at the spot where the built-in antenna rests when the device is tucked against the thigh. Several doctors and individuals with comparable experiences theorized that once "nano" structures enter the body, whether through ingestion, inhalation, or skin absorption, they can remain dormant until activated by high electromagnetic field (EMF) environments and/or a compromised internal terrain. Research consistently shows that EMF exposure disrupts gut bacteria, altering the microbiome in ways that favor pathogenic strains and hinder detoxification. Bacteria, far from being enemies, are our greatest allies; the body enlists them to break down poisons, clear cellular debris, and facilitate healing. A disrupted microbiome, often the result of chronic EMF bombardment, poor diet, or toxic exposures, creates the perfect conditions for such anomalies to proliferate.

This realization prompted a complete overhaul of my relationship with technology and electromagnetic radiation, as it actually damages the body and thus increases stress through the need for additional healing. I eliminated Wi-Fi from my home entirely, opting for wired connections only. My cell phone now resides in another room whenever possible; when I take it outside, it remains in airplane mode. I have no need to be constantly reachable during walks or quiet moments, and the device serves as an emergency tool rather than a perpetual companion. To ensure safety, I use a professional radiation meter to measure EMF, RF (radio frequency), and electrical fields in my living space and any environment where I spend significant

time. I maintain a safe distance, typically 70 to 100 centimeters, from all screens, where the electric field drops to negligible levels. Additionally, I employ a grounding wire when working near electronics, and my bed is equipped with a grounding sheet threaded with silver to facilitate electron flow and neutralize charge buildup.

These simple yet deliberate changes brought an unexpected bonus: the persistent ringing in my ears, a high-pitched tinnitus that had plagued me for the previous couple of years, gradually faded and ultimately disappeared entirely. What had once been a constant, intrusive background noise vanished, leaving behind the quiet clarity I had almost forgotten was possible. It was a small but powerful reminder that the body, when freed from chronic stressors, whether chemical, electromagnetic, or dietary, possesses an extraordinary capacity to restore balance. Studies and anecdotal reports have linked reductions in EMF exposure, along with grounding practices, to relief from tinnitus symptoms, as these measures help mitigate the autonomic stress responses that can exacerbate such conditions.

The journey from that April meeting, where I was essentially dismissed by the medical establishment, to this quiet victory over tinnitus marked yet another step in reclaiming sovereignty over my own health. The “experts” had offered nothing but resignation; the real answers, as always, lay in listening to the body and removing what harms it.

Like a sailor who finally steps off a ship riddled with leaks and rotting timbers, I began to build a new vessel, one designed for the long voyage, constructed from materials that could withstand the sea rather than succumb to it. The old maps had failed me. The new ones were drawn not by distant self-proclaimed authorities, but by direct experience, observation, and the body’s own irrefutable signals. The journey ahead would still be long, still uncertain, but now I walked it with something I had not possessed before: sovereignty. The freedom to choose my own course, to trust my own compass, and to refuse to sail under someone else’s flag. That choice, made in the shadow of dismissal and a newfound silence, became one of the most liberating of my life.

Paving the Road to Full Recovery: A Profound Shift Toward True Vitality

As Isabella and I continued to support each other through daily messages, phone calls, and the raw honesty of shared vulnerability and small steps forward, something profound began to shift deep within me. My energy levels, though still fragile and tentative, rose in slow, steady increments, like the first rays of sunlight finally piercing through the endless gray of a long winter night. Each small gain felt like a gift: a clearer thought here, a moment of sustained focus there, a breath that came more easily. With this gradual return of vitality came a complete transformation in my

deepest relationship to nutrition. What had once been my singular, all-consuming passion, eating strategically to sculpt body composition, maximize athletic performance, and build raw strength, evolved into something far more encompassing and meaningful: a lifelong quest for true health, cognitive clarity, and longevity.

By health, I no longer meant simply the absence of illness. I meant the presence of vibrant, radiant well-being, the feeling of being fully alive every single day, always ready to move, to think, to engage with the world without hesitation or reservation. Cognitive function, in this new light, became a rich tapestry of mental resilience in the face of stress, sustained concentration that could carry you through hours of deep work, emotional stability that remained steady through life's inevitable ups and downs, and an even, reliable flow of mental energy throughout the waking hours, unmarred by crashes, fog, or sudden exhaustion. It was a state of being I was determined to reclaim, and possibly extend even further, as the hypercarnivore diet, with its complete absence of plant toxins and provision of bioavailable essentials like retinol, B12, DHA, and creatine, nourishes the brain and supports unwavering mental sharpness.

From the "body transformation wizard" and performance coach I had been known as for decades, I now saw myself differently. I had become a humble student once more, a lifelong learner immersed in the raw fundamentals of life: biology in its purest form, the biological terrain that determines whether we thrive or merely survive, human physiology as it actually operates, and biochemistry at the cellular level where true change takes place. This health crisis had not merely disrupted my life; it had dismantled my entire worldview, reshaped my priorities from the ground up, and stripped away every illusion I had carried for years. It was as if a fierce storm had torn down an old, familiar house I had lived in all my life, revealing the unstable foundation beneath and forcing me to rebuild from bedrock: stronger, truer, and finally aligned with nature's original design rather than man-made distortions.

While the images and stories of similar unidentified masses removed during surgeries around the world intrigued me, fibrous, self-replicating structures that mirrored what had been excised from my own leg, I chose not to fixate on their precise origin in that moment. Whether they were Morgellons-like fibers, activated nanotechnology, or something else entirely, the label mattered less than the reality: they did not belong in my body, and my task was to assist my system in detoxifying, breaking them down, and healing. The encouraging fact was that they were already receding, shrinking week by week as my health steadily returned. Still, my curiosity burned brighter than ever, especially regarding the broader, more fundamental questions of health and disease. Just as with "nutrition science," the conventional explanations left too many gaps, too many contradictions. Pieces of the puzzle refused to fit, and the more I examined the accepted narrative, the more it felt like a house of cards built on sand; impressive from a distance, but collapsing under the slightest honest scrutiny.

This unease became a quiet but insistent guide. It drove me to revisit the very history of “medical science,” peeling back layers of dogma, examining foundational assumptions, and uncovering what had been buried, suppressed, or simply ignored. The deeper I dug, the clearer it became that much of what passes for established medical truth is not science at all, but a carefully constructed narrative shaped by power, profit, and the need to maintain control. Terrain theory, rooted in the work of Antoine Béchamp and others, reveals that disease arises solely from within, from a poisoned internal environment created by toxins, nutritional deficiencies, stress, or trauma, rather than external invaders. Symptoms are the body’s intelligent healing responses, not signs of conquest by germs, which have never been proven to cause illness in isolation. Germ theory, championed by Louis Pasteur and embraced by the medical establishment, has long been critiqued as incomplete and totally backwards. This shift in perspective exposes the myth of contagion and the profit-driven focus on symptom suppression over true restoration.

Like a traveler who discovers that the map he has followed for years was drawn by those who profit from keeping him lost, I began to question not just the destination, but the entire journey I had been on.

The storm had stripped away the illusions. The house had fallen. But the direction was clear now. The compass had been reset. And for the first time in many years, I walked forward not out of desperation, but out of deep, quiet certainty. The journey was no longer about mere survival. It was about reclamation. About coming home to myself. And that, I knew, was only the beginning.

Diving into the Healthy Terrain: Unveiling the True Nature of Health and Disease

My journey into this deeper inquiry began with one of the most consequential works ever written on the subject: Bechamp or Pasteur?: A Lost Chapter in the History of Biology by Ethel Douglas Hume. This meticulous review of biology’s pivotal moment in the 19th century exposes Louis Pasteur not as a heroic pioneer, but as a charlatan whose flawed Germ Theory became the cornerstone of modern medicine. The book contrasts Pasteur’s unproven hypothesis, that external “germs” invade and cause all disease, with the far more robust terrain theory advanced by Antoine Béchamp and Claude Bernard. Terrain theory posits that disease arises not from invading microbes, but from an imbalanced internal environment: a poisoned, toxic, or deficient biological terrain that allows opportunistic organisms to proliferate as part of the body’s cleanup and repair processes. As Hume documents through extensive historical evidence, Pasteur’s claims often relied on manipulated experiments and borrowed ideas, while Béchamp’s observations on microzymas, tiny living elements in all tissues capable of evolving based on the surrounding conditions, offered a more coherent explanation for fermentation, disease, and cellular life.

From there, I immersed myself in the original works of true scientists whose voices had been marginalized or erased: Antoine Béchamp's groundbreaking research on microzymas, Claude Bernard's emphasis on the constancy of the internal milieu, Rudolf Virchow's cellular pathology tempered by his acknowledgment that "the terrain is everything," Ethel Douglas Hume's historical analysis, Roy Rife's frequency-based pathogen destruction, Gaston Naessens' somatid cycle, Günter Enderlein's pleomorphism, Stefan Lanka's rigorous debunking of viral isolation, Dr. Carolyn Dean's work on mineral deficiencies and magnesium, and Robert and Shelly Young's foundational contributions to pH and terrain balance. These thinkers collectively revealed a paradigm where microorganisms are not invaders but adaptive responders to the body's internal state, shifting forms through pleomorphism when the terrain becomes toxic, acidic, or deficient.

A whole new world opened before me, and suddenly the disparate threads of my own medical history, childhood asthma and allergies, repeated pneumonias, chronic sinusitis, and the tumors of 2017–2018, began to weave into a coherent picture. I finally understood how I had healed myself through mostly raw hypercarnivorism, as in animal-based nutrition, and fasting: by restoring the terrain, removing stressors, and supplying bioavailable nutrients, I had allowed my body to do what it is designed to do, detoxify, regenerate, and thrive. The pieces fit together like a long-lost map rediscovered, revealing the path forward not only for my own recovery but for helping others as well.

In the mid-19th century, French scientist Louis Pasteur popularized Germ Theory on the basis of an unproven hypothesis: that specific external germs invade the body and cause all forms of illness. This model, despite lacking rigorous evidence and being directly contradicted by Béchamp's observations, was aggressively promoted and adopted by the emerging medical establishment. It fostered a worldview that microbes and pathogens perpetually threaten our health, requiring constant war, as in vaccines, antibiotics, antivirals, to destroy them. This paradigm suited the burgeoning pharmaceutical industry perfectly, opening vast markets for drugs and treatments that address symptoms while leaving the true causes untouched.

What is often celebrated as the dawn of "medical science" was, in reality, the birth of medical dogma and institutionalized fraud. The proponents of this new system strengthened their dominance during the early 19th century by establishing formal training protocols and licensing requirements, declaring that only physicians trained under their framework qualified as legitimate doctors. Anyone outside this circle, naturopaths, homeopaths, herbalists, or terrain theorists, was branded a "quack" and systematically ridiculed or outlawed. The medical monopoly was born, cleverly positioning itself as the sole arbiter of scientific truth while dismissing all competing paradigms.

The irony runs deep: when one actually examines the evidence, there is remarkably little genuine science underpinning the "medical field" as it is practiced today. Medicine and science are two words that should rarely, if ever, be placed side by

side. What passes for medical science is frequently a patchwork of observational studies, pharmaceutical-funded trials, and consensus-driven guidelines that serve profit over truth. True science demands falsifiability, reproducibility, and the courage to overturn dogma when evidence demands it, qualities totally absent in the corridors of modern medicine. Instead, we see a system built on authority, suppression of dissent, and the relentless promotion of interventions that generate ongoing revenue while never addressing or curing the root cause.

This realization was both liberating and sobering. It stripped away the last vestiges of trust I had placed in the white-coated authorities who had once dismissed me as terminal. It also reaffirmed the path I had instinctively chosen: trust the body's intelligence, remove stressors, restore the terrain through proper nourishment, and allow healing to unfold naturally. Like a river that has been dammed for generations, once the barriers are removed, the water flows freely again, carving its own course toward the sea. My recovery was not a miracle of medicine; it was the predictable outcome of aligning with nature's design. The road to full recovery was now clear, paved not with drugs or dogma, but with truth, patience, and reverence for the body's own wisdom.

The Medical Mirage: Profits Over People in a Lifetime of Illusion

Over more than three decades immersed in the health, fitness, and gym industries, I have moved through every layer of the system, from coaching clients on the gym floor to collaborating closely on the development and manufacturing of food supplements, sports nutrition products, and even pharmaceutical drugs. I have sat in boardrooms with executives from major medical drug companies, exchanged ideas with their in-house "scientists," and witnessed firsthand the inner workings of an industry that generates hundreds of billions of dollars annually, projected to surpass $1.75 trillion in prescription sales by 2025 alone. When you understand that Germ Theory is fundamentally false, and you grasp how medicines, pharmaceutical drugs, are actually developed, tested, and approved, the entire structure reveals itself as one of the most elaborate and profitable scams in human history, a glittering facade hiding a machinery designed not for healing but for endless dependency.

Pharmacology splits into two primary branches. Pharmacodynamics examines what drugs do to living organisms: their intended effects, interactions with tissues, and the biochemical pathways they influence. Pharmacokinetics studies what living organisms do to drugs: how the body absorbs, distributes, metabolizes, and excretes them. The process begins when a chemical compound is synthesized in a laboratory and observed to produce some measurable effect on isolated tissue or "diseased" molecules in a petri dish. This isolated reaction, completely divorced from the complexity of a whole living system, is then subjected to a series of tests. First come

animal trials, where the compound is administered to laboratory rats, mice, or dogs to gauge toxicity, dosage, and gross effects. Next, a small group of healthy human volunteers receives the substance to establish a “therapeutic dose” and document any immediate “side effects.”

Notice the critical flaw at this stage: none of these early human subjects actually has the “disease” the drug is supposedly designed to treat. The tests provide no meaningful evidence of benefit for real patients suffering real pathology. They merely confirm that the chemical can be tolerated in a certain quantity without immediately killing or maiming the volunteer. Any “therapeutic” claim rests on the shaky assumption that the lab reaction or animal response will translate to human healing. In truth, it is a leap of faith dressed up as science, a gamble where the house always wins and the patient often loses.

Even these preliminary findings are often overstated. Side effects, the body’s natural reaction to an introduced toxin, are systematically downplayed. The degree of harm is minimized in reports, and the cumulative damage that occurs with long-term use is rarely studied in depth during these short trials. Many adverse reactions only become apparent after months or years of exposure, long after the drug has been approved and marketed to millions. The entire process is like building a bridge based on tests conducted on toy models: it may look sound on paper, but when the real weight of traffic arrives, the structure collapses, leaving devastation in its wake.

Under the United States system, which heavily influences global standards, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) grants approval largely on the basis of data submitted by the very pharmaceutical companies seeking the license. The FDA reviews the paperwork but lacks the staff, resources, or mandate to independently replicate the experiments. In practice, this means a manufacturer can produce polished, selective data, highlight favorable outcomes while bury unfavorable ones, and receive the green light to market their product. It is a system of trust built on conflict of interest, where the fox guards the henhouse. How convenient for profits, especially when critics highlight egregious pricing practices that hike costs faster than inflation, ensuring a steady stream of revenue amid accusations of bad behavior and market manipulation.

Pharmaceutical drugs are inherently harmful because their active ingredients are synthetic chemicals physiologically incompatible with the human body. They are foreign invaders, not nutrients or natural compounds the body recognizes and utilizes. Beyond the active molecules, the harm extends to binders, fillers, coatings, preservatives, and the manufacturing processes themselves. For example, steroid production (including corticosteroids used as painkillers and anti-inflammatories) and many antibiotics rely on fermentation, which employs highly toxic solvents: acetone, ethanol, isopropanol, methanol, amyl alcohol, and methyl isobutyl ketone (MIBK.) These chemicals are notoriously damaging to the liver, precisely why liver toxicity is a common and well-documented side effect of long-term painkiller use.

Another major production method, chemical synthesis, involves a cocktail of hazardous pollutants for reactions and purification: benzene, chlorobenzene, chloroform, chloromethane, o-dichlorobenzene, 1,2-dichloroethane, methylene chloride, phenol, toluene, and cyanide. Each of these compounds is recognized as extremely hazardous, capable of causing cancer, organ damage, and neurological harm. The final pill or injection is not a healing elixir but a carefully packaged poison, introduced to provoke a reaction. The body's response, fever, inflammation, increased metabolism, is an attempt to expel the intruder and repair the damage. In some cases, this heightened effort may temporarily alleviate symptoms by accelerating overall detoxification, giving the illusion of improvement. In others, especially when the body is already weakened, the added burden accelerates decline and can prove fatal.

The fallacy deepens when considering pharmacodynamics in real patients. Prescriptions are based on observed symptoms, with the assumption that all humans respond identically to a given "disease" because that disease is treated as an independent entity, invading and attacking everyone in the same way. This reductionist view underpins the use of standardized treatments and the reliance on isolated tissue or molecular experiments in laboratories. Yet humans are not machines. No two bodies are alike in physiology, nutritional status, environmental exposures, stress levels, development expression, or toxic load. Responses vary widely, and what alleviates one person's symptoms may devastate another's system. The card house of modern medicine, built on universal assumptions, selective data, and profit motives, collapses under even modest scrutiny.

Health cannot be restored or maintained through chemical intervention. True improvement requires identifying and eliminating the real causes of illness. The most common culprits are toxicity (plant-based foods, processed foods, heavy metals, industrial chemicals, beauty products, polluted air and water,) various forms of stress (emotional, psychological, physical,) electromagnetic radiation (Wi-Fi, radiofrequency, magnetic, and electric fields,) and nutritional deficiencies leading to malnutrition (also caused by plant-based and processed foods.) From the lens of terrain theory, all disease stems from within, from an imbalanced internal environment disrupted by toxemia, the accumulation of poisons often from modern diets high in carbohydrates, unsaturated plant fats like linoleic acid that promote inflammation and cancer, and phytoestrogens that skew hormonal balance. Animal-based foods, by contrast, provide the bioavailable essentials to restore harmony, preventing the very toxemia that manifests as illness.

Bacteria, far from being enemies, are our relentless vital allies. They outnumber our human cells, forming a microbiome weighing 3 to 4 pounds that underpins healing, digestion, detoxification, and even brain function. They serve as the first line of defense, consuming and neutralizing poisons and toxins, clearing dead or damaged cells and cellular debris, and maintaining cleanliness within. Aggressive use of soap, alcohol sanitizers, and antibacterial products destroys this beneficial flora, disrupting

the gut ecosystem and paving the way for multiple health problems, as these microbes adapt and evolve in response to the terrain, not as invaders but as responders to imbalance.

This framework fits seamlessly into a larger agenda of control and dependency. A population kept sick, misinformed, and reliant on pharmaceutical solutions is far easier to manage. The medical establishment, with its monopoly on legitimacy, its suppression of dissenting voices, and its relentless promotion of symptom management over root-cause resolution, has built an empire on this deception. It is not a system of healing; it is a system of maintenance, keeping people functional enough to remain productive consumers while ensuring the cycle of illness and treatment continues indefinitely, like a subscription service, a steady flow of revenue while people are none the wiser.

The road to genuine health lies outside this paradigm. It requires reclaiming personal responsibility, questioning authority, and aligning with nature’s design. Like a tree that has been stunted by poor soil and pruned in the wrong directions, the human body, once freed from artificial constraints and nourished with its true requirements, grows tall, strong, and resilient once more. My own journey from near-death to thriving is living proof that the body knows how to heal when we stop interfering and start supporting. The medical community’s house of cards may stand tall for now, but the winds of truth are gathering strength. When they blow, the structure will fall, and what rises in its place will be something far more honest, far more human, and far more effective.

2020: Lovec's Triumphant Homecoming and the Unveiling of the Greatest Global Deception

By late 2019, my health had reached a state of near-perfect equilibrium according to every objective marker available. Blood tests showed pristine organ function, balanced hormones, and minimal inflammation. Biological indicators gleamed with vitality. My body, once broken and failing, had been rebuilt from the ground up through the disciplined application of our natural hypercarnivore diet and strategic fasting. The only lingering shadow was the slow-healing scar tissue and residual neurological effects from the brainstem tumor that had nearly claimed me in 2017 and 2018. Even that was steadily improving, like a deep wound gradually knitting itself closed under patient, consistent care, a testament to the terrain theory principles that had guided my recovery, where the body heals when stressors are removed and the internal environment is restored with species-appropriate nourishment. Then, in September 2019, came a moment of pure, unfiltered joy that lifted my spirit higher than any lab result ever could.

In 2019 I ate mostly raw animal-based foods, did a few shorter fasts and did some simple body-weight exercises. I would not return to the gym until the end of 2019/beginning of 2020. Still my body weight, due to muscle memory and being nourished, climbed to about 68 kg.

The family who had adopted Lovec, the magnificent Czechoslovakian Wolfdog who had been my constant companion, protector, and soulmate during the darkest years, reached out. Their lives had changed dramatically. Separation had left them unable to provide him with the vast space, vigorous exercise, and pack dynamic he needed to thrive. They asked a simple, heartfelt question: was I well enough now to welcome him back home? That reunion on September 21, 2019, remains one of the happiest days of my life. Lovec bounded through the door as though no time had passed at all. His eyes locked onto mine with instant, unwavering recognition. The bond we had forged years earlier had not faded; it roared back to life in a single, overwhelming moment of shared presence. Having him home again felt like reclaiming a missing piece of my soul, a living reminder that love, loyalty, and deep connection endure beyond hardship, separation, and even near-death. Like a lost wanderer finally finding the familiar path home after years in exile, I felt whole again in his presence, the quiet strength of our companionship renewing my sense of purpose in ways no words could capture.

Energized by Lovec's return and the renewed sense of purpose it brought, I decided in November 2019 to push my cognitive and neurological recovery even further. I enrolled in an office-training program, sponsored by Arboga municipality, specifically designed to challenge the lingering effects of the brainstem injury and the mental burnout that had accompanied the tumors and organ failure. At first, the limits were stark and unforgiving. I could manage barely 45 minutes at a computer in a quiet office setting with only an additional two to three people before the warning signs appeared: ringing in the ears, tunnel vision, crushing mental fatigue, and hypersensitivity to sound where every noise seemed to creep up and amplify until it overwhelmed me. Those brief sessions would leave me floored for days afterward, so I limited them to two per week, allowing ample time for recovery and reflection.

September 21, 2019, the first and the second day of the return and homecoming of Lovec.

By the beginning of 2020, progress had become evident. I could now handle two 60-minute sessions weekly without the same devastating aftermath, and I even found small reserves of energy to work an additional hour at my home office several times a week, writing short articles. It was a slow, deliberate rebuilding, like a skilled craftsman carefully restoring a damaged instrument, string by string, tuning each note until the music finally begins to flow again. Each small improvement felt like a quiet victory, a testament to the body's remarkable capacity for regeneration when given time, proper nourishment, and patience.

This tumor-induced mental fatigue was the reason why I lost contact with most of my old friends during 2017 and onwards, as I had no real energy to keep track and communicate with anyone. The little energy I had went solely into surviving the day and then to heal myself. The few people at this point remaining in my life as lifelines were my father, my mother, my brother and Isabella. It was not until a few years later that a few more people popped back into my life on a more regular basis and among them were Johanna Forsberg, Catarina Rabitsch, Ingela Granath, Julie Merlot, and Mia Wicklander.

Even as I'm adding the final touches to this book in late 2025, these people remain my core of friends. But as I'm feeling more like my old self, and even surpassed it in some ways, I will reach out more and reconnect. And if you read this and are a friend or acquaintance who lost contact with me, whether mentioned or not, now you know why, and feel free to reach out on Facebook or through my websites. I would love to hear from you!

Then, in the early months of 2020, the world was struck by what would become the largest, most coordinated psychological operation in modern history: the so-called Covid-19 pandemic, a carefully engineered hoax that surpassed even the events of September 11, 2001, in its scope, audacity, and global reach. They called it a novel coronavirus; many of us who saw through the veil referred to it as CONvid-1984 or ConAids-1984, a deliberate nod to the AIDS hoax of the 1980s that had similarly weaponized fear, faulty science, and pharmaceutical dependency. As detailed across my world playbook quickstart and disease archives, this event was never about a spreading pathogen but a meticulously scripted psyop, built on the false foundation of germ theory, to test mass compliance, erode human connection, instill fear, and accelerate the rollout of Agenda 2030, the so-called Great Reset, a blueprint for centralized control, digital surveillance, restricted movement, and the restructuring of society under the banners of "sustainability," "equity," and "global health."

Overnight, societies locked down. Gyms, offices, training facilities; everything closed. My office-training program was abruptly terminated. The masses, conditioned by decades of media programming, panicked and complied in unprecedented numbers.

As I explained earlier in this book, the notion of contagious germs, pathogens, or viruses is fundamentally false. Bacteria are vital allies, outnumbering our own cells and serving as the body's cleanup crew; consuming poisons, breaking down toxins, and clearing cellular debris. When the toxic load becomes overwhelming, the body manufactures what are mistakenly labeled "viruses." These particles are in reality exosomes, tiny packets of cellular material and proteins released from damaged or poisoned cells to facilitate detoxification and repair. These are not invaders from outside; they are internal messengers, not contagious agents. You cannot "catch" a virus from another person unless it is injected directly into the bloodstream, precisely what the so-called vaccines were designed to do, delivering synthetic instructions that force cells to produce spike proteins, triggering inflammation and further damage.

The Covid-19 ritual was never about a biological threat. It was a global psyop designed to test mass compliance, erode human connection, instill fear, and accelerate the rollout of Agenda 2030. The measures were absurd: six-foot "social distancing" with no scientific basis, cloth masks that impair breathing, oxygenation, and facial recognition essential for emotional bonding. Infants and children, whose developing brains depend on reading facial expressions, were masked and isolated, a deliberate sabotage of human connection and cognitive development. Hospitals stood eerily empty, as documented by hundreds of independent journalists and

private citizens filming deserted emergency rooms while nurses and doctors, with nothing to treat, filmed choreographed dance videos for social media. Yet the television screens blared death counts, ventilator shortages, and daily briefings that kept the public in perpetual fear. It was a deliberate mismatch of messages to measure how well the indoctrination and programming worked, and among the sheeple, it worked incredibly well as they still held on to the media narrative, masking-up, taking the poisonous shots.

This staged PLAN-demic was no accident. The groundwork had been laid over more than a century of conditioning through Rockefeller-funded “modern medicine” and the pseudoscience of Germ Theory. Movies, television series, and staged outbreaks in developing nations, often cover stories for chemical experiments or vaccine trials, had primed the population to accept pandemics as something real, as inevitable. When the moment arrived, the machinery of control activated seamlessly. Numbers and gematria coded every headline, every press conference, every statistic was a Freemasonic and Jesuit ritual executed on a planetary scale, reinforcing the illusion of contagion while advancing the New World Order agenda.

The compliance was staggering. People who once prided themselves on independence and being educated intellectuals willingly surrendered freedoms, covered their faces with diapers, avoided loved ones, and cheered the injection of experimental “gene” therapies like lost sheep herded by Big Pharma and the News. The human spirit, starved of touch, expression, and genuine connection, weakened. The masses, conditioned to trust authority over their own senses, swallowed the narrative like obedient children accepting a bedtime story laced with poison.

If viruses were real and contagious in the way presented, everyone would have noticed. Streets would have been lined with the dying, not empty, as in the first fake footage from China, which never was seen again. Hospitals would have overflowed with patients, not echoed with silence. The truth was plain for anyone willing to look: this was not a biological event, but a psychological and social one; a masterclass in mind control executed through fear, repetition, and engineered scarcity.

For those who still cling to the official story, I offer no judgment, only the invitation to question. The evidence is there in abundance for those who seek it. The Covid-19 operation was not about health; it was about control. It was the largest mind-control experiment ever conducted, a stepping stone to Agenda 2030, the Great Reset, and the reshaping of society into a technocratic cage. Those who orchestrated it understood human psychology far better than most realize. Fear is a powerful lever; compliance is the reward.

As I watched the world descend into this utter madness from my quiet corner in Arboga, I felt both sorrow and clarity. The illusion was shattering and extremely obvious for those willing to see. The path forward was no longer about fitting into a broken system, it was about rejecting it entirely, reclaiming sovereignty over body, mind, and spirit, and building a life rooted in truth. The storm had arrived, but so had

the awakening. And in that awakening lay the seeds of something far greater than the architects of control could ever contain. The road ahead was uncertain, but it was ours to walk; awake, unbowed, and fully alive.

Another Stumbling Block: The Quiet Farewell to My Mother

As the office training program vanished into the manufactured “pandemic” storm of 2020, I turned my attention inward once more. I resumed work from my home office, determined to keep moving forward even if only in small, deliberate steps. With the same quiet resolve, I stepped back into the gym, this time alongside my brother Mathias. He had started lifting just a few months earlier, aiming to stay lean while rebuilding strength in his back after a slipped disc had sidelined him. Sweden, refusing to fully surrender to the global lockdowns that gripped so many nations, left the iron accessible. The key-card gyms stayed open and available for members, while the front desk was staffed in limited hours, a few times a week.

More than three and a half years had passed since I last trained seriously. I had chosen that long pause deliberately, giving my body the breathing room it needed to heal from the brainstem tumor and the cascade of organ failure that nearly claimed me in 2017 and 2018. Intense lifting adds a heavy metabolic demand; I refused to impose it while my system was still fragile. Now, with vitality slowly returning and a restless energy building inside me, walking back under the bar felt like returning to an old friend. For anyone who has trained consistently for over thirty-five years, the gym is far more than routine. It becomes part of who you are, a sanctuary to channel fire, to find stillness amid motion, to remember your own strength. When movement aligns with the body’s true design, it speaks a language deeper than words. It grounds you. It makes you feel fully alive.

The return proved fruitful. Within a few months, I regained more than 11 kilograms (25 pounds) of quality muscle, climbing from a fragile 64 kilograms (141 pounds) back to my familiar 75 kilograms (165 pounds.) The progress, although fueled by muscle memory, was a quiet triumph, a reminder that the body, when properly nourished and respected, responds with remarkable resilience and can easily bounce back from the brink.

Yet in the midst of this physical renewal, I overreached in the mind. The old fire reignited. I dove back into answering questions online every day, took on several new clients desperate to reverse diabetes, shrink tumors, clear allergies, and reclaim lost energy. I started building fresh websites, deepened my reading and research, and even began expanding the early chapters of this book. The load grew heavy, too fast. I have always carried an unrelenting drive to create, to share, to help others see what I have seen. Writing and teaching come naturally to me; they are how I give back. Discipline has long been my ally, but only when it serves a purpose outside myself. When it comes to restraint, to protecting my own limits, I falter. I lose myself

in the flow, time dissolves, boundaries vanish, and I push on without pause. The outcome was as certain as the next day: burnout returned, that familiar shadow from my darkest days. It crept in quietly at first, then settled in like an old unwelcome guest, reminding me that even the brightest flame can gutter if fed without measure.

A far heavier weight arrived at the same time. My mother received a diagnosis of tumors in her pancreas and wrapping around her stomach. The cancerous growths, advanced and aggressive, likely traced back to decades of prescribed medications for rheumatism and psoriasis, layered on top of well-meaning but misguided experiments with vegetarian eating and a flood of food supplements and so-called health products. The path mirrored my own before 2018 with painful clarity: chasing wellness through synthetic pills and misguided diets, blind to the slow accumulation of toxicity within the body.

The outlook was stark. Months, at best. The echo of my own near-death in early 2018 rang loud and clear.

I threw myself into supporting her without hesitation. Together we shifted her to an animal-based way of eating, rich in nutrient-dense meats, organs, and healthy fats. For two precious months, she experienced something close to a second spring. Energy she had not felt in more than twenty years returned. Joy flickered back into her days. She shared light-hearted moments with her husband that had grown rare. Still, she had trouble eating enough, trouble swallowing and had no appetite at all. She also indulged in small “cheats,” a piece of black pudding or a bit of bread, but the overall change brought real, tangible improvement, at least for a month or so before it began to stall. Then came the brutal truth the doctors had somehow failed to mention earlier: tumors riddled not only the stomach, but her entire intestinal tract. The lack of appetite, her ability to only take a few bites at a time and her sudden constipation after trying to eat more finally made sense. The passageways were compressed, blocked. Her body, already so depleted and far along in decline, had no reserves left to fight back. Her health began to decline once again.

In mid-May she entered the hospital. She was clear and firm in her wishes: no more interventions, no drawn-out suffering, no machines or drugs to stretch out the inevitable. She chose to fast, to release gently, to pass on her own terms. We stayed with her for five days, holding space as her body quietly let go. On May 28th, she slipped away in peace at only 71 years young.

Her departure, though it cut deeply, did not take me by surprise. We had watched it approach for months, and I had already made my peace with the inevitable. Still, the timing struck with cruel precision. My own condition remained fragile; I could manage only an hour or two of interaction before sensory overload set in. Crowded or noisy places overwhelmed me. Sitting for long stretches in the hospital, surrounded by the sterile buzz of machines and harsh fluorescent lights, pushed me past my edge, still I could not escape, I had to be there for my mother. It felt like being trapped in a blinding, humming bowl, every sound and movement pressing closer until the walls

closed in. The symptoms mirrored the worst days of 2018, when organs were failing and the brainstem tumor still held its grip. Only now the tumor had shrunk, leaving behind a heightened sensitivity that flared violently under stress.

Exhausted beyond words, I clung to the one steady anchor left: early-morning sessions lifting weights with my brother, when the gym stood nearly empty. Those thirty to thirty-five minutes became my lifeline. The iron grounded me, cleared the mental fog, and reminded me I was still here, still capable of exerting force in the world. That my body was healthy and strong and that it was only my mind that needed mending. Outside that brief window, the old symptoms surged back with vengeance: crushing fatigue, hypersensitivity to light and sound, and now, for the first time in my life, severe disruption of sleep. I had always slept deeply and without interruption, seven and a half hours like clockwork. Suddenly I woke after one or two hours, heart pounding, mind racing. Falling back asleep could take another hour or two, driven by relentless cortisol spikes from accumulated stress. The cycle fed itself: sleep deprivation deepened the exhaustion, slowed any remaining healing, and chipped away at what little resilience I had left.

As the Stoics remind us, we cannot control the events that befall us, only our response to them. My mother chose dignity in her final days; I could honor that by refusing to let despair consume me. The iron, the quiet mornings, the slow rebuilding, became my way of practicing acceptance while still fighting to live. In those moments of lifting, I found a small but unbreakable truth: the body, when given what it truly needs, endures. And so must the spirit.

The Weight of the Unseen Wound: Embracing Stillness to Reclaim the Mind

By the summer of 2020, the damage had become impossible to hide, even from those who knew me best. The man they had always counted on, steady and patient, began to fray at the edges. My personality shifted, irritability crept in, patience thinned, and I began treating my loved ones with a shortness I had never shown before. Isabella, my closest confidante, gently pointed it out. She simply said what she saw: the man she admired more than anyone was still there, but he was buried beneath exhaustion and strain. Her words landed softly, yet struck with the force of undeniable truth. I listened. I reflected.

That conversation became the turning point. I realized I could no longer afford pouring out energy while my own reserves ran dry. So, I made a deliberate choice. I stepped back completely.

I closed every door that led to obligation. Facebook, Instagram, Messenger, every platform that had once been a way to connect and teach became silent. Notifications vanished. Messages went unanswered. The constant hum of the digital world, the

pull of questions waiting to be answered, the pressure to respond, to create, to prove, all of it stopped. For the first time in years, I gave my brain the one thing it had been begging for: unbroken, undisturbed space to heal.

This was not surrender. It was wisdom dressed as retreat. Consider the parable of the overworked ox. The farmer who drives his beast day after day, refusing to grant it rest, will one day find the animal collapsed in the field, unable to rise. The wise farmer, however, knows that true strength returns only after the ox is led to shade, given water, allowed to stand still and breathe. The same principle applies to the human mind after years of unrelenting labor, especially following a traumatic brain injury where lingering neurological effects, such as pathological fatigue, irritability, and emotional changes, can persist long after the initial healing. To keep pushing is not courage; it is folly. To pause, to protect what remains, to let the deep healing begin, that is the greater strength.

I had already learned this lesson once with my body during the worst days of 2018, when rest and proper nourishment were the only medicines that mattered. Now the mind demanded the same respect. I began to treat it like the recovering organ it truly was: fragile, yet capable of profound regeneration if given time, quiet, and the removal of every unnecessary burden. The brainstem tumor and its aftermath had left scars that manifested as mental fatigue, hypersensitivity to stimuli, and subtle shifts in temperament, common companions to such injuries where the brain's effort to compensate drains reserves and amplifies emotional volatility. By stepping away, I honored that vulnerability, allowing the neural pathways to mend without the added strain of constant demands.

The days that followed felt strange at first. Silence can be unnerving when you are accustomed to noise. Yet slowly, almost imperceptibly, clarity began to return. Thoughts settled. The crushing weight on my chest eased. Sleep, still broken, started to lengthen in small increments. I walked more, sat in stillness more, spent unhurried time reading, reflecting, and planning. I let the world turn without my constant intervention. These moments of quiet became a sanctuary, a place where the mind could recalibrate, free from the digital barrage that had once masked the deeper need for rest.

I had always believed that helping others was my purpose, that sharing knowledge was my duty. And it is. But I came to understand a deeper truth: I could only give from a full well. If the well ran dry, there would be nothing left to share, and no one left to help. True service, then, begins with self-preservation. Not out of selfishness, but out of responsibility. In that quiet withdrawal, I sharpened the blade once more. Not through force, but through stillness. The warrior who lays down his sword after battle does not do so in defeat. He does it to clean it, to hone it, to make it ready for the next season when strength is truly needed. I was learning, again and again, that real power is not found in endless exertion. It is found in the courage to stop, to rest, to rebuild, and then, when the time is right, to rise stronger than before.

This period of deliberate retreat proved transformative. The irritability softened, patience returned, and the fragments of my former self began to weave back together. The unseen wound, once a constant drain, started to heal in the absence of pressure, proving once more that the body and mind, when given the space and support they truly require, possess an innate capacity to restore themselves far beyond what any external intervention could achieve.

Slowly Reclaiming the Light: A Quiet Season of Restoration

During late summer and the autumn of 2020, my days settled into something simple, almost monastic. I stripped life down to the essentials that my still-healing system could carry without strain. Each morning brought thirty minutes of weightlifting with my supporting brother, five days a week. After my mother's passing, the practice deepened, became more focused, more sacred. It was one of the few constants I could trust, a ritual that anchored me when everything else felt adrift.

Beyond the gym, I committed to three or four long walks every day with Lovec, my steadfast companion. We wandered far, often covering more than fifteen kilometers through silent forests, open fields, and forgotten paths where the only sounds were wind in the leaves and the steady rhythm of our steps. These were never just exercise. They were communion, a slow conversation between body, mind, nature, and the loyal dog who asked for nothing but presence.

In those hours, I felt life returning to my limbs, bit by bit, like a river finding its way back to dry ground after a long drought. The fresh air, the rhythmic motion, the unspoken bond with Lovec, all wove together to soothe the nervous system that had been rattled for so long.

I allowed small amounts of reading; gentle pages turned without ambition or deadline. I added moments of deliberate stillness, conscious breathing to calm a nervous system that had been rattled for years. That was the sum of what I could hold. Anything more felt like inviting the old exhaustion back in. I had learned, through painful repetition, that recovery is not a sprint. It is a patient tending of embers until they can once again hold a steady flame. The brainstem injury and its lingering effects demanded this gentleness, a slow rebuilding of neural pathways that could not be rushed without risking setbacks.

Weightlifting, though, remained non-negotiable. After more than thirty-five years, the barbell is not merely equipment. It is woven into the very fabric of who I am, an extension of will, a forge for discipline, a quiet sanctuary where chaos cannot follow. When the mind spins or the world feels unsteady, the gym offers structure and silence. To have been away from it for three and a half years had left a hollow space inside me. Returning, even in measured doses, felt like reclaiming a missing piece of

myself. It gave me purpose I could touch: the steady goal of regaining lost muscle, with a longer gaze fixed on the condition I had enjoyed in 2016 before illness arrived, or, if the body proved willing, even the peak of 2008 when I stood at my strongest. Each session became a quiet act of defiance against the fragility that had once threatened to define me.

To fuel this slow rebuilding, I refined the diet with care. The foundation stayed strictly hypercarnivore: red meat, organ meats, eggs, occasional fermented hard cheese, and a daily teaspoon of fish roe for its dense concentration of nutrients. I introduced small amounts of yogurt and milk, not out of whim but for their bioavailable protein, electrolytes, and natural growth factors. For convenience and to support higher intake without taxing digestion, I added a clean multi-blend protein powder, eighty-nine percent pure, blending casein, whey, and egg. Every addition was measured, deliberate, chosen for minimal processing and maximum compatibility with a body already tuned to animal foods. Astonishingly, my digestion remained flawless. After three years without dairy or supplemental powders, and despite the increased volume of food, there was no bloating, no discomfort, no echo of the loose stools that had once tormented me. The gut had become resilient, a fortress built and maintained by years of species-appropriate nourishment, where the absence of plant toxins and antinutrients allowed complete absorption and effortless function.

The changes showed quickly. From a fragile sixty-four kilograms in February 2020, I reached seventy-five by late April. After my mother’s passing and the brief dip in early June, dropping to seventy-three kilograms, I poured focused effort into training through the summer months. Another seven kilograms came on by late July, bringing me to eighty. In hindsight, pushing for aggressive gains while still healing from burnout may have been unwise. But the mind, when fragile, craves purpose. For me, that purpose lived in the ritual: loading plates, gripping steel, pushing against resistance. It was a thread of continuity in a life turned upside down. Like the ancient mariner who, lost in endless storm, finds solace in the steady pull of the oars, I needed something reliable to hold fast to, and I also needed a goal.

July brought the reopening of the office training center. I returned for twice-weekly sessions, progress steady but measured. Sleep, however, remained a stubborn enemy. Most nights offered only a few hours, rarely touching six. A punishing heat wave settled over Sweden that summer for about a month. My decades-old apartment, built without modern ventilation or insulation for such extremes, turned into a furnace. The bedroom often climbed to thirty degrees Celsius or higher, heat trapped in the walls like a slow kiln. Paired with the lingering hypersensitivity from the brainstem injury, rest became shallow and broken. The body does its deepest repair in deep sleep, hormones reset, tissues rebuild, the nervous system finds balance. Without it, every gain comes harder, every step forward slower.

Still, the physical response astonished me. Muscle memory is real, a quiet miracle of biology. The body remembered how to grow, and with abundant, bioavailable nutrients, it rebuilt swiftly. The brain, though, healed on its own slower timeline,

measured not in weeks but in seasons. In late July and early August, a four-day fast brought subtle renewal, energy distributing more evenly through the day. Mid-August I undertook a five-day fast, four days dry, using it as a deliberate reset after hovering around seventy-eight kilograms for weeks. The outcome surprised me: I dropped to seventy-two, then rebounded to seventy-four within days of refeeding. Within two weeks, weight stabilized at seventy-five to seventy-six, yet in the mirror I looked leaner, denser, more muscular. Fat had burned away while muscle continued to build, a rare recomposition that spoke to the power of a properly tuned terrain.

My physique recovery journey during 2020. Slowly regaining what I had lost during 2017 and 2018.

I tried to push for more food, aiming for a secondary long-term goal of eighty kilograms by year's end. However, the body resisted further gains as I was close to my old best. In truth, the scale became secondary. The mirror told the real story: sharper lines, fuller muscle, undeniable vitality. Numbers fade in importance when the reflection speaks of strength reclaimed, of a body finally aligned with its true design. In those moments, the journey felt less about chasing old peaks and more about honoring the resilience that had carried me through the darkest valleys. The light was returning, slowly, steadily, and it was mine to keep.

Second Chances: Welcoming Shadow into the Fold

During late summer and into the fall of 2020, my brain continued its patient, unhurried mending. Mid-August brought real relief. The oppressive heat finally broke, temperatures cooled, and the five-day fast appeared to reset my nervous system in a way nothing else had. Sleep deepened markedly. I returned to seven hours of mostly unbroken rest, with only occasional stirrings, and when I did wake, sleep pulled me back within seconds or minutes. It felt like a quiet victory, the body reclaiming what it had long been denied. The office training sessions built steadily as well. By early September, I could handle one hour and twenty minutes two to three times per week, with enough energy left afterward for several focused hours of work at home. Fluctuations still came, waves of fatigue that reminded me of the fragility beneath, but the overall direction was clear: upward, compounding month by month, like interest quietly gathering in a long-forgotten account.

Inspired by this growing momentum, and grateful to be reunited with Lovec as my constant companion on walks, I felt ready to expand our small pack. For years, I had carried the wish to adopt a young female dog, not only as a companion for Lovec but as a way to offer a genuine second chance to an animal who had known hardship. Isabella, who had recently opened her heart and home to Bella, a street rescue abandoned shortly after arriving in Sweden, supported my wish. Together we searched through rescue organizations, reading profiles, looking at photos, until one stood out unmistakably: a twelve-month-old Husky-mix found living rough on the streets of northern Bosnia. After making an inquiry and receiving some video footage, I saw something in her body language and especially her eyes that spoke directly to me. The same day I paid her adoption fee of 5000 SEK and signed the papers.

Early on the morning of November 14, 2020, Lovec and I set out for Jönköping to meet her. There we reconnected with my good friend David Arnfjell Rodmar, whom I had first met years earlier in Gothenburg through our shared passion for dogs and the tight-knit community that I had built. After catching up for several hours and checking into a pet-friendly hotel, we waited until midnight for the rescue van from Bosnia to arrive. When it finally pulled in, the sight was heart-wrenching: dozens of emaciated dogs packed into small cages, trembling, covered in their own waste, barely able to stand after surviving on scraps of toxic dry kibble. Our girl lay motionless, exhausted and terrified. I reached in gently, lifted her frail body from the cage, and set her on the ground. Her legs splayed beneath her. She refused to move.

Then Lovec approached. Calm, curious, gentle. He puffed softly at her with his nose, gave her head a single tender lick, and began walking toward our car. She lifted her head, watched him for a long moment, then began to crawl after him, following like a fragile shadow. In that instant, her name came to me: Shadow.

Back at the hotel, I spread a blanket across the bed and placed her there, then lay beside her without reaching or touching. I wanted her to know my presence, my scent, my stillness on her own terms. No movements, no forced affection. She had likely endured months of rough handling in shelters, grabbed, tossed, confined. Trust, if it came at all, would arrive slowly. Through the night I rested lightly beside her, letting her decide when she felt safe enough to relax. By morning she edged closer, sniffing my arms and hands with tentative curiosity. When it came time to leave, she accepted the leash, though she had no understanding of walking on one. She tried to hide behind doors or pulled wildly at first. But with Lovec as a guide and example, she began to follow. Once home, I fitted her with an Easy Walk Harness, the leash attached at the chest for full mobility without any sense of restraint. Within three days she walked like a seasoned pro, head high, steps confident.

November 15, 2020, the day Shadow arrived into our lives. Emaciated and skinny with short underdeveloped coat and afraid of everything, but a whole new world awaited her.

The transformation unfolded before our eyes. From a skeletal, fear-frozen stray to a bright, curious girl who greets anyone offering gentle invitation with eager interest. She loves to track scents, to hunt, to dig for rats, mice, and voles, instincts sharpened by survival now channeled into joyful, playful energy. And yes, both my dogs thrive on their true species-appropriate diet: raw meat, animal fats, organ meats, bones, eggs, occasional fish, and small amounts of natural unsalted butter or yogurt and kefir. Twice a week they receive marrow bones, rich nourishment that builds strength, supports joints, and keeps teeth clean and strong. This ancestral approach, rooted in the hypercarnivore blueprint both our and dog’s physiology evolved under, provides complete bioavailable nutrition without the antinutrients or toxins that burden plant-based or processed foods, allowing Shadow's body to heal rapidly from a year of deprivation.

The transformation of a rescue from the streets of Bosnia. Our beloved Shadow.

Bringing Shadow home became another quiet milestone in my recovery. Lovec gained a sister, a playmate to share his days. I gained a living reminder that second chances are real, for animals, for people, for life itself. The path to wholeness is rarely straight. It twists, it pauses, it sometimes retreats. Yet each small victory, each act of care, adds to the foundation. Like a forest that regenerates after wildfire, new life pushes through scorched earth, resilient, green, and brimming with promise. Shadow's arrival was proof: healing comes not only to the body and mind, but to the heart as well, often in the form of loyalty, trust, and the simple joy of shared presence. In her bright eyes and eager steps, I saw the same quiet determination that had carried me through my own darkness, a beautiful echo of renewal that reminded me how deeply interconnected our journeys truly are.

A Quiet Convergence: The Timely Arrival of a New Friendship

In the summer of 2021, as the lingering heat softened into gentler days and my training sessions remained steady but measured, something unexpected unfolded. I had just finished my final set at the gym, sweat still cooling on my skin, and was wiping down the bar when a woman approached. She was blonde, poised, with a quiet grace that immediately set her apart. There was no rush in her step, no demand in her presence, only a gentle reverence that spoke of someone who had observed from a respectful distance for a long time.

She introduced herself with calm sincerity. She had been a longtime follower of my work, she said. Years earlier, she had competed in fitness events, and she had followed the Talent Hunt Project, read my early books, the magazine articles I had written, the pieces published online. More recently, she had watched with interest as I moved fully into the animal-based way of eating, speaking openly about what I had discovered. Her questions were thoughtful, never probing for controversy, always seeking understanding. Over the next few weeks, whenever our paths crossed in the gym, we fell into brief but meaningful exchanges, conversations about recovery, about diet, about the world-staged illusions that had once shaped both our lives, and especially the obvious Covid-19-hoax. There was a strange familiarity in her company, an echo of recognition that lingered just beyond grasp, like a half-remembered melody that stirs the heart without yet revealing its full song.

Time moved forward. In December 2022, she took a deliberate step. She purchased my carnivore coaching package, and over the months that followed, she guided her entire family, including her two teenagers, toward an animal-based way of living. The shift was never forced. It unfolded naturally, meal by meal, as they tasted the clarity, the steady energy, the freedom from cravings that arrive when the body finally receives what it has always been designed for. Watching their transformation brought

a deep, quiet satisfaction. Yet it also sharpened the sense that something deeper connected us, something still waiting to be named.

As friendship grew through long, unhurried talks after training, through walks with our dogs along quiet paths, the pieces slowly came together. We were born the same year, 1974. We had walked the same halls in the same high school during the late 1980s, though our circles had never touched. Her cousin Magnus had been my brother Mathias's closest childhood friend, the two boys inseparable through countless summers on the family farm. Even more strikingly, her parents had been on my father's mail route for years before his retirement after the car accident in the mid-1990s. Week after week, he had delivered their letters, their packages, and the small news of the town to their door. Over time, they had become genuine friends. Our families had brushed past one another countless times, yet life had kept us strangers until now.

Her name is Mia Wicklander. Beyond being a dedicated gym-goer, she is a devoted dog person through and through. She shares her home with three magnificent Rhodesian Ridgebacks, powerful, loyal creatures full of character and heart. Her love for animals runs as deep as my own, a quiet bond that needs no explanation. But what truly sealed our connection was her sharp mind and fearless curiosity. She had followed not only my writings on nutrition but also the larger questions I raised: the myth of Germ Theory, the psychological operation of Covid-19, the staged nature of so many global events, the subtle mechanisms that keep people divided and compliant. She had approached those ideas first with healthy skepticism, then with growing intrigue, and finally with conviction as the logic and evidence aligned. She saw the common sense beneath the noise, and that shared clarity became the bedrock of something rare.

Mia quickly became one of my dearest friends. Our conversations flowed freely, covering health and diet, family and dogs, the scripted theater of politics, the quiet beauty of living authentically in a world that so often rewards conformity. She and her family welcomed me into their lives with warmth and openness, and I opened my door in return. As she once said, with simple sincerity, "We regard you as family." The words settled deeply. The feeling is entirely mutual.

In a time when disconnection can feel almost universal, finding someone who shares your core values, your sense of humor, your reverence for truth, your appreciation for the simple and real, nutritious food, loyal dogs, unfiltered conversation, is a gift that arrives like rain after drought. Mia, just like Isabella, became one of my true lifelines during my mental recovery. Their presence did not drain; it restored my energy reserves. They both charged me with energy simply by being always there, steady and true.

Looking back, our meeting was never a mere chance. It was the convergence of two paths that had run parallel for decades, shaped by the same landscapes, the same small-town roots, the same quiet questions about what is real and what is illusion.

Like two rivers rising from distant mountains, carving their separate courses through valleys and storms, we had journeyed alone until the land itself gently guided us together at the perfect moment. There is something profoundly humbling in that truth. After years of isolation, struggle, and searching, life still holds the power to surprise us with connection, with kinship, with the rare and quiet belonging that reminds us we are never truly alone. Mia's arrival felt like the closing of a long circle, a gentle affirmation that every step, even the hardest ones, had been leading somewhere meaningful all along.

Mia Wicklander and her three Rhodesian Ridgebacks Higgins, Loppan and pup Zeb.

The Revelatory Years of 2021 to 2023: Unmasking the World Stage

By 2021, my life had found a steady, deliberate rhythm, one built on quiet recovery and an unyielding refusal to bend to the prevailing world stage illusions. Every test I took, every measurable marker of health told the same story: blood panels clean, organ function restored, inflammatory markers quiet, vitality returning in waves. This was no accident. It was the direct result of aligning fully with our natural hypercarnivore design. I nourished myself almost exclusively with animal foods, favoring lightly cooked preparations, rare steaks warmed gently to body temperature, while weaving in occasional raw elements for peak nutrient density.

Strategic fasts punctuated the year, four to six days at a time, each one a focused reset that deepened cellular repair, cleared lingering toxins, and sharpened the body's innate intelligence. Consistent gym sessions remained sacred: thirty-five minutes, four to five days a week, never about conquest, mostly to maintain and to feel good mentally. The body responded with grace, reclaiming strength without the old fragility.

In September 2020, shortly after my mother's peaceful passing, I had begun wearing an Oura ring to track the most telling physiological signs, especially heart health, which had suffered so severely during the 2017–2018 crisis. Back then, my resting heart rate had spiked to a dangerous 95 to 105 beats per minute, a glaring red flag of systemic overload. Within months of embracing the hypercarnivore approach, it fell to 75–85. By 2020, it settled around 70. In 2021, it stabilized beautifully between 47 and 55 beats per minute, approaching my lifelong baseline of 43 to 45, a range mostly reserved for elite cardiovascular fitness. The shift felt profound, like the body rediscovering its original rhythm.

Even more revealing was heart rate variability (HRV), that delicate measure of autonomic nervous system balance, recovery potential, and true resilience. In 2019, at the lowest point of illness, HRV had plummeted to just 11 milliseconds. By late 2020, it had risen to 25. Through 2021, it climbed steadily to 55 to 75 milliseconds, far surpassing the average for men nearing fifty, which lingers around 31. This was regeneration, not mere recovery. My heart, scarred by years of inflammation, accumulated toxicity, and relentless stress, had not simply healed. It had grown younger, more adaptable, more robust. In biological terms, time had turned back, perhaps by fifteen years or more.

These were not distant numbers on a screen. They were daily, tangible proof that the human body, when provided with species-appropriate nourishment, strategic fasting, and the deliberate removal of stressors, harbors an astonishing capacity for renewal. Consider the parable of the forest after wildfire: scorched earth seems barren, yet beneath the ash, roots remain alive. When the poisons are cleared and the foundation restored, new growth emerges, greener, stronger, more resilient than

before. The body follows the same ancient law, where terrain restoration through animal-based nutrition reverses even severe chronic conditions.

Yet beyond my private routines, the world remained ensnared in fear and carefully crafted illusion. The Covid-19 narrative pressed on, enforced with growing intensity: lockdowns, mandates, the ceaseless promotion of experimental injections that divided families, silenced dissent, and demanded compliance. I watched friends, loved ones, and former clients surrender to the psyop, mistaking fear for fact, coercion for compassion, synthetic gene therapies for salvation. The gap between what I knew to be true and what poured from every screen grew unbearable and I returned from my hiatus, that of mental recovery I had begun in mid-2020.

Now that dissonance became my fuel. From 2021 through 2023, I set out to expose the deeper machinery. I published prolifically: 347 articles in 2021, 511 in 2022, and 378 in 2023, each one peeling back layers of the scripted world stage. Politics is nothing more than child theater for grown-ups. Major figures, regardless of party or border, are actors fulfilling assigned roles in a larger production. The illusion of choice, left against right, conservative against liberal, keeps the audience invested while the script advances unchecked. Every major event follows the same formula: problem, reaction, solution. Think tanks outline the desired outcome, media manufactures or amplifies a crisis, the public responds with predictable outrage or terror, and the pre-planned “solution” arrives as the only sensible path, always expanding control, eroding freedom, centralizing power.

Beneath the performance lies a network of secret societies, interlocking directorates, and ancient bloodlines that have steered human history for centuries. The Covid-19 operation stood as the latest, boldest chapter in a long agenda, often called Agenda 2030, the Great Reset, or the New World Order: a coordinated push to digitize identity, restrict movement, control resources, and diminish individual sovereignty under the banners of sustainability, equity, and global health. Launched by the World Economic Forum in response to the Covid-19 pandemic, the Great Reset initiative proposed rethinking capitalism and global systems, but critics viewed it as a pathway to tyrannical control, with conspiracy theories alleging it aimed at abolishing private property and enforcing radical changes through crisis exploitation. This aligns with staged events like the Russia-Ukraine conflict and climate hoaxes, all scripted using numerology, gematria, and astrology to manipulate perception and advance the elite's vision. The staged pandemic, with its coded gematria in headlines, ritualistic symbolism in ceremonies, and synchronized global messaging, served as both a mechanism of control and a mass initiation ritual, testing compliance while paving the way for digital surveillance and reduced freedoms.

The response was as expected. Some longtime followers, unable to face the depth of deception, drifted away, some in anger, others in silence. Fragile egos cracked when cherished beliefs were challenged. Yet for every departure, several new connections took root: individuals ready to peer beyond the veil, ready to question anything that did not seem quite right, hungry for unfiltered truth. A quiet community

of truth-seekers grew, bound not by ideology but by a shared refusal to accept the official story. This led to the launch of Ungovernable.se, a community for curious and open-minded people who actually dared to question the official narrative, the programming, the perpetual propaganda of lies and deceit.

Still, the pace proved punishing. The relentless output, hundreds of articles dissecting events, numerology, symbolism, and control mechanisms, drained me mentally. Burnout returned in small waves, less severe than before but unmistakable. Meanwhile, my original calling pulled me back: the study of human nutrition, biochemistry, physiology, the biological terrain, and the elegant simplicity of our species-appropriate diet. In 2024, I made the conscious pivot, channeling energy into what had always mattered most: guiding others to reclaim health through alignment with nature.

That year and 2025, I published more than 590 free articles delving into biology, physiology, biochemistry, human nutrition and the deceptions woven through the food, supplement, and medical industries. I dismantled myths around plant-based diets, synthetic nutrients, and pharmaceutical fixes, always circling back to the core truth: diet remains the greatest lever for health, longevity, and well-being. We encounter food multiple times daily, every day of our lives. When that fuel is poisoned with plant defense chemicals, antinutrients, pesticides, or industrial processing; damage accumulates without mercy. No amount of exercise, meditation, or forced positivity can offset a toxic source, not even scratch it. Start with the diet, eliminate stressors, and the body heals itself. In most cases, this single shift resolves ninety-five percent of chronic conditions. The remaining five percent often clears with refinements: proper sleep, natural movement, sunlight, grounding, emotional release.

My website, bartoll.se, grew into a steady beacon for those seeking uncensored knowledge. In early 2022, it welcomed more than 2,100 unique visitors and 12,000 page views daily. By late 2025 those numbers had risen dramatically, reaching peaks of over 13,000 unique visitors and more than 85,000 page views per day, with continued growth. No advertisements, no sponsored content, just raw, evidence-based information offered freely, nearly every day.

Looking back, the years from 2021 to 2023 served as a crucible. The world stage revealed itself as scripted drama, its players enacting roles in a production meant to sustain control. Yet the truest story unfolded within: health reclaimed, purpose sharpened, illusions shattered. Like a tree that bends in the storm rather than breaks, I emerged stronger, clearer, more resolute. Freedom begins in the body. Truth begins in the mind. Sovereignty awakens when we cease outsourcing our lives to systems that thrive on our suffering. The path forward is not gentle, but it is ours: awake, unbowed, and fully alive.

More Setbacks: The Loss of Lovec and My Father's Sudden Fragility

Just as the slow, patient arc of my recovery seemed to be gathering real momentum in late 2021, life delivered a blow that cut deeper than any physical scar. Lovec, my unwavering companion, the wolfdog who had stood beside me through the darkest chapters of illness and isolation, was taken in a single, senseless act of cruelty. On one of our familiar trails, a path we had walked countless times filled with shared scents, memories, and quiet understanding, he suddenly lunged toward a ditch. I thought, as I had many times before, that he had caught the scent of a female in heat. But when he lowered his head, I saw the grim reality: he was eating something from the ground. I pulled him back sharply, heart already sinking, just hoping it was not something bad.

That evening the signs came with terrifying speed. Bright red blood began to seep from his rear, darkening as the hours passed into something more ominous. The veterinarian confirmed my worst fear: severe internal bleeding, almost certainly caused by poisoned bait, meat laced with rat poison and ethylene glycol, antifreeze, deliberately placed along the trail for any unsuspecting animal to find. Such malice was not unknown to me. Years earlier in Gothenburg I had witnessed similar acts, where hateful individuals, often carrying resentment toward dogs, scattered poisoned food, embedded nails in scraps, or rigged lethal traps in bushes and yards. In the small, quiet town of Arboga, though, such evil had always felt distant, almost unimaginable. Until that afternoon.

The injury proved catastrophic. Despite every effort, the hemorrhaging could not be stopped. Lovec, my fierce yet tender guardian, my (first) shadow and soulmate through the longest nights, had to be gently released. The loss carved an immediate, raw hollow inside me. It drained the fragile reserves of energy I had rebuilt so carefully, as though the light he had carried into my life had been snuffed out in an instant. Silence followed, louder than any cry. For days I moved through the motions: feeding Shadow, walking the same trails now achingly empty, staring at the spot where his bowl still waited, numb, grieving, and once again teetering on the edge of the exhaustion that had nearly consumed me after my mother’s passing the year before.

Shadow, with her resilient, unbroken spirit, became my quiet salvation in those weeks. Her playful curiosity, her fierce loyalty, offered a living tether to purpose when everything else felt adrift. Isabella’s steady presence, my father’s daily calls, and the warmth of a few close friends formed a thin but vital safety net. Still, the wound remained profound. Lovec had never been just a dog. He had been a mirror to my own wild nature, a companion through solitude, a reason to rise each morning when the body begged to surrender. Losing him felt like losing a vital part of myself.

Lovec, always loved, always remembered.

Then, scarcely a year later, in late August 2022, another devastating strike arrived. My father, a man defined by routine, who rose at dawn every day, walked ninety minutes between five and six thirty in the morning without fail, and always answered my six forty-five check-in call, did not pick up. At first, I thought little of it; he sometimes turned off his phone by mistake or let the battery run down. But he had been detoxing that week, experiencing what conventional medicine dismisses as “flu-like symptoms,” though I recognized them as the body’s natural cleansing process. He had seemed perfectly fine when I dropped off groceries just days earlier. Still, an instinct tugged at me. I went to his home to check.

I found him lying face down on the floor, helpless, unable to rise. He had been there, alone and voiceless, for more than twenty hours, managing only faint whispers into the empty room. We rushed him to the hospital. The symptoms, slurred speech, profound weakness, disorientation, pointed toward a stroke, yet the doctors offered no such diagnosis. They did not even run the appropriate tests. Instead, they pointed to fluid in his lungs (from the detoxing he was going through when this happened)

and, predictably, blamed the ever-convenient Covid-19, the catch-all explanation the medical system had adopted for any unexplained decline.

The contrast shattered me. My father, the man who had walked briskly every morning for decades, who embodied disciplined vitality, now lay unable to stand, dependent on others for the simplest movements. He cycled through hospitals, frustrated and humiliated by dismissive care. Eventually he was transferred to a temporary facility while arrangements were made for a new apartment in a retirement home. For the first two months depression gripped him tightly. He stayed mostly bedbound, needing constant encouragement even to transfer to a wheelchair. I visited as often as my own limited energy permitted, urging him to demand meat-heavy meals and extra eggs from the staff. Despite the facility's poor-quality, nutrient-poor offerings, he insisted on at least five whole eggs daily. Slowly, stubbornly, he began to reclaim strength. Within half a year he was once again his old self, though still weakened, still reliant on a wheelchair from the initial trauma.

My father and I had always shared a close bond, closer even than the one I had with my mother. We spoke several times a week, often daily, about life, health, the staged theater of world events, the Covid-19 deception. During my near-death crisis in 2017 and 2018 he had been one of my staunchest anchors, checking in without fail, helping me with groceries, offering quiet, unshakable strength. Seeing him reduced to helplessness felt like a second gut punch, draining what little reserves I had rebuilt. The emotional toll, combined with the physical demands of hospital visits and caregiving, pushed me dangerously close to relapse.

These back-to-back losses, first Lovec's sudden death, then my father's abrupt fragility, served as stark reminders of life's unpredictability. They tested the foundation I had labored so hard to restore. Yet they also sharpened my vision. The world stage, with its endless deceptions and scripted dramas, could wait. The real work, the work that truly matters, lay closer: in the quiet rituals of proper nourishment, gentle movement, rest, and presence with those who remain. Like a tree that bends deeply in the storm but refuses to break, I learned once more to yield, when necessary, to protect my roots, and to grow stronger in the wake of the gale.

Through every moment of grief and strain, Shadow remained my steadfast companion. Her boundless energy, her curiosity, her unconditional loyalty provided a living antidote to sorrow. Lovec had taught me the depth of interspecies devotion; Shadow now taught me its enduring resilience. Together they showed me that love, whether given or received, outlasts loss. It anchors us even when the ground beneath shifts. The path ahead would never be perfectly straight, but it would be walked with renewed purpose, patience, and the quiet certainty that healing, like nature itself, always finds a way.

2024: Welcoming Odin – A Circle Completed

By the late summer of 2024, my days had found a rhythm of quiet stability and deliberate simplicity. The deep, patient work of the previous years; strict adherence to the hypercarnivore diet, strategic fasting, disciplined training, and the slow reclamation of mental clarity, had rebuilt a foundation of strength I once believed was lost forever. Shadow, my resilient Husky-mix, remained my constant “shadow” on every trail, her joyful energy and fierce loyalty a daily reminder that second chances are not just possible, they are powerful. Yet the universe, in its subtle and often poetic way, was quietly preparing to widen our small pack once more.

Around August 28, a message arrived unexpectedly. A woman, aware of my long history with dogs and especially Czechoslovakian Wolfdogs, reached out for help. She needed to find a suitable home for one such dog in urgent need. The story she shared was heavy with heartbreak. The previous year, the family had welcomed their first child. The father, a former drug addict, relapsed into old patterns. While the mother worked tirelessly to support the household and care for their infant son, he spiraled further: partying, arrests, disappearing for days at a time. Eventually, she could endure no more and asked him to leave.

At first, he insisted on keeping the wolfdog. Soon after, he was arrested again while under the influence on the streets. Police returned the dog to the mother. Undeterred, he reclaimed the animal, only to abandon him once more, locking him inside his apartment without food or water for nearly three days. Desperate howling alerted neighbors, and authorities intervened again. Eviction followed. The father lost the apartment. The mother, now living with her own mother and juggling a one-year-old while earning a living, made it clear she could no longer keep the dog. The father, still unwilling to accept responsibility, took the wolfdog yet again, and this time he traveled to Turkey for two weeks of partying. He left the animal with drug-using acquaintances. On the second day, the wolfdog escaped. Police located him once more and returned him to the mother.

It was at this point, in late August 2024, that she contacted me. She could no longer keep him at her mother’s home, and the father, abroad and unreachable, was incapable of providing care. As the legal guardian, she asked if I could help find him a proper home. She stressed that he was not aggressive, but energetic, strong-willed, and typical of the breed: large, pack-oriented, high-drive, requiring someone experienced with such powerful animals. What followed felt like one of those rare moments when fate aligns with gentle, unmistakable precision. This wolfdog, it turned out, was directly related to my late Lovec. He came from a litter sired by Lovec’s sister Korall, the cute wolfdog that had led me to acquire Lovec back in 2014. The connection struck me as almost uncanny. I agreed without hesitation to take him in temporarily, to assess his needs and find the right permanent placement. I could not allow him to suffer while a search stretched on.

On September 11, 2024, the woman arrived accompanied by Johanna, a close and beloved friend who had been part of many cherished adventures during my time in Gothenburg. Together they brought the wolfdog to me. We spent the better part of the day in conversation, reviewing his turbulent history, and walking together in the cold, persistent rain that seemed to carry the emotional weight of the moment. Shadow met him immediately, and the recognition of his breed was instant. She approached with the same gentle curiosity she had shown Lovec on that rainy parking lot in Jönköping back in 2020. He responded cautiously at first, then warmed, as though sensing a familiar spirit. Within hours they were playing, running side by side, their energies aligning in a way that felt predestined.

The first walk with both Odin and Shadow on September 11, and the second day, exploring the little town.

I had intended only to foster, to evaluate, to find the ideal forever home. Yet by the third day, something shifted irrevocably. I found myself deeply attached. His presence filled the hollow space that had lingered since Lovec's tragic passing in 2021. Shadow was visibly brighter, more animated, as though a missing piece of her world had finally returned. The synchronicities continued to unfold: his birthday fell on November 13, while Shadow had joined our family on November 14, the date we celebrate as her "gotcha day" since her true birthdate remains unknown. Both born in 2019, they were separated by only a single day in age. It felt as though the universe had conspired to bring them together, two souls destined to share this chapter.

On September 14, 2024, I made the decision official. With papers and the microchip number in hand, the registration online took only minutes (as he was not previously registered.) After some reflection, I chose the name Odin. It settled on him like it had always belonged there. The name suited his regal bearing, his quiet intensity, his watchful intelligence, and the almost mythic way he had entered our lives.

The adjustment was not without challenges. Odin had spent much of his young life in chaos: sometimes neglected, briefly abandoned, left with strangers, and likely mistreated. He played roughly, more like an oversized pup than a mature wolfdog. He also showed submission in the classic wolf way, attempting to climb onto laps only to lick faces in appreciation, a behavior common in the breed.

Yet integration into our daily life flowed surprisingly smoothly. Like Lovec before him, he thrived on long walks, scent trails, play with larger stable dogs, and the freedom to explore. He and Shadow became inseparable: playmates, sentinels, mirrors of each other's energy. Watching them together brought a quiet healing I had not fully realized I still needed. They reminded me that love, loyalty, and connection endure beyond loss. The heart does not diminish old bonds when it makes room for new ones; it expands. Odin did not replace Lovec, nor could any dog ever do so. Instead, he added a new layer to our story, a continuation, a deepening of the pack.

Welcoming Odin was never merely an act of rescue. It was an affirmation. Even in the midst of personal rebuilding, life offers unexpected gifts: new companions, new responsibilities, new reasons to greet each dawn. The road to recovery is rarely solitary. Sometimes it arrives on four paws, with a name like Odin, and eyes that seem to recognize you from lifetimes ago. In that moment, the circle feels not closed, but beautifully expanded, carrying forward the love, the lessons, and the quiet strength that have sustained me through every storm. The pack grew once more, stronger for the scars it bears, and ready for whatever paths lie ahead.

Odin also had a little transformation when given his species appropriate obligate hypercarnivore diet and plenty of exercise.

Going Into 2025: A Quiet Reset Amid Ongoing Storms and My Father's Decline

As the calendar turned to 2025, I had carried forward the steady momentum of recovery that had begun to feel almost effortless in the previous months. Yet beneath that surface progress lay the subtle but unmistakable weight of new strains. Late in 2024, I had started noticing the first quiet signs that something was shifting. Sleep grew shallower and more fragmented, my resting heart rate began creeping upward, and the Oura ring, which had faithfully tracked my physiological markers since September 2020, began painting a clear picture of accumulating toll. Cardiovascular age, which had reached an impressive 18 years below my chronological age in November 2024, slipped back to only 16 years below as the new year began. Pulse wave velocity, a sensitive indicator of arterial stiffness, edged from 5.3 to 5.8 meters per second, a small yet unmistakable movement in the wrong direction. These were not dramatic alarms, but gentle warnings, the body's way of signaling that

accumulated stress had started to tax the bodily terrain I had worked so tirelessly to restore and protect.

The primary trigger for this downturn was the upheaval surrounding my father's relocation. In late November 2024, he was moved from a comfortable two-room apartment of seventy-two square meters, where he had enjoyed a sense of independence, personal space, and the simple dignity of choosing his own meals each day, to a cramped one-room unit of only twenty-eight square meters in a large, impersonal complex. The new place felt more like a sterile hospital ward than a home for the elderly. The transition demanded that we sort through decades of accumulated belongings: deciding what to keep, what to store, what to release. For a man in his eighties already weakened by prior strokes, the physical and emotional exhaustion of that process proved overwhelming.

In his previous residence, the staff had offered three meal choices each day, allowing him to consistently select meat or fish options and quietly remove vegetables and other toxic and damaging plant-based items from the plate while still feeling full and satiated. The new facility provided only two meals, with no real alternatives. You ate what was placed in front of you, or you went hungry. Most dishes were heavily plant-based, sometimes even vegan, clearly prioritized for cost and convenience rather than genuine human physiology and health. The administration appeared either unaware or entirely indifferent to the specific needs of elderly residents, particularly those recovering from strokes, who require generous amounts of animal protein, healthy fats, and cholesterol to support brain repair, hormone balance, and muscle preservation. Instead, they served cheap slave-like institutional fare: carbohydrate-dominant, nutrient-poor, and often difficult to digest for someone in fragile health. It stood as a perfect, heartbreaking example of how deeply entrenched misinformation and systemic priorities can cause profound harm, even in places meant to care for the vulnerable.

The combination of the stressful move, the new institutional environment, and this severely inadequate nourishment proved too much. During Christmas 2024, my father suffered a second stroke. He spent three weeks in the hospital. Though he eventually stabilized enough to return to the facility, the damage was visible and lasting: reduced mobility, lingering weakness, and a noticeable dimming of his once-bright spirit. My brother and I did everything we could, pressing the staff to provide extra whole eggs daily and ensuring he had access to his small refrigerator and hotplate so he could prepare simple animal-based foods on his own. Slowly, he regained some ground, though he remained confined to a wheelchair, weakened, and understandably frustrated by his loss of independence.

My father had always been a "meat and potatoes" man at heart, but retirement after a serious car accident in the mid-1990s had gradually introduced a daily ritual of sweets, breads, and pastries. Those habits, compounded by the institutional food choices he now faced, slowly eroded his vitality over time. He was also deeply conditioned to defer to authority, a trait common to his generation's trust in doctors,

nurses, government employees, and institutional systems. Despite understanding the principles of human nutrition, I had shared with him over the years, the importance of animal-based foods and the avoidance of grains and sugars, he continued to accept whatever was served. When carbohydrate-heavy meals arrived, he ate them. When bottles of Coca-Cola appeared, he drank them. When options were limited, he complied, fearful of causing a scene or angering those in charge. The outcome was as inevitable as it was heartbreaking: progressive malnutrition, rising inflammation as his body could not heal due to nutrient deficiencies, and steady weakening.

To address my own emerging fatigue and clear the subtle decline that had built from late November through December and into early January, I turned once again to what had always served me best: strategic fasting. I undertook two relatively short but powerful fasts in quick succession. The first spanned weeks two to three; the second, weeks four to five. Both were predominantly dry fasts, extending beyond forty-eight hours without any liquids, chosen deliberately for their intensified effects on detoxification and cellular repair. When the body is already well-nourished on a hypercarnivore foundation, dry fasting acts like a deep internal spring cleaning. It accelerates autophagy, mobilizes stored fat for clean energy, and purges accumulated toxins at a level water fasting alone cannot match. Freed from the distraction of incoming fluids, the body turns inward with fierce focus, breaking down damaged cells, recycling components, and restoring equilibrium.

To support the reset, I increased my intake of raw egg yolks, raising them from the usual five or six daily to twelve to fourteen. Their rich supply of bioavailable cholesterol, choline, and fat-soluble vitamins provided essential building blocks for brain and nervous system repair. Within two days of the first fast, my resting heart rate dropped back to 54–58 beats per minute. After the second fast, it settled into the familiar 47–51 range that had become my healthy baseline. Cardiovascular age rebounded dramatically, reaching a record 19.5 years below chronological age. At nearly fifty-one, my heart functioned like that of a healthy thirty-one- or thirty-two-year-old. Pulse wave velocity fell to 5.1, another clear victory. Heart rate variability held steady between 60 and 80 milliseconds, well above the average for men my age, which typically ranges from 19 to 48. These were not abstract numbers on a screen. They were living confirmation of the body’s remarkable responsiveness when stressors are reduced and species-appropriate nourishment is maximized.

Such results stand in stark contrast to those often achieved through synthetic means. Anabolic steroids or exogenous testosterone frequently suppress heart rate variability and elevate resting heart rate into the seventies or eighties. My metrics reflected something purer: natural physiology operating at its peak, untainted by artificial intervention, and fully responsive to the right conditions. By early 2025, the quiet reset had done its work. The gentle warnings had been heard, the body had been given space to recover, and the upward trajectory resumed once more.

Some of my typical physiological markers at 51-years of age thanks to following our species-appropriated hypercarnivore diet.

Early 2025: A Gentle Farewell to My Father

In the opening months of 2025, my father's decline gathered speed with a quiet inevitability that none of us could fully stop. What had begun as a slow erosion accelerated sharply when he suffered food poisoning from the facility's contaminated vegetarian slop. For weeks he vomited relentlessly, barely able to keep down even small sips of water, let alone any meaningful food. The toll became painfully visible. When my brother and I visited on February 16, his eighty-fourth birthday, the sight was heartbreaking. Severe malnutrition had left its unmistakable mark: his skin hung

dry, thin, and shallow, a classic textbook sign of profound electrolyte imbalance and critical protein deficiency. I pointed out the urgent need for potassium-rich foods and proper hydration, but he was far too weak to advocate for himself against the staff or the rigid system that surrounded him. Two days later, routine bloodwork confirmed the worst: acute deficiencies, especially in potassium. The facility suggested IV treatment at a hospital. He refused.

By February 20, he stopped eating and drinking entirely. His quality of life had dwindled to a mere shadow of what it once had been. He seemed ready, quietly prepared, to let go. I understood completely. I have always said that I would never allow myself to linger in such a diminished state, trapped in a body that no longer served its purpose, dependent on a system that had already failed him at every turn. Watching him reach that point stirred no surprise, only a deep, resigned recognition of how life sometimes unfolds when the body and spirit have given all they can.

On February 22, 2025, the retirement home called at six in the morning. We arrived as quickly as we could. He lay there breathing irregularly, heavily, barely conscious. My brother and I sat beside him, speaking softly of old memories: long walks together in the early morning light, shared laughter over simple things, the quiet strength he had always carried through every challenge life placed before him. His breathing gradually eased, grew softer, until at seven thirty it stopped altogether. A quick check of vital signs confirmed what we already knew in our hearts: he had slipped away peacefully, painlessly, on his own terms.

I am deeply grateful that both my brother and I were there to hold space for him in those final moments. There was no panic, no desperate struggle, just a gentle release. He had lived a long life marked by routine, resilience, and unwavering love for his family and friends. Through my own near-death crisis in 2017 and 2018, he had been one of my strongest anchors, checking in daily without fail, offering quiet encouragement when the world felt like it was collapsing around me. To be with him as he crossed that final threshold was an honor, a quiet closing of a circle that had begun decades earlier when he first held me as a newborn.

Grief arrived, as it always does, in waves. At first it came quietly and manageably, then it crashed harder in the days and weeks that followed. Yet unlike the shattering losses of Lovec or my mother, this one did not break my foundation. The structure I had rebuilt so carefully, through strict hypercarnivore nourishment, strategic fasting, and relentless self-honesty, held firm. Like a well-built ship that has weathered many storms, I rocked with the force of the sorrow but did not capsize. I allowed the sadness to move through me fully, honored the memories that surfaced, and kept moving forward, knowing that life continues to ask us to show up, even when the heart aches with every step.

Consider the parable of the ancient oak. It stands tall through seasons of drought and flood, losing its leaves in autumn without apology, yet drawing strength from deep roots to leaf again in spring. Grief, like winter, strips us bare for a time, but it

does not uproot us if the foundation is sound. My father's passing reminded me once more that true endurance comes not from resisting loss, but from allowing it to pass while preserving what remains: love, memory, and the lessons carried forward.

The road ahead remains one of steady stewardship: nourishing the body with what it truly requires, protecting the mind from unnecessary burdens, cherishing the connections that endure, and continuing to share what I have learned about health, truth, and sovereignty. My father's departure, like every major turning point in this journey, taught me something essential: life is not measured merely by the number of years, but by how fully we inhabit them, how courageously we face the inevitable, how deeply we love those around us, and how faithfully we honor the body's wisdom until the very end.

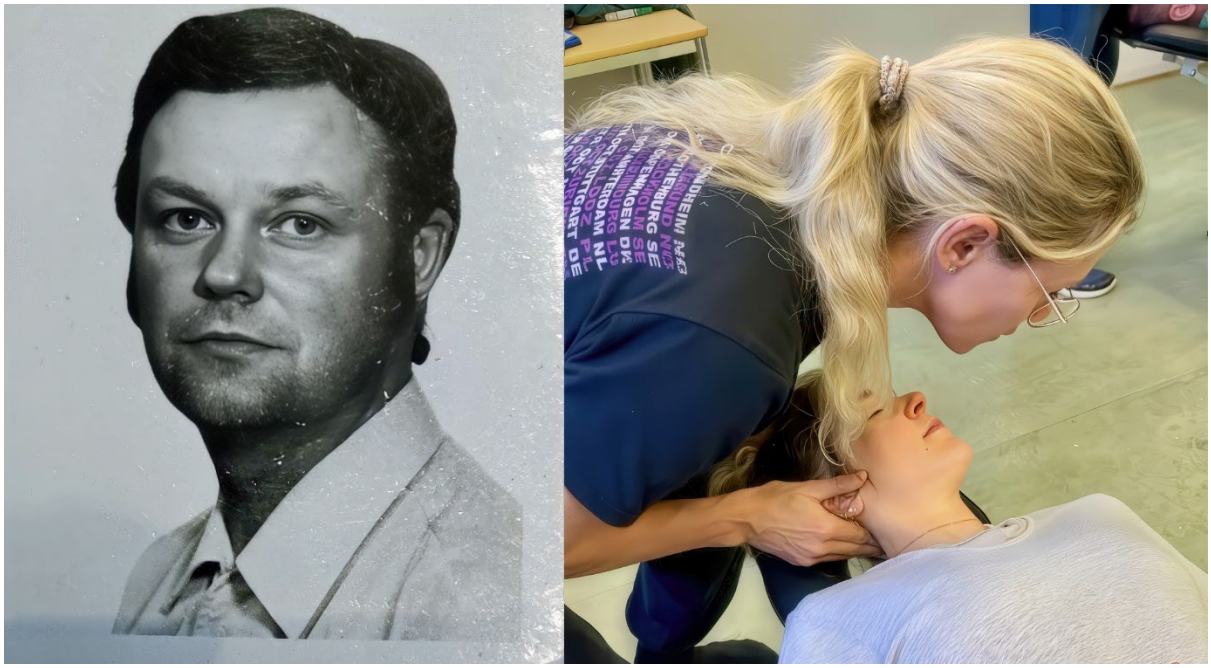
He left this world on his own terms, peacefully, surrounded by those who loved him most. In that final act of dignity, there is profound grace. And in carrying his memory forward, there is quiet strength. The pack may grow smaller, but the love it holds only deepens.

A Friend's Mission That Spurred My Own

Meanwhile in late 2024 and going into 2025, my dear friend Mia decided to reach back into her past and breathe new life into a calling she had once held dear. In the late 1990s and early 2000s, she had run her own small establishment in Arboga as a doctor of Naprapathy and masseur, helping people reclaim movement, ease pain, and rediscover comfort in their bodies. Life had taken her in other directions for many years, but the skill, the intuition, and the deep satisfaction of that work had never truly left her.

With determination, Mia chose to revive that expertise. She re-educated herself thoroughly, attending multiple advanced courses to sharpen her knowledge and update her techniques to modern standards. It was no small undertaking. Balancing family, daily responsibilities, work that required long travelling, and the demands of serious study required real commitment. By the end of 2025, her vision became reality. She re-opened Naprapatvärkstan in Arboga, a warm, welcoming space dedicated to hands-on healing through naprapathy and therapeutic massage.

As one of her earliest test subjects when she had revived her studies in 2024 and forwards, I can say with certainty that her hands remain as skilled as ever, perhaps even more so after years of life experience layered on top of her original training. The sessions are precise, intuitive, and deeply effective. I have no doubt I will become a regular visitor, not only because the work is excellent, but because supporting a friend who has poured heart and soul into something meaningful feels like the natural thing to do.



My father Folke, captured in July of 1975 when I was one year old, and Mia during one of her courses, working on manual therapy focused on correcting imbalances in the soft connective tissues, ligaments, and fascia surrounding the cervical spine.

Mia's journey back to this profession is more than a career revival. It is a testament to go after your dreams; the power of returning to what once brought joy and purpose, even after years away. I am proud to call her my friend, prouder still to see her step fully into this next chapter. And while she accomplished her mission, I set out on my own...

Isabella with her Bonita in 2018 just before returning home and my father, Folke, with my dogs a few weeks before he had to move to the new elderly home where dogs were not allowed.

Epilogue: The Road Ahead – Body Refinement, Fully Raw Hypercarnivory, Biphasic Sleep, and the Final Recovery from Mental Fatigue

The passing of my father in February 2025 closed another profound chapter in this long journey, yet it did not halt the quiet momentum that had been steadily building within me. Grief carved its necessary space, as grief always does, arriving in waves that sometimes felt overwhelming. In doing so, it also cleared room for sharper clarity and deeper resolve. With the weight of recent losses still settling around me, I turned inward once more, toward the body, the mind, and the primal truths that had carried me safely through every previous storm since 2017. What emerged was not a pause in progress, but a refinement, a deliberate honing of the path I had already begun to walk.

For more than three decades, the world of fitness, gyms, medicine, nutrition, supplements, coaching, and the broader health industry had been woven tightly into the fabric of my life. It began in my teenage years as a young enthusiast lifting weights in a small home gym, grew into a dedicated coaching career, blossomed into a reputation as a body transformation specialist, and eventually drew me into consulting on supplement formulations, publishing and writing for major publications, and even collaborating on the manufacturing side of sports nutrition and performance products, including indirect ties to the pharmaceutical industry. Bodybuilding, in particular, became a central thread. It was the arena where I first tasted the thrill of sculpting a physique, pushing human limits, and guiding countless athletes to stand onstage under blinding lights, their bodies transformed for a fleeting moment of glory. For years, it felt like the ultimate expression of discipline, control, and mastery.

Yet the longer I immersed myself in that world, the clearer the contradiction became.

Competitive bodybuilding, as it is most commonly practiced, embodies almost everything that is profoundly unhealthy and destructive to the human organism, even as I still love the raw concept of pushing the body to its aesthetic and performance edges. The standard protocol relies on useless plant-heavy and carbohydrate-dominant diets paired with only cooked, low-fat meats, mountains of processed foods, synthetic supplements, extreme nutrient- and energy-deficient fat-loss protocols, dehydration rituals, diuretic abuse, growth hormone and anabolic steroid cycles, insulin manipulation, and relentless overtraining, all endured in pursuit of a temporary, stage-ready appearance that vanishes within days or even hours as the body rebels. It is the exact opposite of true health: sustainable vitality, hormonal harmony, effortless leanness, and long-term resilience. At its competitive extreme, bodybuilding is not a path to thriving. It is a controlled demolition of the organism for aesthetic spectacle.

Most bodybuilders manipulate the exterior in the most extreme ways while relying on a hijacked nutrition science that amounts to low-level slave foods, full of toxins, antinutrients, and void of real nourishment, something our ancestors would never have touched. And then they complain that they are hungry, have cravings, lack energy, and only want to sleep, that they binge out on weekends, and once the competition is over, they rebound, gaining fat and water weight at alarming speeds.

Imagine, for a moment, how those same athletes might have performed and recovered if given proper, species-appropriate fuel: abundant raw or lightly cooked animal foods, free of the toxic load from plants and artificial compounds, fully nourished at every level. Their health, longevity, and vitality would have been transformed, even while contending with the abuse of anabolic steroids, growth hormone, and peptides. Fat loss would be effortless, and they would never have to deal with rebounds or even “bulking up” to gain muscle mass. One day, I hope the real truth will pierce through the bro-science and the fabricated nutrition dogma planted by the food and pharmaceutical industries. Until then, the old paradigm persists, trapping generations in cycles of damage disguised as discipline.

July 2025: Proving the Truth Through Living It – Effortless Leanness Without the Lie

Within the fitness and wellness communities, especially among bodybuilders, physique enthusiasts, and even many health professionals, the conversation around dieting and fat loss remains deeply dogmatic, backwards, and stubbornly entrenched in restriction. The dominant narrative revolves around calories in versus calories out, endless macronutrient obsession, deprivation as a badge of honor, and the inevitable struggle that follows: gnawing hunger that never quite goes away, hours of forced cardio, wild mood swings, metabolic slowdown, hormonal crashes, and the cruel rebound that arrives the moment the diet ends. So-called “experts” in the field insist that maintaining single-digit body fat for any extended period is not only difficult, but borderline impossible without pharmaceutical assistance. Even then, they warn, it is unhealthy, unsustainable, and it will damage hormones and accelerate aging.

After more than 30 years of immersion in that world, and after witnessing the toll it took on so many athletes including myself, I eventually came to see it clearly: all of it is complete and utter nonsense.

Body fat levels are largely irrelevant when the real priority is full, abundant nourishment that supports every physiological system, every chemical reaction, and every operation within the human organism. The suffering these “experts” base their backwards opinions on comes from athletes who are toxic and chronically deprived, following ill-advised, nutritionally poor, and frankly poisonous diets. They do not suffer because they lose body fat or because their body fat levels drop low. They

suffer because of accumulated toxicity and severe nutrient deficiencies. The body, starved of what it truly requires, panics. It slows metabolism, downregulates thyroid function, ramps up cortisol, stores fat as a protective mechanism, and sends out relentless signals of hunger and cravings. They are alarm bells of deficiency.

In July 2025, I decided to put the matter to rest once and for all, not with theory, debate, or endless arguments, but with lived, undeniable experience. I set out to dismantle these myths and demonstrate that true, effortless, sustainable leanness has nothing to do with starvation diets, endless cardio, or chemical crutches. It has everything to do with full, abundant nourishment. When the body receives everything it requires in bioavailable form; high-quality animal protein, saturated fats, cholesterol, fat-soluble vitamins, biopeptides, enzymes, and cofactors from raw or minimally processed animal foods, it ceases to panic. Hunger and cravings are not inevitable laws of nature. They are alarm signals that the body is missing critical building blocks. A malnourished body, fed on plant-centric slave foods devoid of essential nutrients, ramps up appetite signals, slows metabolism, downregulates thyroid function, and stores fat as a protective mechanism. It is a survival response, not a flaw.

The solution is beautifully simple: follow our natural hypercarnivore diet, eat to true satiation on most days to ensure complete nourishment, and then strategically incorporate brief periods of fasting, not to starve, but to allow the body to safely access and burn stored fat once it knows it is fully supported. No calorie counting. No macro-obsession. No metabolic damage. No hormonal collapse. Just effortless, intuitive eating aligned with our physiology, punctuated by short fasts that enhance fat oxidation and cellular renewal. The result is not only far more effective than conventional restrictive dieting, but infinitely more sustainable, free of hunger, cravings, mood swings, or the hidden burdens of nutrient deficiencies that sabotage thyroid output, testosterone, growth hormone, and overall vitality.

This is not a “diet” in the modern sense of restriction and willpower. It is a return to how humans are designed to eat: abundant, species-appropriate food that satisfies on every level, physical, hormonal, and neurological. Like a well-fed lion that rests contentedly after a kill, never worrying about its next meal, the body on a properly implemented hypercarnivore regimen finds its natural equilibrium. Fat stores become available as fuel when needed, muscle is preserved and even built, energy remains steady and abundant, and the mind clears with startling sharpness. The old bodybuilding paradigm insists that leanness requires suffering. I set out to prove that it requires only alignment.

In the months that followed, the proof became undeniable. The mirror reflected what the body already knew: effortless leanness, vibrant energy, and a quiet confidence that no stage-ready peak could ever match. It was not a victory over biology. It was a homecoming to it. The body, when finally given what it has always required, does not fight back. It thrives. And in that thriving, I found a freedom from the old lies that had once ruled so much of most athletes’ lives.

July to December 2025: The Raw Homecoming – Living Proof of Effortless Mastery

On July 13, 2025, I stepped on the scale at 80.1 kilograms, or 176 pounds, standing 173 centimeters tall, about 5 feet 8 inches. My body fat percentage, measured meticulously with the nine-skinfold Parrillo formula using a professional Harpenden caliper, came in at 8.73 percent. This was solid athletic leanness: visible abs, noticeable vascularity, a physique that drew glances and felt strong, yet still held room for refinement. The experiment I began the very next day was simple in design yet radical in execution: eat to true satiation on hypercarnivore foods most days of the week, ensuring complete nourishment and hormonal stability, then incorporate brief fasts or low-food-intake days (one meal only) to mobilize fat stores. No calorie counting, no deprivation, no metabolic slowdown. The body, when properly fueled, knows exactly how to burn fat effortlessly when the moment is right.

The formal phase started on July 14. Each day brought three generous hypercarnivore meals: ground fatty beef around 23 percent fat, ground beef-pork blends at 20 to 22 percent fat, raw eggs, occasional organ meats especially liver and heart, bone marrow, occasional fatty fish, and small amounts of butter. On July 18 came the first short fast. Over the following 93 days, I included only five 36-hour fasts and 21 low days with one meal. The remaining 67 days were pure ad-libitum eating: meat and eggs until natural satisfaction arrived, never hungry, never restricted.

The outcome shattered every mainstream narrative I had once accepted. Body fat dropped from 8.73 percent to 5.06 percent, with the most striking visual changes appearing during those 26 intentional fat-burning windows. By October 19, when the formal experiment concluded, I transitioned to maintenance and gradual muscle gain, still eating three meals daily while slowly increasing volume. Within a month, by November 24, I had added 1.3 kilograms, or 2.86 pounds, of lean muscle while body fat continued to decline to 4.81 percent. Recomposition at its finest: building muscle and shedding fat simultaneously, all without struggle.

As late December 2025 approached, I hovered around 4.7 percent body fat at approximately 78 kilograms, or 172 pounds, slowly gaining while remaining exceptionally lean. I had maintained sub-6 percent since early September, over three months, and sub-5 percent since late October, about two months. This is the level amateur bodybuilders typically reach only during the last one to two weeks of contest prep, often drug-assisted, miserable, and painfully temporary. I can easily live there year-round, effortlessly, because I am fully nourished. No cravings, no hormonal crashes, no metabolic slowdown. Just steady, sustainable vitality.

My "diet" experiment at 51-years young of eating to satiation on animal-based foods and incorporating five short fasts and 21 "low-days" during the span of 93 days, as in 67 days of pure ad-libitum eating.

The most decisive turning point arrived in late October 2025: my full, uncompromising return to raw hypercarnivory. After years of small compromises, dairy in the form of yogurt, kefir, and aged cheese, occasional protein powders for convenience, light cooking or warming of meats to make them seem more palatable, I stripped everything back to its purest, most ancestral form. No dairy. No protein powders. No warming, no searing, no gentle heating to body temperature. Only completely raw meat, raw eggs, raw liver, raw bone marrow, and occasional raw fish roe. This was not reckless experimentation. It was a deliberate homecoming to the

diet that had first pulled me back from the brink of death in 2018, now refined through deeper study, reflection, and lived experience. I also increased my meat intake from my previous daily amount of about 800 grams, or 28 ounces, of lightly cooked meat to between 1.25 to 1.5 kilograms, or 44 to 53 ounces, of completely raw meat daily. As for meat sources, most of my intake is ground beef with 20 to 23 percent fat content or a mix of 50/50 beef and pork at 20 percent fat. That is about 18 grams of protein to 20 to 23 grams of fat per 100 grams, a perfect ratio.

A few more pictures after finishing the experiment and simply maintaining and adding some muscle mass while getting a tiny bit leaner. Maintaining this low body fat level and conditioning is super easy once you're fully nourished.

Raw meat preserves something extraordinary that cooking inevitably destroys: cathepsins, the proteolytic enzymes B, D, H, and L naturally present in uncooked animal tissues. These enzymes initiate autolysis, the self-digestion process that begins the moment an animal dies and continues in the human gut. They work tirelessly to break down myofibrillar proteins into smaller peptides and free amino acids long before the stomach's own gastric proteolysis takes over. This pre-digestion dramatically reduces the energetic burden on our pancreas and small intestine, allowing faster, cleaner assimilation and far less metabolic waste. Cooking, even at moderate temperatures above 50 degrees Celsius, or 122 degrees Fahrenheit, denatures these cathepsins, rendering them inactive. The body must then rely entirely on its own enzymatic machinery, a slower, more taxing process that generates additional heat, oxidative stress, and digestive effort. Raw meat also retains its full complement of metabolic water, electrolytes, and heat-sensitive nutrients, vitamin C analogs, certain B vitamins, enzymes, that leach out or degrade with even the gentlest heat. The difference in how the body feels after a raw meal versus a cooked one is profound: lighter, clearer, more energized, as though the digestive system has been given a holiday rather than a heavy workload.

There is another layer to this choice that goes beyond biochemistry: taste and instinct. For the first few weeks, the palate must recalibrate. Modern taste buds, conditioned by decades of cooked, seasoned, and processed foods, often recoil at first from the pure, mineral-rich flavor of raw flesh. Yet within two to four weeks, adaptation occurs, and what once seemed foreign becomes deeply satisfying. For me the switch was instant. The moment I tasted fully raw meat again I was blown away by how good it was. I will never go back to warming or cooking my food ever again. No way! I will be raw hypercarnivore for the rest of my life. There's nothing better, period.

After a hard training session, when muscle fibers are damaged and repair signals are urgent, the body begins to call for raw meat with an instinctual urgency that feels almost primal. I would finish a workout and find myself impatient to get home, already anticipating the moment I could sit down with a large tray of ground fatty beef or a beef-pork blend, eating slowly and deliberately until satisfaction arrived naturally.

There was no hunger in the conventional sense, no gnawing emptiness, only a clear, instinctual pull toward the exact nourishment the tissues required. Like a wolf returning to the kill after the hunt, the craving was not for flavor in the modern sense, but for the precise building blocks the body demanded. In that moment of raw consumption, the connection felt ancient, unbroken, a direct line back to the way humans thrived for millennia before agriculture destroyed everything. Anthropological evidence, from isotopic studies of Neanderthal and early Homo sapiens bones, confirms our ancestors as hypercarnivores, deriving over 90 percent of their diet from animal sources, often consumed raw or minimally processed to preserve nutrients. Our biology, with high stomach acidity rivaling that of scavengers, short intestines optimized for protein and fat absorption, and minimal adaptations for plant

digestion, echoes this heritage. The experiment had begun as a test of leanness. It became something far greater: a full return to the primal blueprint that had saved my life, now lived without compromise, and proving every day that true health is not a battle, but a reunion.

From the perspectives of biology and biochemistry, raw meat's superiority lies in its preservation of enzymatic activity and nutrient integrity, reducing digestive load and enhancing bioavailability. Myths about human anatomy not suited for carnivory crumble under scrutiny: our dentition, jaw structure, and gut morphology align with hypercarnivores, debunking claims of herbivorous adaptations. This raw path not only sustained sub-5 percent body fat effortlessly but amplified overall vitality, a living testament to our evolutionary design.

With that said, there were more astounding benefits waiting to unfold...

A few more pictures from November of 2025, including a photo from the gym in a tank-top, after a chest workout in September, enjoying that muscle pump.

Late 2025: The Ancient Rhythms Return – Raw Nourishment and Biphasic Sleep

This full return to raw hypercarnivory did not stand alone. Almost in perfect parallel, another ancient pattern reemerged, one that felt equally profound and equally inevitable: biphasic sleep.

Biphasic sleep, often overlooked in our modern world, represents a segmented pattern of rest that aligns closely with how humans have slept for most of history. Instead of the single, uninterrupted block of 7-9 hours we're conditioned to chase today (known as monophasic sleep,) biphasic sleep involves two distinct phases: a "first sleep" of about 3-4 hours shortly after dusk, followed by a wakeful interval of 1-3 hours, and then a "second sleep" of 2-3 hours until dawn. This totals around 5-7 hours of sleep, but the quality and efficiency make it feel far more restorative. Historically, this was the norm before the Industrial Revolution introduced artificial light and rigid schedules, forcing us into consolidated sleep. References from ancient texts, medieval diaries, and pre-industrial societies across Europe, Africa, and beyond describe "first sleep" and "second sleep" as everyday reality, with the midnight wakefulness used for quiet activities like prayer, conversation, or reflection.

From my own experience, rediscovering biphasic sleep in late 2025 — after fully embracing raw hypercarnivory — felt like unlocking a hidden reservoir of energy. It wasn't forced; it emerged naturally, boosting my mental stamina from 4-6 hours of productive work daily to 12-14 hours, with rare fatigue and default clarity. But what makes biphasic so beneficial?

One of the standout benefits of biphasic sleep is its support for detoxification and repair, processes that monophasic sleep often handles less efficiently. During the first sleep phase, the body dives into deep slow-wave sleep (SWS), where glymphatic clearance ramps up — flushing out brain waste like beta-amyloid proteins that accumulate during wakefulness. Studies, such as those from the National Institute of Mental Health in the 1990s by Thomas Wehr, showed that when people are exposed to extended darkness (mimicking pre-industrial conditions,) they naturally shift to biphasic patterns, with elevated prolactin during the wakeful interval promoting calm and hormonal balance. This hormone surge aids tissue repair and reduces inflammation, something that's disrupted in monophasic sleep by prolonged, inefficient phases.

In ketogenic or hypercarnivore states, like my raw animal-based diet, biphasic enhances this further. Ketosis stabilizes blood sugar, lowers oxidative stress, and streamlines digestion, freeing energy for healing. Research on ketogenic diets shows increased SWS, higher sleep efficiency, and reduced total sleep needs, with trials in epilepsy patients noting improved REM sleep linked to better quality of life. By contrast, monophasic sleep, often extended due to carb-heavy diets and artificial light, leads to fragmented rest, higher inflammation (elevated cytokines like IL-6 and

TNF-α) as healing is struggling, and incomplete detox, resulting in that all-too-familiar morning grogginess. Biphasic sleep's segmentation allows the body to complete core restoration quickly, then use the wakeful period for gentle metabolic resets, leading to lower chronic inflammation and better overall vitality — benefits I've felt firsthand as my energy stabilized without afternoon crashes.

Cognitively, biphasic sleep shines by creating a built-in window of heightened mental clarity. The wakeful interval isn't restless insomnia; it's a serene, meditative state driven by prolactin elevation, fostering what feels like a calm, inspired flow. Imagine waking at midnight not with anxiety, but with vibrant thoughts — perfect for reflection, writing, or problem-solving. In my case, these 2-3 hours became my most productive time, where ideas flowed effortlessly, echoing historical accounts of pre-industrial people using this period for creativity or intimate conversations.

Scientific backing comes from Wehr's experiments, where participants in biphasic patterns reported feeling more alert and balanced, with prolactin creating a "post-orgasmic calm" ideal for contemplation. Ketogenic adaptations amplify this, as stable ketone energy for the brain improves memory consolidation and focus, reducing the "brain fog" from carb-fueled monophasic disruptions. Compared to monophasic sleep, which often feels like a long, inefficient slog with incomplete cycles, biphasic delivers higher-quality REM and SWS in shorter bursts, leading to better daytime cognition. Anecdotes from carnivore communities mirror this: many hypercarnivores report thriving on 4-5 hours total, waking refreshed and mentally sharp, free from the lethargy of extended monophasic blocks.

On the mental performance front, biphasic allows for efficient restoration with less total sleep, boosting productivity without sacrifice. The segmented structure aligns with natural circadian dips, like adenosine clearance around midnight, enabling vigilant wakefulness that our ancestors used for safety or tasks. In hypercarnivore contexts, this usually means shorter sleep (6-7 hours) but with much deeper quality, with no grogginess — I've extended my workdays to 10-12 hours effortlessly. Polysomnographic studies on low-carb diets confirm increased SWS and REM stability, correlating with enhanced physical recovery and energy. Monophasic, by contrast, often requires more hours due to inflammation from toxic diets and blue-light disturbance of hormones, leading to inefficiency and daytime fatigue. Biphasic sleep's flexibility reduces sleep pressure, promoting longevity through lowered stress and better hormonal balance (e.g., growth hormone peaks.) Evolutionary biology supports this: 85-86% of mammals are polyphasic, and human hunter-gatherers averaged 6-7 hours flexibly, thriving without modern sleep aids.

In essence, biphasic sleep isn't a hack — it's a homecoming to our evolutionary design, amplified by raw nourishment. It offers reduced inflammation, deeper restoration, cognitive sparks, and sustained performance, far surpassing monophasic sleep's forced consolidation. If you're feeling unrested despite "enough" sleep, consider this ancient rhythm; it might just unlock the vitality you've been missing.

Late 2025: The Calorie Myth Unravels – When Abundance Becomes the Path to Leanness

One of the most striking, and for many people the most bewildering, revelations of this “diet experiment” and the following maintenance and growing phase was how completely caloric intake upended everything people had once been taught about energy balance, weight management, and body recomposition. Mainstream nutrition calculators, those ubiquitous online tools and textbook equations drilled into every coach and athlete, insisted that someone of my height, 173 centimetres, and weight, around 78 to 80 kilograms, with my level of activity, required approximately 2,800 kilocalories per day simply to maintain. Anything above that, they warned, would inevitably be stored as fat. Anything below would trigger fat loss, muscle loss, metabolic slowdown, and hormonal collapse. The calorie paradigm, rooted in the 19th-century bomb calorimeter, treats the human body as a closed thermodynamic system: input energy minus output energy equals changes in stored energy. Simple physics, they say. Eat more than you burn, gain weight. Eat less, lose it.

Again, total nonsense.

Here I was, consuming far more than that supposed maintenance level, and the results mocked the entire framework. On standard days I averaged around 270 grams of protein and 290 grams of fat, totalling roughly 3,700 kilocalories. On heavy training days, which now comprised at least three days each week, intake climbed to 345 grams of protein and 370 grams of fat, pushing total energy to approximately 4,700 kilocalories. According to every conventional model, I should have been gaining body fat at a rate of about one kilogram, or 2.2 pounds, per week or more.

Instead, the opposite unfolded: I gained lean muscle mass while body fat continued to drop by a tiny margin. Visually, I looked denser, fuller, more vascular, and sharper. Recomposition happened in real time, effortlessly, as though the body had finally been given permission to do what it was designed for, and been deprived of throughout my entire training career, more than 35 years.

The calorie myth, when examined closely, belongs to the realm of physics, not human physiology. The bomb calorimeter measures the heat released when a food is burned to ash in a sealed chamber. It tells us how much energy a substance contains if we set it on fire. But the human body is not a furnace. It does not combust food for heat. Instead, it extracts nutrients through intricate, hormonally regulated pathways, uses them to build and repair tissue, generate ATP, maintain cellular integrity, produce enzymes and hormones, and regulate countless other processes. Energy partitioning, whether “calories” (nutrients) go toward muscle repair, fat storage, heat production, or excretion, depends entirely on the internal environment: hormonal status, nutrient density, presence or absence of toxins, gut health, sleep quality, stress levels, and more.

On a properly implemented raw hypercarnivore diet, the body enters a deep, natural state of ketosis and fat adaptation. In this mode, insulin remains low, glucagon and growth hormone rise, and the system preferentially shuttles nutrients toward repair, regeneration, and lean tissue accrual rather than fat storage. Rather than storing excess energy as body fat, the body increases detoxification, healing, and repair of tissues. Eventually, some energy will be stored as fat, but the margins are much wider, and I could feel my body healing, becoming more efficient, as a restored engine. Now, plant toxins, carbohydrates, and seed oils, common in nearly every other dietary approach, disrupt this harmony. Carbohydrates spike insulin, promoting fat storage and inflammation. Seed oils introduce oxidized polyunsaturated fats that damage cell membranes. Plant defense chemicals trigger detoxification responses and oxidative stress. Remove those stressors, supply abundant bioavailable animal protein, saturated fats, cholesterol, and micronutrients, and the body no longer needs to protect itself by hoarding fat. It uses incoming energy intelligently, just as it was designed to do.

Think of the body as a wise steward managing a vast estate. When supplies arrive in perfect condition, clean, nutrient-dense, species-appropriate, the steward allocates resources wisely: repairing the walls, strengthening the foundations, expanding the gardens, and maintaining the grounds. There is no waste, no hoarding in dark corners. But when inferior, contaminated goods arrive, spoiled grains, rancid oils, chemically laden vegetables, the steward panics. He locks away what he can in the cellar, fat storage, burns what he must to survive, and sends the rest to the waste heap. The estate deteriorates even as more “energy” arrives. The calorie model assumes all inputs are equal and the steward is a simple machine. Reality shows the steward is exquisitely discerning, and the quality of what arrives determines everything.

This phase was not merely about numbers on a scale or skinfold measurements. It was a profound demonstration of trust in the body’s intelligence. When we stop fighting biology with restriction and synthetic interventions, when we remove the poisons and provide what the organism truly requires, the impossible becomes ordinary. Leanness without hunger. Strength without struggle. Vitality without compromise. The body does not need to be tricked or forced. It needs to be trusted.

By late 2025 and into 2026, as I continued to live this way, the evidence accumulated daily: sharper definition, fuller muscle, steady energy, and a quiet confidence that no contest prep could ever replicate. The old paradigm had promised control through deprivation. The truth offered freedom through abundance. And in that freedom, I found the deepest form of discipline I had ever known. The journey of refinement continues, not as a battle against the body, but as a harmonious reunion with it, one abundant meal and one clear breath at a time.

After the Recovery: A Profound Shift in Priorities and the Long Road of Financial Reality

By late 2018, as my physical body finally began to recover from years of relentless illness and decline, the entire experience had transformed me in ways that reached far beyond mere health. A deep, quiet transformation took place within me, one that stripped away layers of old priorities and left me with a clarity I had never known before. I had lost every trace of interest in material things and in the endless cycle of being a consumer of useless trinkets and goods. In the past, I had taken genuine pleasure in collecting wristwatches, computers, cameras, magazines, rare coins, knives, and other hand weapons I had come to know well through my martial arts and combat training during the late 1990s and early 2000s. Those items once felt meaningful, markers of achievement and identity. But in early 2019, I made the deliberate decision to sell everything. To me, those possessions had come to represent the indoctrinated consumer mind at its core: wasting hard-earned money on objects that served no real purpose beyond display. And for what? Vanity? A fleeting, artificial boost to self-esteem? A way to signal financial success to the world? The very thought began to disgust me instead of excite me, and letting them go felt like shedding a skin that no longer fit.

From that moment onward, I committed to spending money only on the essentials: replacing worn-out clothes when they could no longer be mended, good food to nourish my recovering body, proper care for my dogs who had been constant companions through the hardest days, and keeping my computer up to date, since it remained my primary workstation and the heart of my creative outlet. Nowadays I live quite sparingly, surrounded by very little clutter, and in a strange but entirely genuine way, I am grateful for this inner change. The years that followed my recovery would prove to be financially stressful in ways I could never have anticipated, and that simplicity became a quiet, steady blessing that helped carry me through.

What many people do not fully realize is the true extent of the financial toll my illness exacted, which also added stress from time to time as I saw my savings slowly drying up, yet I would never turn down a friend in need and always helped out, sometimes beyond what might have been wise. When I became severely sick in mid-2017, I had been living entirely on my savings from previous work in the fitness industry since my move in late 2016, while I poured everything into building a new business from the ground up. When I moved in 2016, I had about 840,000 SEK or 85,000 Euro (approximately $100,000 USD) saved across my banks in Sweden, Belgium, and Lithuania. During 2016 and 2017, my only income came from coaching clients and the modest earnings from my Classic Muscle Newsletter. I still had around 60,000 Euro (approximately $70,000 USD) in savings when the illness struck and I was only a month away from launching a new educational project tied to a supplement and coaching company. I had already invested 10,000 Euro ($11,700 USD) into that venture, confident it would finally provide a stable income stream after

years of uncertainty. But because I had those remaining savings, I was deemed ineligible for any kind of government or municipal compensation or sickness benefits. The system offered no safety net. I had to cancel everything I had been building for nearly ten months, and in an instant, I found myself with no income at all.

For the next six years, I lived solely off those dwindling reserves while covering every ongoing expense: rent, insurances, electricity, internet, web hosting, phone, dog care, food, computer upgrades and repair, occasional replacements, travel costs, and more. Only around 2023 could I begin working again, and even then, it was just a few hours a day a few days a week at first. In those early stages of returning, I was still losing money every single month because my capacity remained so limited. It was not until 2024 that I started to experience occasional months where I broke even or even made a small profit. But overall, I have been in the red every single year since late 2016.

While I did inherit a modest amount after my mother's death in 2020, and a smaller portion after my father's passing in 2025, the net result has been a staggering loss of about 1,540,000 SEK since 2017, equivalent to roughly 143,000 Euro or $167,000 USD. That figure represents years of careful saving and hard-earned work gradually eroded by circumstances entirely beyond my control.

By late 2025, most of my reserves had been depleted, and the mental fatigue that had plagued me for eight and a half long years, slowly improving but never fully lifting, remained a heavy, persistent burden. I could have kept my discoveries and my healing entirely to myself. I could have returned to the fitness and supplement industry, where my name and experience would have easily earned me 100,000 Euro or $117,000 USD a year or more. But that path would have gone against every value and belief I now hold sacred. Instead, I chose to publish the truth openly, burning every single bridge and tie to that industry forever. I now walk my own path, doing everything I can to share the knowledge that saved me and helped hundreds of clients, hoping to spare others from the lies and deceit that have held humanity hostage for so long.

Returning fully to raw hypercarnivory and rediscovering the power of biphasic sleep proved to be a true liberation, the hidden secret to human health and peak performance. Within less than two months, the mental fog that had clouded my mind for eight and a half years lifted almost completely. For the first time in far too long, I could think clearly, work consistently, and feel truly present in my own life again. I can now fully focus on what I love most: sharing my experiences and knowledge freely, writing articles for anyone who wants to read them without charge, and producing books that keep me afloat while staying true to my principles. I hope these efforts will eventually help rebuild some of the financial security that was lost along the way.

And now, with that renewed clarity, energy, and sense of purpose, I can finally turn my attention toward the only real dream I still hold close to my heart: moving to a

warmer, more hospitable climate. It is a dream I share with my dear friend Mia, her family, and a small, trusted circle of friends, all of us willing to relocate together and establish a simple, supportive community somewhere on this vast plane we call Earth. After so many years of survival, struggle, and gradual rebuilding, the possibility of that future feels closer than ever. It is no longer just a distant hope; it is something I can begin to plan for, step by careful step, with the strength, perspective, and quiet determination that true recovery has finally given me.

The path forward is open, and so is yours.

The River Flows Free – A New Dawn After the Longest Night

This fat-loss and maintenance project began quietly, almost as a personal experiment, a way to prove once and for all that the fitness industry and modern nutrition science had been profoundly wrong about so much. What unfolded next became the most rapid and profound chapter of my entire recovery journey. The progress that had taken three to four painstaking years on a lightly cooked carnivore protocol, with occasional dairy and slow, incremental gains while clawing my way back from the brink of death in 2018, I now accomplished in just one to two months. All it took was a full, uncompromising return to raw hypercarnivory and allowing my natural biphasic sleep pattern to reassert itself without any force or interference.

Mental stamina, which had been rigidly capped at four to six hours of productive work per day, now routinely stretched to ten to twelve hours, with several days extending to fourteen hours or more. Fatigue, once a constant companion, became rare and fleeting. Mental clarity settled in as the default state, no longer something I had to chase or fight for.

Before this decisive shift, my days followed a predictable pattern. Mornings brought a surge of energy and inspiration, enough to fuel writing articles and working with clients. Yet by noon, that spark would begin to fade, and by afternoon it had vanished completely. There was no real urge to create, no inner drive to write or build something meaningful. Instead, I craved rest, distraction, anything to recharge the dwindling reserves. For the latter half of the day, the creative fire that had once defined me felt distant, almost unreachable.

After the switch in October of 2025 to raw hypercarnivory, everything changed. The urge to create stays with me all day. While at the gym or out walking my dogs, my thoughts would drift naturally to ongoing projects, new ideas, and what to explore next. I would actually start to long for getting home again and being creative, to create something meaningful. This was how I had always been before the battle with death had taken so much from me. I almost feel back to my old form, and the improvements continue steadily, day by day, week by week.

The body is no longer merely surviving. It is thriving. And in that thriving, I found the confidence to look ahead with genuine renewed purpose. The master key, our species-appropriate, fully raw hypercarnivore diet, had unlocked doors I once believed were permanently sealed. The road forward shifted from mere survival or slow repair to something far greater: flourishing, creating, and sharing what I had discovered. Like a river that has finally broken free of every dam and obstruction, I felt the current carrying me forward, not with violence or rush, but with the quiet, inevitable power of water finding its true course after years of being held back.

As I write these words during the first glittering days of 2026, I stand at the threshold of a new chapter. I have effortlessly maintained sub-5 percent body fat for four solid months while slowly gaining lean muscle mass, clear evidence that the old bodybuilding dogma of “lean or strong, pick one” is not just outdated but fundamentally incorrect. And I will likely shed a little more fat, dipping below 4 percent, simply because it is so effortless and enjoyable to do so, quietly challenging the bro-science fitness community that clings to outdated myths.

I have reclaimed the energy, focus, and creative fire that once defined me. The path ahead feels wide and inviting: to publish several books that contain far more in-depth information than I can convey in my free articles, to continue learning and growing as a human being, and to keep sharing the simple, powerful truths that saved my life.

I am currently preparing two major works and two smaller volumes for release in the first quarter of 2026:

- A comprehensive guide to primal, effortless fat loss, reflecting the exact approach that took me from 8.73 percent to 4.7 percent body fat without hunger, struggle, or metabolic slowdown.
- A deep exploration of fully raw hypercarnivory, detailing its biochemical superiority, historical precedence, and practical application in everyday life.
- A series of shorter volumes that dismantle persistent myths once and for all: the supposed necessity of dietary fiber, the vilification of cholesterol and LDL, and several other deeply entrenched nutritional falsehoods.

This is not the end of the journey. It is a new beginning, a dawn after the longest night I have ever known.

For years I had quietly assumed that some damage was permanent, that certain scars, physical, neurological, and emotional, would always limit how far I could go, how brightly I could burn. I had made peace with a version of myself that was functional, deeply grateful, but forever marked by the toll of 2017 and 2018. Yet here I stand, not merely mended, but transformed beyond anything I had dared to hope for, and at fifty-one years of age, when most people are clinging to life with the masking support of drugs and medical- or homeopathic interventions.

The human body is not fragile. It is brilliantly, almost incomprehensibly designed, a masterpiece of adaptable engineering, resilient beyond measure, intelligent in ways that defy reductionist science. When we stop poisoning it with plant defense chemicals, industrial seed oils, processed carbohydrates, synthetic vitamins, and pharmaceutical interventions, when we cease disrupting its natural rhythms with artificial light, chronic stress, and electromagnetic overload, when we finally supply it with what it has always required, abundant bioavailable animal protein, saturated fats, cholesterol, organ-derived cofactors, enzymes, and metabolic water in their native, uncooked state, then healing is not a miracle. It is the most natural outcome

imaginable. The body does not need to be forced or tricked into wellness. It simply needs the obstacles removed and the proper building blocks provided.

Like a great oak that has been stunted for decades by poor soil, crowding, and relentless pruning, once the toxins are cleared, the roots are fed, and the light is allowed to reach the leaves, it does not merely survive. It surges upward, thickens its trunk, spreads its canopy wide, and reclaims the sky with quiet, unstoppable power.

I am feeling that unstoppable power now. It is like being carried on a river toward new, exciting destinations. For too long I had been misled or blocked by misinformation, conventional dietary dogma, medical nonsense, personal grief, and the slow accumulation of stressors that nearly drowned me. But the barriers have fallen, one by one. The water moves freely again, clear, strong, carving its natural course through landscapes I never thought I would reach. The current carries me forward, not with violence, but with the calm, inevitable grace of truth meeting vitality meeting purpose.

The road ahead is wide open. There is no fixed destination, no finish line to cross, only the next step, the next breath, the next opportunity to live more fully awake. I intend to walk it alive, fully, fiercely, gratefully alive. There are books to write, truths and experiences to share, people to help, and a life to live in service to the simple, ancient wisdom that saved me: eat as nature designed you to eat, rest as your ancestors rested, remove what harms, and trust the body’s intelligence to do the rest.

The river does not ask permission to flow. It simply moves forward, patient and persistent, until every obstacle is worn smooth and every valley is filled. I am that river now. And I am finally home.

Free Online Resources and Personalized Guidance

My website, www.bartoll.se, serves as the central hub for most of my work. As of January 2026, it hosts more than two thousand archived articles, with several new pieces added each week. The site continues to grow as I share the knowledge I have gathered over decades of exploration, recovery, and deep study. To help you navigate this extensive collection easily, I have organized everything through a clear Quick-Start menu that sorts articles into intuitive categories. Once you are on any archive page, simply use your web browser's search function (usually Ctrl+F or Command+F) to locate specific keywords quickly, or simply browse the category that interests you most and let the content unfold naturally.

Here are some direct links to key nutrition archives, each containing anywhere from ten to fifty detailed articles that dive deeply into the principles and practical application of our true species-appropriate way of eating:

The full nutrition quick-start archive

Introduction: there is no such thing as “Nutrition Science,” only Nutrition Ideology

Introduction to our Species-Appropriate, Species-Specific Diet

Pet Nutrition: Dogs and Cats are Hypercarnivores

The Macronutrients: Protein

The Macronutrients: Fat

The Macronutrients: Carbohydrates/Sugar

Veganism Destroyed. Defense Chemicals and Antinutrients

Nutrition Deficiencies, Malnutrition, Hunger and Cravings are due to Plant-Based Foods

General Diet- and Nutrition Information, Misconceptions and Scams

Gaining Weight/Muscle Mass

Fat Gain, Energy, Hormones, Metabolism and Diet-induced Disease

Fat Loss, Body Composition and Fasting

Sport-, Nutritional- and “Health” Supplements

Online Coaching and Education: Unlock Your Hypercarnivorous Potential with Animal-Based Nutrition

With more than thirty years of elite-level coaching experience and now eight full years living strictly as a hypercarnivore, I stand as one of the leading authorities in this emerging yet ancient field. My mission is to guide you back to the diet that human physiology was designed for over millions of years, unlocking peak performance, genuine longevity, and complete freedom from the chronic ailments that define modern life. Everything I teach is firmly rooted in anthropology, biology, human physiology, and biochemistry, cutting straight through decades of misinformation and commercial agendas. The goal is simple yet profound: to empower you to eliminate persistent issues like crushing fatigue, persistent brain fog, relentless inflammation, and metabolic chaos while optimizing body composition, mental clarity, and raw vitality.

> *"This is not merely a diet. It is a reclamation of your true human essence. When you finally feed your body what it has always required, abundant raw or minimally processed animal foods, every meal becomes a source of life force and crystalline clarity. It is only by returning to our natural hypercarnivorous diet that you will ever truly feel like a real human being, alive in a way that very few people ever experience. The difference is unmistakable: the brain fog you did not even realize you carried suddenly lifts, mental sharpness returns with startling intensity, energy levels stabilize at a high and steady hum, and you step into what feels like an entirely new existence. Most people spend their lives fearing death. The far greater tragedy is having lived without ever truly feeling alive."*
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> *– Joachim Bartoll, 2019*

My tailored coaching programs have transformed countless lives by focusing exclusively on bioavailable, organic nutrients sourced from meats, organs, eggs, and raw dairy, free from the plant toxins that quietly burden and damage the system over time. Whether your aim is to reverse deep-seated health challenges, rebuild after years of decline, or push toward elite athletic performance, these programs serve as your clear, science-backed roadmap to genuine empowerment and lasting results.

I also offer direct, personal consultation through convenient text-based sessions. This gives you immediate access to more than thirty years of elite-level expertise in human nutrition, health, and fitness. Every answer is precise, individualized, and grounded in hard evidence from anthropology, biology, physiology, and biochemistry.

Whether you are an intermediate or advanced athlete looking to sharpen your edge, a dedicated trainee searching for ways to break through stubborn plateaus, or a personal trainer or coach seeking fresh, innovative solutions for your clients, this service delivers trustworthy, actionable guidance you can rely on. It is far more than

advice. It is empowerment, helping you overcome obstacles, optimize your results, and build the deep confidence needed to thrive fully in your pursuits.

The resources on my site are freely available to anyone ready to explore, and the coaching options provide the personalized support needed to turn knowledge into real transformation. The path is here. The truth is simple, ancient, and waiting. All that remains is the choice to step forward and claim what has always been yours: a life of true vitality, clarity, and strength.

Read more at my website www.bartoll.se

Me, Joachim, in late 2025, closing in on 52-young years of age. Thank you for reading!

Thank You for Reading

If my story has touched you in some meaningful way, if it has sparked a shift in how you view your health, your body, or your potential, or if it has simply offered a glimmer of hope during your own difficult moments, I would be deeply grateful for your support. Every contribution allows me to continue the work I now live for: writing and publishing articles freely online for anyone to access, producing more books filled with in-depth information, and sharing the simple, powerful truths that helped me reclaim peak health, longevity, and vitality.

Your support means I can keep this journey going, reaching more people, refining the message, and helping others step away from the misinformation that nearly cost me everything. No amount is too small, and every gesture is sincerely appreciated.

You can contribute here:

- Donate via Buy Me A Coffee
- Donate via PayPal

Thank you for walking this path with me, even if only through these pages. The river flows freely now, and I intend to keep following its current, sharing what I find along the way. May your own journey bring you the same clarity, strength, and awakening that I have finally found.

With gratitude,

Joachim Bartoll
January 2026